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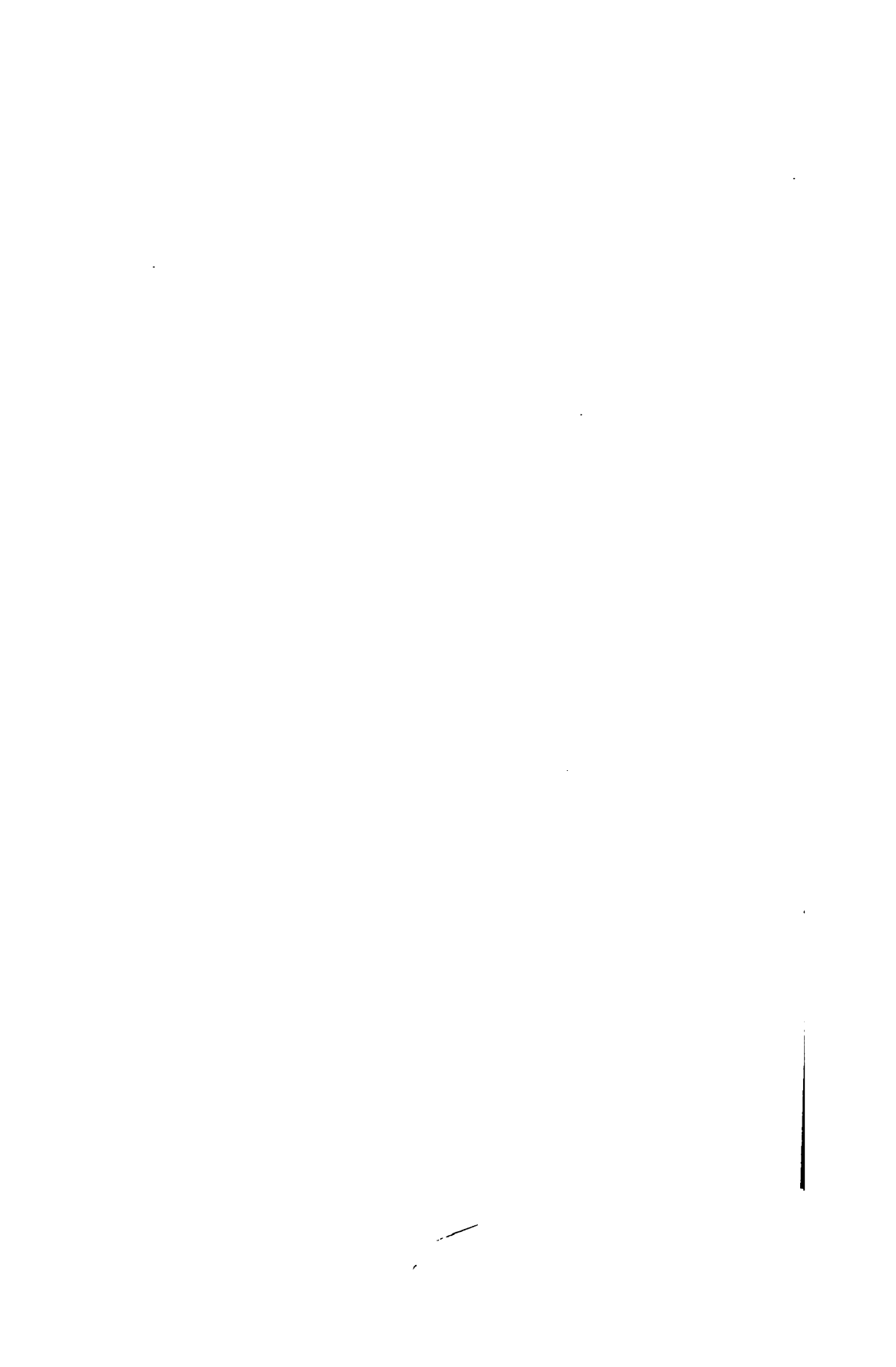
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Presented by Tho. Fenner
Dup **PERSONAL NARRATIVE**

OF

Those Transactions in the County Wexford, in which the Author was engaged, during the awful period of

1798,

*INTERSPERSED WITH BRIEF NOTICES OF THE PRINCIPAL
ACTORS IN THAT ILL-FATED, BUT EVER-MEMORABLE
STRUGGLE, WITH REFLECTIONS, MORAL,
POLITICAL AND HISTORICAL.*

BY THOMAS CLONEY.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

An Appendix,

CONTAINING A FULL AND INTERESTING REPORT OF THE
AUTHOR'S

TRIAL BY COURT-MARTIAL.

Which lasted by adjournments, for fourteen days;—never before published.

ENTERED AT STATIONER'S-HALL.

DUBLIN:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,

BY JAMES M'MULLEN EXCHEQUER-STREET.

1832.

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DEDICATION.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE
GEORGE JAMES WELBORE,
LORD DOVER,

&c. &c. &c.

MY LORD,

Having obtained your permission to dedicate my Narrative to you, I proceed to state briefly my motives for having solicited your Lordship's patronage, and for having been anxious to connect your name with the relation of occurrences which were so unfortunate in their origin, and so melancholy in their final result, and which, had they not been already *partially* recorded, might, with great advantage to our national character, be for ever withheld from the historic page.

After suffering an imprisonment and expatriation of nearly four years, the enemies of my country exulting in my misfortunes; the friends of my youth either consigned to the tomb, or scattered over the four quarters of the globe, and scarcely one single spot in my native land, to which I could have safely turned as a resting place, I settled, in pursuance to the advice of a friend, on the estate of your noble father—I

had not been long engaged thereon in erecting a cottage, for a temporary dwelling, when I was arrested by a neighbouring magistrate, in conformity with the powers vested by the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, in the executive government. A suspicion was alledged to be entertained, that I aided and abetted Mr. Robert Emmett, in his project, for the overthrow of the Irish Government, and suspicion at that period was, with the Castle officials, tantamount to a proof of guilt.

Placed under arrest, I was transmitted to Dublin, and committed to the Tower in Dublin Castle, from which I was, after five months of a dreary and severe winter, removed to the prison of Kilmainham. During my confinement in those dungeons of the Ascendancy, I was treated with a cold-blooded cruelty, which had nearly brought my life to its termination, when Lord Clifden was made acquainted with my melancholy state, and by his active, humane, and zealous interference, procured a mitigation of my sufferings, and my ultimate liberation from imprisonment, after a dreary incarceration of nearly thirteen months. His humanity was the more noble, and his interposition the more generous on that occasion, as I had not been previously introduced to him, and since that period his friendship has been exerted for me on various occasions, with a promptitude for which I cannot be too grateful.

My obligations to your family, as a Catholic and an Irishman, are not inferior to those which

I have to acknowledge in the capacity of a private individual, for to your noble father and yourself, is due the merit of having been the first amongst our imperial Nobility that were enrolled in the Irish Catholic Association, and to your spirit-stirring example may be justly ascribed, the subsequent accession of that rank which so essentially aided the Irish Catholics, in achieving the great victory of Religious Freedom.

It is but justice also, to mention here, that you have been early, consistent, and persevering supporters of that healing measure of Parliamentary Reform, which has been so fortunately consummated under the auspices of Earl Grey and his colleagues, I should therefore be extremely unworthy, if, having an opportunity, I did not avail myself of it, to testify the sense I entertain of your public and private worth, by the dedication of a Book, which has little else to recommend it to your patronage, than a scrupulous adherence to truth, and, I trust, a measured forbearance to the oppressors of my country, as well as to my own individual persecutors.

I have the honor to be,

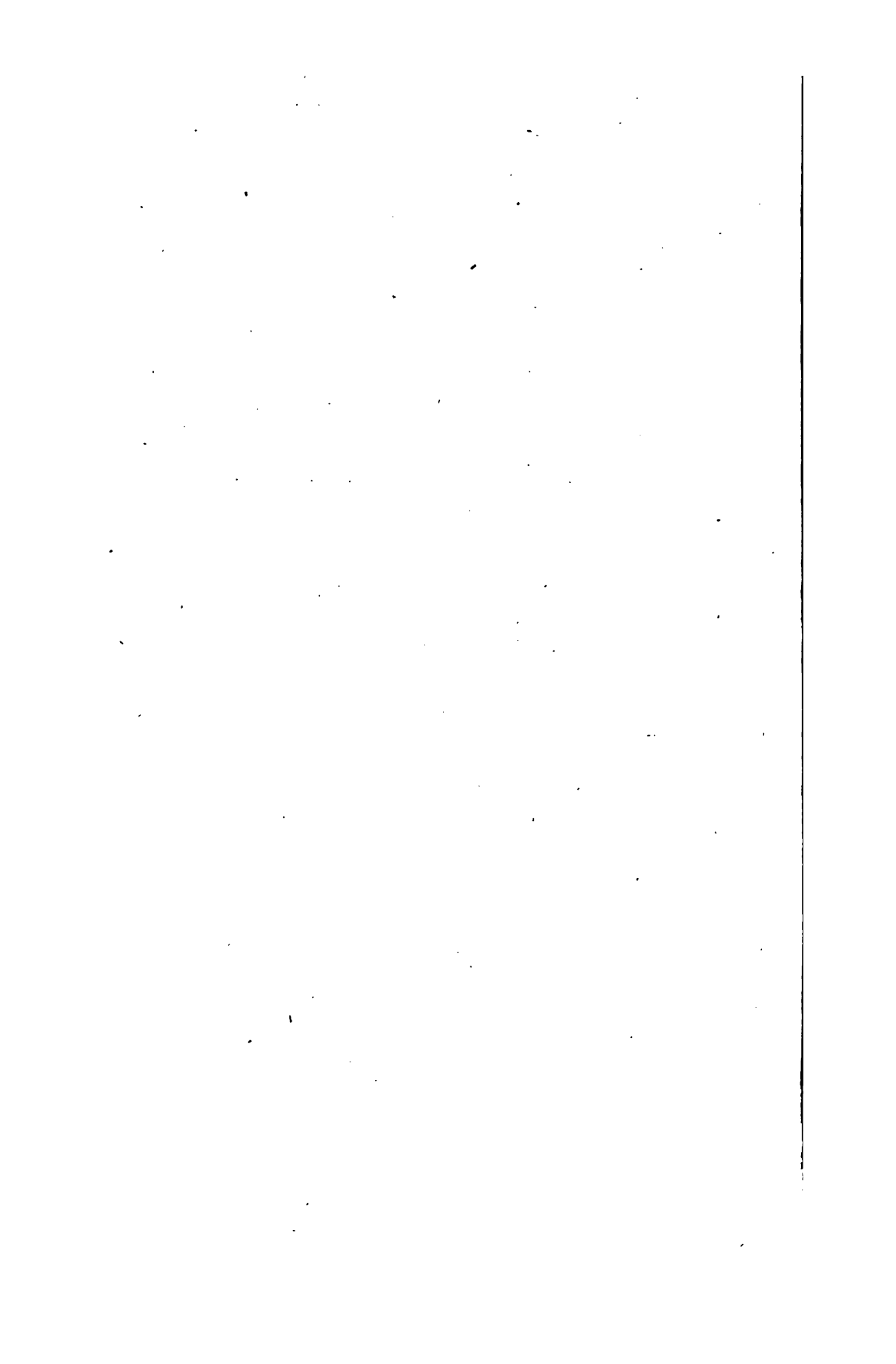
My Lord,

With great respect and gratitude,

Your Lordship's faithful and

Obliged Servant,

THOMAS CLONEY.



P R E F A C E .

At the end of thirty-four years, from the period when the principal occurrences detailed in the ensuing Narrative, were witnessed by the writer, it has become imperative on him to narrate those occurrences for the more perfect vindication of character.

The desire to possess an honest fame has been implanted in the heart of man for the wisest purposes, and it has been ever found that those who reject the "still small voice" of that unerring monitor, conscience, and condemn public opinion, have been uniformly prepared to discard the obligations of natural justice and christian morality. During the time which intervened between the memorable epoch of 1798, and the period at which Mr. Emmett organized his confederacy, the clamours of the Ascendancy faction were incessant, because the head of the Irish Government had spared the life of one, whom this faction stigmatized as a convicted traitor ; and, though that mercy which was extended to him has been proved by his Protestant countrymen, to be more an act of even-handed justice, than a concession made to the claims of humanity, still the tongue of party rancour has continued to assail him in his public and private character, and his errors as a politician have been made auxiliary to the schemes of those perfidious men, who sought his destruction as a member of society. Although enfeebled by a long and rigorous imprisonment, while his fate was to be determined by the fiat of a Government, vacillating between a desire to do him justice, and a fear to give offence to an implacable faction, the Author would have sketched the character of that Government and his own sufferings, at a time when

those sufferings were almost too great for human endurance, were it not that he was restrained from so doing by the advice of his zealous and efficient lawyer, and constant friend, Peter Burrowes, Esq., a gentleman, who has been to him, in the midst of his perils, a vigilant, persevering, and undaunted advocate, as well as a zealous asserter of his rightful claims to the clemency of his Majesty's Government.

The vanity of authorship or the love of political notoriety, cannot influence the conduct of the narrator at this period of his life. Anxious to correct those misrepresentations, which have been blazoned by the pen of Sir Richard Musgrave, or propagated by the slanders of his private enemies, the Author succinctly details, without colouring or embellishment, those interesting facts, to which he has been an eye witness, and in which he has been in some instances an active participator. He pretends not to any merit for brilliancy of style or perspicuity of arrangement. His labours are not intended to propitiate the critic or the scholar, but to convince his own countrymen, by practical illustration, how little a good cause, personal valour, and numerical strength will avail the most courageous people, when opposed to military discipline, combined movements, and experienced officers. The narrator is also desirous that such members of his Majesty's Government as may read his Book, should learn from thence, that though a furious and undisciplined people may not conquer, they can destroy, and that if, unfortunately, there should ever be another struggle for British supremacy on the plains of Ireland, that very struggle is likely to hasten the dissolution of their Government at home, even though they should come out of it victorious. The state of the Continent was such, at the time that the Leaders of the United Irishmen confederated to separate this country from England, as to afford a reasonable prospect of success, and independent of the revolutionary contagion, which had traversed nearly

all Europe, those leaders had grievances to complain of, which were peculiar to Ireland, as a member of the British empire.

The arrival of Earl Fitzwilliam, in the year 1794, as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, invested with full powers to emancipate the Catholics, was hailed by every good christian, of whatsoever sect, and by every friend to humanity, as the opening of a new and auspicious era for this country. The great landed proprietors, the eminent mercantile men, the leading gentlemen in the different professions, the most active and esteemed members of the old Whig Club, and last, but not least in ardour and sincerity, the Catholics of every grade, pressed forward with professions of unalterable devotion and inviolable attachment to the family on the throne and to the British Constitution. Almost every class and sect in Ireland contended in the field of generous rivalry, in bestowing honours on the name, and pouring out blessings on the person of that Sovereign, who had manifested a desire to heal the bleeding wounds of a long-suffering and distracted people.

There was, however, a party in Ireland, whose conduct formed an exception to that of those who indulged in this national jubilee and exultation. This was the Ascendancy party, which had been for some time closely linked with the British Tories, by ties of congenial feeling.

They had long possessed exclusive domination, and foresaw in the proposed restoration of the Catholics to the privileges of free citizens, the downfall of that power, which they had so unworthily exercised.

Meetings were convened by the heads of this faction, at one of which it was proposed to accredit Mr. John Beresford, then chief Commissioner, as a sort of Ambassador to the King, to represent to his Majesty the inevitable destruction in which the En-

glish interests here would be involved, should the Catholics be emancipated. The old gentleman was appointed, received his credentials, arrived safe in London, and obtained a private interview with George the Third. The consequence of that interview, may be read on the blood-stained pages of Irish History, from that period until the principal Ascendancy faction were divested of political power and parliamentary influence, by the passing of the Catholic Relief Bill.

After the return of old John Beresford to Ireland, and when the success of his mission had become unequivocal by the recall of Earl Fitzwilliam, the old gentleman is said to have boasted that he wrought upon his Majesty's religious scruples, by carrying a copy of the Coronation Oath into the royal presence, which he had, with the King's permission, read, and accompanied the reading by a commentary prepared for the occasion, as it was confidently affirmed by some of the Irish Protestant Prelates, assembled in Synod. It seems the commentary went to prove, that no British Sovereign could emancipate his Catholic subjects, according to the Coronation Oath, without being guilty of actual perjury. George the third, whose religious conceptions were as luminous as his political wisdom, was known to be profound, because, horror struck at the construction put upon his oath by the wily Commissioner, and his clerical friends, and from the day that he had heard the Protestant commentary on the Coronation Oath read by old John Beresford, to the day that he finally lost all power of reasoning, nothing excited his anger so much as to hear one word spoken about Catholics, or Catholic Emancipation. The hasty and contumelious dismissal of Earl Fitzwilliam from the Government of Ireland, is justly attributed much to the calamities which were consequent on the Insurrection of 1798, and those who are aware of the mercurial temperament of the Irish people, were on-

ly astonished that they remained in a sullen terror for three years after the departure of that nobleman.

Shortly after his ill-omened removal, every engine which the demoniac malice of the leading Ascendancy factions could employ, was put into requisition to goad the people into resistance to the constituted authorities. The deliberate massacre of a number of innocent and unoffending country people at the patron of Tullamtown, in the county of Louth, where they were dancing on the Green in conformity to ancient custom, the cold-blooded daylight murders perpetrated in the county of Armagh, by the adherents and retainers of the same factions, with perfect impunity, and the dispersion of legal and regularly convened meetings by the military, must convince every man who is not an incorrigible sceptic, that the object of these execrable factions, was either to break down the spirit of the people by a series of the most humiliating outrages on their persons, or to compel them to raise the standard of insurrection in defence of their lives and properties.

The most splendid hypocrite, or the dullest and most wicked of the human species, may possess sufficient ingenuity to surcharge the elements of civil commotion, but it belongs only to the enlightened and virtuous to still the tempest, and to deprive those elements of their internal malignity. In Ireland, this reflection has been justified to its fullest extent. Mr. Pitt and Lord Castlereagh superadded to their native obliquity those impressions produced by the lessons of Andrew Machiavel and, had thereby learned the art of polishing those chains, which they forged for the people, while their journeymen here, during the year 1790.7.8 and 1800, divested themselves of every attribute of humanity more perfectly than did the Asiatic slaves of Tiberius or Nero, in the execution of their masters ordinances; when the Armament which accompanied Theobald Wolf Tone, to the southern coast of Ireland, in

1796, had reached its point of destination, and that troops had been ordered to march from the metropolis and the interior, to oppose the landing of the French, the peasantry of the south were so extremely loyal that in a most rigorous winter they assembled on the roads, cleared off the snow to make a passage for the artillery and ammunition waggons, and rendered every assistance to the troops, some of whom had perished in their march by the inclemency of the weather; yet in the Autumn of 1798, that same peasantry were, almost to a man, inimical to the Irish Government and to the British connexion. A change so extraordinary, within the space of two years, must have been produced by adequate causes. In addition to the demi-official outrages, to which I have before alluded, Lord Carhampton, who had been appointed Master General of his Majesty's Ordnance, and Commander-in-Chief of the Army in Ireland, sometime in the Spring of 1797, became an active and efficient co-operator of the Ascendancy factions, in administering "a vigour beyond the law" to the peasantry of Connaught. Assisted by the local tribunals, he banished from that province, and transported beyond the seas, several hundreds of its rural population; and the terror of his awful desolating tyranny, induced the small farmers and labourers in the contiguous province of Munster, to become members of the Irish Union, for the purpose of opposing an immediate and effectual resistance to a code of summary vengeance, which was equally subversive of constitutional law and natural justice.

The Narrator has never contemplated the separation of this country from England, but as an evil, inferior only to that of the Irish people being periodically placed under the ban of justice or military proscription; but while he shall ever deprecate those attempts to achieve a separation, which the love of novelty more than a hatred of despotism might generate in the young mind of

Ireland, he should not be surprised, that if a faction were again permitted, by Great Britain, to govern this country, as it had been by the faction of 1798, the people might be led to think themselves justified by the laws of God, and by the principles of the British constitution, in dissolving their connexion with a Government which could tolerate such an outrageous abomination.

The Narrator will, however, acknowledge in candour, that since the year 1798, the political condition of Ireland has been progressively improving, and if those inveterate abuses in the Irish system, which were the growth of ages, have not been as yet eradicated, some hope of their speedy and final extinction has been afforded in those beneficial measures which were enacted by the Imperial Legislature within the last few years.

The Author is very sincere in the expression of his hopes, that those countries may always remain connected by that best of all bonds of social and civil obligation—*Equal Laws to all*. And he entertains too high an opinion of the British people, to be brought to believe, that they will ever again permit any wicked Minister to hazard the dismemberment of a great Empire, by indulging in projects of factious tyranny, or national spoliation.



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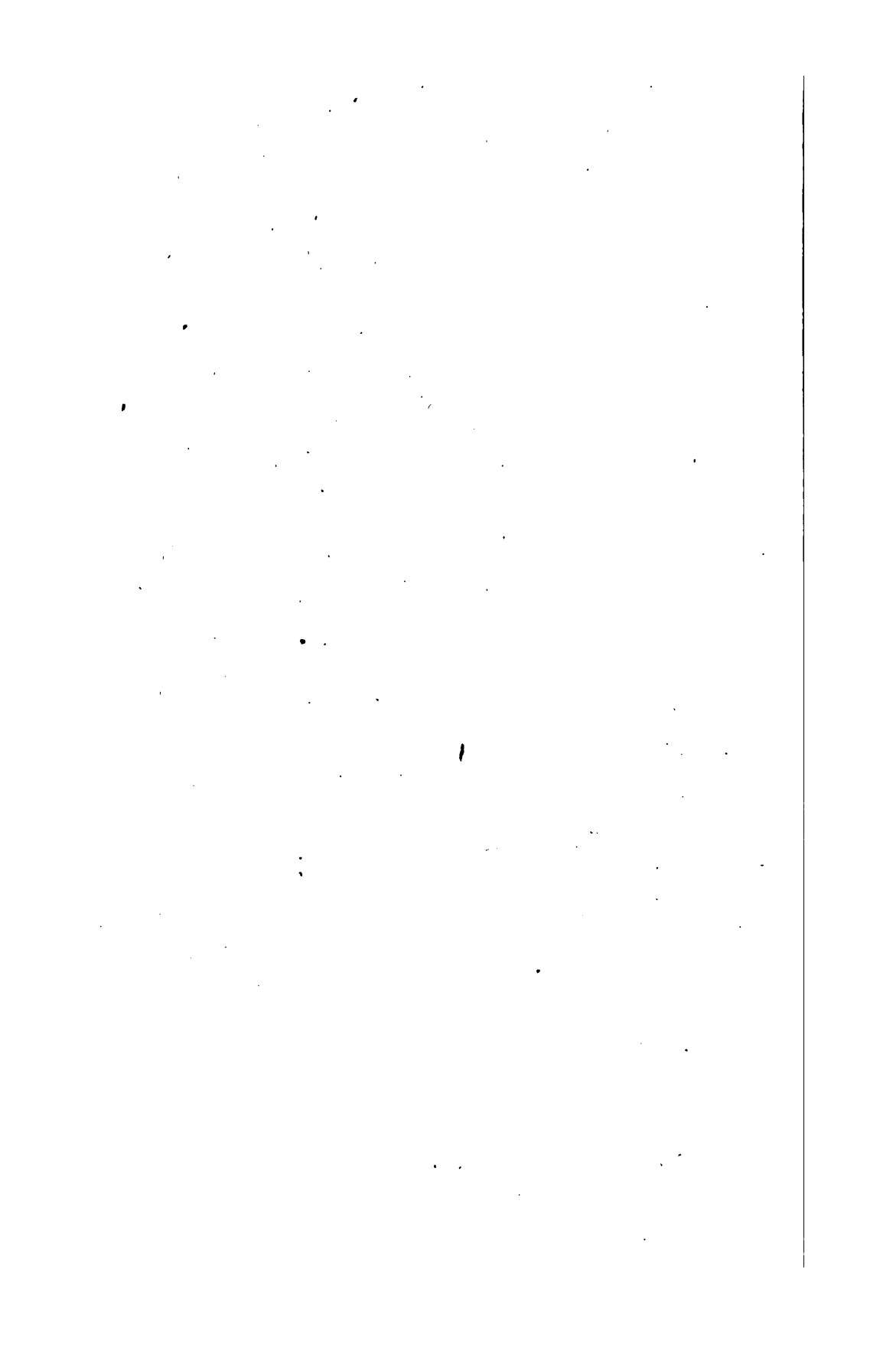
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 Ryan, Mr, Arthur
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 Richmond, Michael esq,
 Ryan, Mr. John.
 Ratcliff, Mr. Marks, London,
 Rice, Mr,
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		Whelan, Patrick esq,



INTRODUCTION.



WHEN unmerited calumnies have been for many years permitted to pass unrefuted, the prudence, or necessity, of recurring to those calumnies, or of waking recollections, which must be painful to a virtuous mind, will naturally be questioned; but when such calumnies have been recorded by the historian in the high wrought colouring of inveterate malignity, it becomes an imperative duty for the vindication of character, to strip all such records of that semblance of veracity which powerful guilt can assume: and by tracing those calumnies to their source, and opposing them to facts, thus deprive succeeding calumniators of the foundation on which they might erect an unholy superstructure.— The man who would urge the prudence and propriety of eternal silence, under almost intolerable sufferings, and unmerited obloquy, must be more a stoic than I am, or else he must have been exposed to fewer trials. What will the advocates of silence advance in support of their maxim? that the living must bear injuries without a murmur, because their guilty oppressors have already pleaded at that bar where vice and virtue are exposed to unerring scrutiny, and consequent punishment or reward. Though many of the actors in that political drama, in which it was my misfortune to have appeared in too conspicuous a character, have long been removed to another world, and the tide of forgetfulness in the lapse of above thirty-four years may have washed away the memory of minor offences, yet, must I differ in opinion from my most valued friends, that the death of the tyrant or oppressor,

INTRODUCTION.

gives his character that claim to the pity of the injured, which, by depriving it of notoriety, would save it from infamy and execration) Nor is a greater degree of forbearance due to the guilty survivors of this melancholy period; yet, while I cannot coincide in opinion with those who think that it is not both my right and my duty to publish this Narrative, yet the wickedness or the folly of the parties concerned shall be touched with a sparing hand, while truth and candour shall be the umpires to whose decision I commit my unpolished labours.

CHAP. I.

The Author accounts for the non-publication of his Narrative sooner—mysterious conduct of Mr. Valentine Gill.

It was my lot like many other peaceably disposed persons to have been unexpectedly carried away by the torrent that overran the county of Wexford, in the year 1798, and though I had never entered into any political engagement, and did not belong to any political society, though I was then perfectly free from having contributed towards raising or promoting the Insurrection, it was my misfortune before it closed to take an active part, and to fill a conspicuous situation; and while I little contemplated the subsequent dangers and misfortunes to which this situation exposed me, I feel I can without vanity assert, that it was peculiarly fortunate for numbers of my Protestant Countrymen, who outlived the horrors of the Insurrection, and who have borne and still bear grateful testimony to the humanity with which I exercised the influence I possessed. Yet all my best and most hazardous efforts, in the cause of suffering humanity, did not purchase for me the silence or forbearance of Sir Richard Musgrave, that hired traducer of his country—he has left a stock of calumnies behind from which his less talented successors might draw at pleasure, and add their own strictures to give it the relish of novelty.

My misfortunes continuing without respite for several years afforded the malignant spirits of the day sufficient opportunities of indulging their wicked propensities. After the termination of the Insurrection, my imprisonment and exile continued with very little interruption for the space of nearly six years; for, if I was a few months within that time in Ireland and at large, I was away from my home, and incapable of attending to my own con-

cerns. Indeed for three years after my imprisonment and exile, the extreme severity of my sufferings having already so completely injured that constitution which no common hardship could have subdued, I was totally unable either to attend to the state of my affairs, or to undertake that which of all other tasks pressed most strongly on my mind, the vindication of my character.

My case was peculiarly critical; the state of my health and the temper of the times, while the ferment and the high excitements produced by the occurrences of the preceding nine years, having not yet sufficiently subsided, prevented me from publishing my Narrative. In addition to these causes, my friend and legal adviser Counsellor Peter Burrowes opposed my undertaking any such task. I am well aware of the purity of his motives, nor am I disposed to judge lightly of his prudence. He possessed several documents necessary to the elucidation of my case, and through him I hoped for access to others, which were in possession of the Government, and it was even latterly Mr. Burrowes's unaltered opinion that transactions so long passed, should be forgotten; though deprived of many necessary documents, of some indeed that would tend much to prove the injustice of my sufferings, and exhibit the most flattering records of my humanity expressed in the opinions of men of the highest rank and respectability, I trust however, that my plain unvarnished tale, sustained by such documents as I have been able to collect, will satisfy all who are not obstinately and wilfully incredulous, as to the purity of my motives, in the many perilous exertions, which those days of unprecedented calamity but too frequently required. Should there however, be among my readers persons devoid of faith, reason, or justice, I cannot hope for that success, which the most accomplished writer might fail to obtain, and I shall console myself with the reflection, that I have endeavoured to combat prejudice and passion, with the arms of truth, suppressing every vindictive feeling, that long and unmerited suffering might naturally generate in a breast less ardent than mine.

My intercourse and association with Protestants, are among my earliest and most pleasing recollections; I was taught and had reason to esteem them as cordially as those of my own persuasion. Although the majority of the Landed Proprietors in my neighbourhood were Cromwellian Settlers, the Protestant

and Catholic middlemen in that quarter, entertained kind feelings towards each other. Some half dozen neighbours Protestant and Catholic, kept a few couple of Harriers each, which formed a good Pack, with which we hunted once and sometimes twice a week ; after a days sport we dined alternately at each others houses, and in the evening the females of the different families assembled when the merry dance was often kept up to the near approach of day. This affectionate intercourse might have produced real happiness, if the Catholic could have forgotten the Political Slavery under which he laboured.

The kind and social impressions made on my mind by the early intercourse, and interchange of good offices, must have had due weight in the hour of danger. Even had there not been implanted in my breast, a silent monitor to stimulate me to acts of virtue. I never coldly calculated on the religion or politics of any man, when he needed my assistance; the slightest appearance of distress has ever commanded my best exertions for the safety of the sufferer, and the kindness evinced towards me when a change of fortune took place, by many of a different communion, sufficiently proved that my conduct was justly appreciated. I found gratitude from the Orangeman as well as from any other ; those who did not shew it were few, and those few I would gladly pass over, were not a reference to the conduct of one man in particular absolutely necessary. This man was a Mr. Valentine Gill, whose brother, Mr. John Gill, was murdered on Vinegar Hill, on the 29th day of May, 1798, and at whose murder it is alledged I was present. This and the charge of being present at the burning of Old Ross Church, afforded matter to fill the veracious pages of Sir Richard Musgrave's History of the Irish Rebellion, and tended to place me on the trial for my life, when the feelings engendered by popular commotion had been excited to the highest pitch of rancour. With Valentine Gill I had but little acquaintance, except so far as his being employed to survey lands for my father ; for his brother, John Gill, I entertained a high regard. Some short time previous to the breaking out of the Insurrection, Valentine Gill sent Stephen Phayre, a Schoolmaster to me with a message, that he had something of a serious nature to communicate to me, and requesting I would meet him at a certain place about two miles distant from my father's house, by which he was to pass on his way to the county of Carlow, whither

he was going to survey an estate. I went to the appointed place, but did not find Gill there. In a few days after this, Phayre came to me again, and stated that Gill was disappointed in not meeting me on the former occasion, but that he was then going to the county of Carlow, where he understood the people were mostly United Irishmen, amongst whom he feared he could not safely pass without a knowledge of their signs and pass-words. That I must be satisfied from his having been some years in the United States of America, that he was a Republican, and he hoped I would have no delicacy in confiding to him such signs or pass-words as would secure him a passage to, and a safe residence in the place of his destination. Surprised at this man's extraordinary message, and being unacquainted with any symbols or pass-words attached to any system, I expressed my astonishment to the messenger, and desired that he should never again speak to me on such a subject. He went off for that time, but returned in a very few days with, as he said, a strictly confidential message from Gill, recommending that I should not, on any account, go to Enniscorthy, or that I would be arrested. This dissembled friendship kindling my indignation, I without consulting any person on the subject, rode hastily into Enniscorthy and proceeded directly to Gill's house; he was at home, and ushered me up stairs to his drawing-room, and immediately bolting the door, with much affected agitation, he addressed me, saying, he would not wish for fifty pounds that I ventured to come into the town; that he was dreadfully alarmed on my account, and knew not how he could devise any mode by which he could convey me safely out of town. This conduct confirmed my former suspicions, that he was meditating something wicked against me; I stated to him that our friendship, or acquaintance, was of too slight a nature to interest him so deeply for me, and desired him peremptorily to state, whence sprung the cause of this his so great alarm on my account; the magistrates, replied he, have received serious information against you. I pressed to know what magistrates had received this information, he named the Reverend Mr. Handcock, with much reluctance. "I shall wait on him," said I, "conscious as I am of the rectitude of my own conduct, and I shall wait on every magistrate in town," as I learned that a meeting of the county magistrates was convened for that day, to consider whether they should proclaim the county. Mr. Gill put his back to the door, and insisted I should not go out. I told him, in

a determined tone that I would force my passage through one of his windows, if he did not instantly open the door. This threat had the desired effect; the door was immediately opened, and I proceeded to Mr. Hancock's house, and meeting him coming out, I asked him if he had received any information against me. He politely answered that he had never heard that the slightest suspicion was attached to my name. I then called on Lieutenant Anthony Rudd, of Captain Cormick's yeomen infantry, who accompanied me to Mr. Archibald Jacob, another magistrate, and having put a question to him similar to that which I had put to Mr. Hancock, he gave the same answer.

Though I was much pleased to find that there was no real cause for Mr. Gill's pretended anxiety on my account, I returned home with my mind filled with conjectures as to what motives had influenced him in adopting such an ungenerous line of conduct towards me; whatever might have been the incentives that urged him to depart from candour and truth, my promptitude and firmness of mind defeated the stratagem, and rendered me still more cautious of holding communications with any persons out of the sphere of my own immediate and close acquaintance.



CHAP. II.

The Author undeservedly accused of being a United Irishman. Many persons in the county of Wexford, who were not United Irishmen, acknowledged themselves to be such, for the purpose of obtaining protections. Character of the county Wexford Magistrates. The Messrs. Poundens. Robert Shapland Carew, Esq. offers to raise a corps of Yeoman Cavalry, and is refused a commission.

I was shortly after convinced, by another strange occurrence, that if a change did not quickly take place, my innocence would be likely to prove but a precarious safeguard in the then posture of affairs, when to be suspected of disaffection was sufficient to incur the penalty of guilt.

A young man of my neighbourhood, with whom I had but little personal acquaintance, called on me, and intimated a wish to hold

a private conference. We withdrew to a retired situation, where, in a tone expressive of sorrow and agitation, he told me that he feared he had done me a serious though unintentional injury, and all he could now do, on reflection, was to put me on my guard, lest the consequence might be dangerous. Though my surprise at this voluntary and unexpected disclosure was greatly excited, I calmly enquired what could be the nature of the injury he had done me. He stated that he had a few days before waited on Mr. John Pouden, of Daphne, near Enniscorthy, a magistrate, to take the Oath of Allegiance, and obtain a Protection; a practice very prevalent at that critical moment throughout the county, when protections and pardons were promised to all who would acknowledge themselves United Irishmen, surrender their arms, and take the oath of Allegiance; and such was the terror which prevailed, that numbers who never were United Irishmen, went in and assumed the character, procured some kind of weapon, which they never possessed until the day they thought it necessary to produce it, and thus did they furnish the magistracy of the county with lists of both real and feigned United Irishmen, of which the magistrates afterwards availed themselves for the purpose of persecuting those who in many cases were personally obnoxious to them.

But to return to my informant's interview with Mr. Pouden. The latter asked him, among other questions, if he knew me?—He answered in the affirmative. He then asked whether he knew if I was an United Irishman? And on his declaring he did not know, Mr. Pouden asked him if he believed I was? And the other answered, that he believed I was one. He was then asked what reason he had for believing it? My informant answered that his having seen me sit in the same room at Rudd's Inn, at Enniscorthy, lately, with the celebrated Mr. M'Cabe, who was said to be then organising the country. The frankness and evident sorrow that attended this communication, checked every motion of resentment in my breast; I concluded that there was no evil intention in the matter, and while I gently reprov'd him for drawing so unwarrantable an inference, as that I was an United Irishman, from my accidentally sitting once for a few moments in the same room, at a public inn, with a gentleman, to me a perfect stranger, I cautioned him against divulging what the world might construe into an act of officious criminality on his part, and I declared

solemnly it should not transpire from me, and I fulfilled this declaration conscientiously.

Only a very few days elapsed when the necessity and justness of my precaution was manifest. The young man was so imprudent himself as to communicate the matter to others, and his life had certainly paid the forfeit of his departing from my counsel, had I not when appealed to, in the midst of an infuriated multitude, whether he had not acted the part before related, bluntly and firmly denied that I had any knowledge of the matter. Well, indeed, was it for me, that Mr. Pouden was the magistrate who heard the silly confession of this young man. He did not, on the occasion, play the tyrant, or evince an anxiety to injure his neighbour, under the ever doubtful plea of preserving the state. He sent a caution to my neighbours, the Messrs. Furlong, of Templecobey, to be very circumspect in their conduct, and conveyed the same caution through them to me. His duty, as a magistrate and a soldier, did not divest him of humanity. He soon after fell like a hero, at the head of the corps of yeoman infantry, of which he was first Lieutenant, bravely defending the town of Enniscorthy against the first attack of the Insurgents,

The character of his brother, Mr. Joshua Pouden, who was Captain of the same yeomanry corps, and a magistrate, was, for the short time he subsequently remained in the county Wexford, also worthy of commendation. He displayed kind feelings towards his Catholic neighbours, and declined sanctioning that system of cruelty, which but too fatally marked the career of the majority of men in power, or in office, in the county Wexford. There was then in the neighbourhood of Enniscorthy, a knot of the descendants of Cromwelian settlers, who were ever tenacious about the tenure by which they held their possessions, and were ever ready to crush the slightest ebullition of popular feeling with a vigour beyond the law, so that liberality in a Protestant of rank in that quarter was rare, and consequently to be much prized.

Mr. Carew, of Castleboro', and Mr. Alcock, of Wilton, evinced, at this time, a pure love of justice, and an abhorrence of Insurrection Acts or Martial Law. The former was a gentleman possessing a fortune of nine or ten thousand pounds a year, in the counties of Wexford, Waterford, and the Queen's County. His character

in public and private life was most amiable. He was a good landlord, always spending his princely fortune in his native country. He had represented the city of Waterford in the Irish Parliament, as did his father also. He afterwards represented the county of Wexford in the Imperial Parliament. Such claims as Mr. Carew possessed, to the respect and regard of all parties, might naturally be expected to screen him from all manner of censure. But to be even moderate in politics in those days was a crime not to be forgiven by the Ascendancy party in Wexford.

In those days of terror, Mr. Carew proposed to raise a corps of yeoman cavalry; and preparatory to this, he invited many of the respectable middlemen and farmers of his neighbourhood to his splendid mansion, and entertained them at a sumptuous dinner.—On their assembling, he put them through different evolutions in his spacious lawn, and it was considered at the time that no other gentleman in the county Wexford could have brought together so many respectable men, who were so well mounted, and having such a good appearance at so short a notice. Every man seemed anxious to serve under the standard of so good a man. The majority were Catholics, but between them and their Protestant neighbours who attended, there was the utmost harmony and good feeling; and every thing promised that under such a leader, and with such proper and well conducted men, the peace of their immediate neighbourhood would be well preserved; but the higher authorities, as it was soon after said and believed, interposed to defeat Mr. Carew's application for a military commission. It was confidently said that the then Earl or Marquis of Ely, and the celebrated George Ogle, set all their engines at work to influence the Government not to give Mr. Carew a commission. This report may have been untrue, but Mr. Carew was certainly disposed to raise a corps, and his neighbours, one of which I was, were ready to join him, when several of them had refused to join the corps of other gentlemen. This one fact must be taken as a convincing proof of the fatal policy that drove Wexford into Insurrection; in fact, I may say Ireland, as the same blind policy was then general.

After a digression which may require excuse, I must allude to the conduct and character of my neighbour who visited Mr. Pouden. His subsequent behaviour affords a strong proof that great frailties may sometimes fall to the lot of the noblest minds;

for I saw no braver man than he was during the Insurrection, and I have felt, and shall always feel proud, that though young and inexperienced, my resentments were subdued, rightly concluding that he had acted under the strong delusion of some powerful passion.

CHAP. III.

The Author's situation in life. Cruelties practised on the innocent people of the county Wexford, which forced them into Insurrection. Burning of Boolavogue chapel and Father Murphy's House. Skirmish between the Yeomanry and country people. Lieutenant Bookey and one of his men killed. The people north west of the river Slaney, assemble in great numbers on Oulart Hill, commanded by the Rev. John Murphy; they are attacked by the North Cork Militia and a body of Yeomen cavalry, whom they defeat with great slaughter.

I at this time was about twenty-three years of age and lived with my father, Denis Cloney, at Moneykore, within three miles of Enniscorthy, and in a direct line from that town to Ross; he rented large tracts of land, both in the Counties of Wexford and Carlow, a good part of which his father left him in possession of, and the remainder he acquired by industry, and altogether they would, if let, produce him an interest of several hundred pounds a year. His circumstances in every way were very independent; he stood also on such terms of friendship with several Landed Proprietors, both of Wexford and Carlow, that but very few had fairer opportunities of still adding to those interests he already possessed. I was an only son, and had three sisters, all younger than myself and unprovided for: and as my father was aged, and his health then in a very precarious state, they might be considered almost without any other protector but myself, and they were truly dear to me. My father's situation, of course, required my particular attention, and both filial love and paternal duty and affection demanded my watchful and undivided attention to him, to my sisters and aged grandmother. Let the christian, the philosopher, or the friend to truth and justice, then judge how all-powerful and irresistible must be the incen-

tives that at once compelled me, as it were, to sever all those endearing ties. However determined to be peaceable, domestic, and unoffending, I had no protection in my home, and of course I could afford but little protection to others. I was a Catholic, and that placed me in those days on the proscribed list, and under the ban of a furious Orange ascendancy, and their rapacious satellites, a blood thirsty Yeomanry, and a hireling magistracy, who looked forward to the possession of the property, not only of Catholics, but of liberal Protestants, either by plunder or confiscation; where then was the alternative for me? It became indispensable to divert their attention from those objects by meeting them in the field.

Had I even a certainty of protection for myself and my friends, could I coldly look on at the slaughter of my unoffending neighbours, the violation of innocent and virtuous females, the destruction and spoliation of property, and every other licentious outrage that unbridled fury and bigotry dictated. I cannot submit without contradiction, to have it said, that by the part I took I was in actual hostility to the King's Government. Protection and allegiance are reciprocal obligations, and it is admitted by the first Jurists, that if one is withdrawn the other cannot be expected to continue. Many Catholics offered to join Yeomanry Corps, some were refused admission, and others were not permitted to retire under a simple insult alone, but were thrown into prison and flogged, or otherwise persecuted, many even without a shadow of proof against them. The organization of the United Irish System, having but partially taken place in the County Wexford, there was no fair pretext for the persecution of its inhabitants; yet for some weeks previous to the Insurrection, very many cruelties were committed on the people, of whom many were flogged, pitch-capped, half-hanged, and otherwise tortured, to extort confessions of what they did not know, and many of their houses and little properties were consumed. Many other innocent persons subsequently suffered from confessions, extorted by torture, which, in various cases, the weakness of human nature could not endure. On the 25th May, 26 farmers were placed in a dungeon in Carnew, under an old Castle, and a Council of War was held at night by a drunken gang of Orange Bacchanalians, to decide on the speediest mode of executing them. On

the following morning, one hoary tyrant proposed to put lighted straw into the dungeon and suffocate them, to save powder and ball, however, the majority wished for the gratification of seeing the papists die, and they were accordingly brought out in the morning and shot in a ball-alley.

On Saturday night the 26th of May, the chapel at Boolavogue and about twenty farmer's houses in that neighbourhood were burned, as also the house of the Catholic Curate, the Rev. J. Murphy. It was on that night that the first assemblage of the people took place in any part of the county of Wexford: some of the farmers and their men met a party of the Camolin Yeomen Cavalry, and in a short rencounter, killed Lieutenant Bookey, who commanded the party and one of his men. They then proceeded to rise that quarter of the county, north and east of Enniscorthy, and on Sunday morning the 27th, they appeared in considerable force on Oulart Hill, about six miles to the north-east of Enniscorthy, headed by a man hitherto the least likely of any other Priest in that county to appear in arms, a quiet inoffensive man, devoting his time and entire energies to the care and spiritual instruction of a peaceable, orderly, and industrious flock, in a parish where he was Curate, but whose resentment was so justly raised by the sanguinary persecution of his people. Expresses were soon sent from different quarters to Wexford, for a military force to check the progress of the Insurgents, and a division of the North Cork Militia, which had been for some time commanded there by Lord Kingsborough, was now led out by Lieutenant-Colonel Foote, and consisted of about 110 men, besides six officers, who, on arriving at Oulart Hill, ascended rapidly at the north side, while a body of Yeomen Cavalry appeared advancing towards it on the south. The bold and rapid advance of the North Cork Militia, struck terror for a moment in the people, and they were actually on the point of flight, when they perceived the cavalry coming too close, and found they would, by retreating into an open and level country, be exposed to immediate and certain destruction; a number of them were instantly ordered to conceal themselves behind the fences of a ditch, while others lay in ambush in a sort of trench, and allowed the military to approach within a few yards of their main body, when they rushed suddenly on them, and killed with their pikes,

106 men and their Major, Lombard, and four other Officers; Lieutenant-Colonel Foote, a Serjeant, two Privates and a Drummer, out of the whole division, only escaping to Wexford, while of the Insurgents only five were killed and two wounded. The number of the peasantry who shared in this victory, scarcely exceeded the number of the slain Militia; no doubt that the advantageous ground, the close quarters, and the formidable weapons, of which they made so good a use, contributed to their victory.

One of the Yeomen Cavalry was shot at a great distance by an Irish Rifleman, with a Strand Gun, and the rest betook themselves to an immediate and precipitate flight to Wexford. The conquerors flushed with victory, marched immediately to Carrigue Hill, where they rested for the night, and very early on Monday morning marched upon the little town of Camolin, where they seized a quantity of arms which had been deposited there for safety. From thence they hastily proceeded to Ferns, and on to Scarawalsh Bridge, where they crossed the river Slaney; here they halted for a short time, to obtain an accession of strength, which they obtained on Ballyorrell Hill, and thence proceeded rapidly to Enniscorthy, having then a force of about 7000 men, about 1000 of which were furnished with fire arms.

CHAP. IV.

Attack on the town of Enniscorthy, and defeat of the King's troops with great slaughter. The Insurgents led on by Mr. Thos. Synnott, Mr. John Rossiter, and other reputable Farmers.—The Army retreats to Wexford. The Insurgents encamp on Vinegar Hill; they are reinforced the day after the battle by those inhabiting the country between Enniscorthy and Ross, after which they march to and encamp on the Three Rock Mountain before Wexford.

Every possible preparation had been made in the town of Enniscorthy to receive the Insurgents. Captain Snowe, with a party of the North Cork Militia, took a position on the bridge; Captain

Pounden's corps of yeoman infantry took a position at the Duffrey Gate, where three public roads join, leading from Nowtownbarry, Ross, Scollagh Gap, and the county of Carlow : Captain Cornick's and Captain A. Jacob's corps of yeoman infantry, with Captain Solomon Richards' corps of yeoman cavalry, were placed in other necessary positions for defending the town. A division of about 1000 men of the Insurgents was led on by Mr. Thomas Synnott, of Kilbride, who was the husband of my paternal aunt—a man aged about sixty years, and of very independent property ; a person of the most quiet and peaceable disposition, commanding the respect and esteem of all who knew him, and who had a young family growing up about him. Bound by every tie that should make life dear to him, yet his manly and generous spirit was roused at the atrocities he saw committed on the unoffending and defenceless farmers and peasantry, and though sure of protection himself, from his intimacy with the leading Protestants of the country, he spurned that protection which was to be purchased by remaining a cold spectator of the destruction of his neighbours. Humanity, the sure attendant of true courage, was manifested by him so strongly throughout the Insurrection to his Protestant neighbours, that the respect and esteem of his countrymen, of every religious persuasion, was rather increased than diminished by his heroic resistance to subaltern tyranny.

This brave man, with his little band, were fired upon warmly, both by cavalry and infantry from a rising ground, while they fearlessly waded through the river Slaney above Emiscorthy, ascended the rising ground, and put their military opponents to flight. Another division of the Insurgents advanced to the Duffrey Gate, where Lieutenant John Pounden, of whom I have before spoken with well-merited praise for his conduct as a magistrate, received them at the head of his brother's corps with a sharp fire, and firmly resisted their progress, until he fell like a hero at the head of his men, who on losing their beloved and spirited officer, fled before the Insurgents into the town, and dispersed.— Many of the other yeomanry corps soon did the like, thereby consulting their own personal safety. The North Cork Militia made a short stand at the Bridge, but were soon routed and thrown into confusion, and with the yeomanry fled in the utmost disorder, and with the utmost precipitation to Wexford. The force consisting

of all arms which defended the town, consisted of about 500, of which they lost about in killed, 3 Officers and 80 men, and many wounded. The Insurgents lost in the contest about 100 in killed and wounded.

Two nephews of Mr. Synnott's, Mr. Michael and Mr. Miles Doran, particularly distinguished themselves in the action, in support of the bold plan of their uncle. Several other farmers from Synnott's part of the country, whose names have escaped my memory, were known to have displayed the most undaunted courage, amongst whom Mr. John Rossiter, of Garrywilliam, was foremost.

While the events which I have related were occurring on the 25th, 26th and 27th, the people in my quarter of the country were in perfect ignorance of those occurrences: they were in the most terror-struck and feverish anxiety, as reports were for some time industriously circulated, that the Orangemen would turn out, and commit a general and indiscriminate massacre on the Roman Catholics. The reports from different quarters of what had been already effected by the Orangemen in this way, confirmed the opinion that the Insurrection would become general. The most peaceable and well disposed fancied they saw themselves, their families, and their neighbours, involved in one common ruin, and that each approaching night might possibly be the last of their domestic happiness. No one slept in his own house—the very whistling of the birds seemed to report the approach of an enemy. The remembrance of the wailings of the women and the cries of the children awake in my mind, even at this period, feelings of deep horror. Such was the state of things in my neighbourhood, yet not one act of hostility against the Government had been even slightly indicated. The dictates of self-preservation are so implanted by an all-wise Creator in the human breast, that the savage in this respect will feel as a philosopher, though his means may be different he will have the same ends in view.

The reports of an expected general and unsparing massacre was now credited by all—some actually lost their senses, under the powerful influence of fear and incertitude; others filled with anger and revenge, and divested of religion and humanity, made up their minds to perpetrate the most savage acts of furious retaliation; yet as soon as they were sensible of their strength and

power to prevent this dreaded extermination, reason began to resume her seat, and religion to acquire some controul over the angry and highly-inflamed passions of an injured and infuriate people. To delineate the feelings that seemed to pervade the affrighted peasantry at this portentous moment, would require a more experienced pen than mine.

On the morning of Sunday, the 28th of May, after I had heard prayers, some of my respectable neighbours asked me to accompany them to Mr. Alcock's, of Wilton, to take the Oath of Allegiance and obtain Protections. Conscious that I had never offended against the laws of my country, I declined either to seek a Protection or take the Oath of Allegiance. To them though perhaps equally innocent, the proceeding seemed of great efficacy, and any thing that could have a tendency to avert the threatened dangers must have been eagerly embraced at this crisis, even by persons of strong minds. The passions of the multitude becoming more fearfully agitated, several nights were spent under the shelter of ditches, the houses being deserted by night, and the furniture of every kind removed, from an apprehension of their being consumed.

The morning of the 28th having arrived, the people began to collect for mutual protection and advice—and I have often since reflected what a powerful effect mutual adversity has on our passions and prejudices; it soothes and softens down mental asperities, and reconciles the most obstinate differences, while prosperity bursts many a link in the social chain, and often severs the tenderest ties of nature. Grief and despair became now universal; such as had families consulted how they might best provide for their safety, if any one could expect to be safe, or any retreat secure against the licenced incendiary. In the midst of those gloomy forebodings, the firing commenced at Enniscorthy, and continued with little intermission for a considerable time, and was distinctly heard by us, until the town surrendered to the Insurgents; and soon after, a horseman was seen riding in full speed from Enniscorthy towards Moneyhore, the place of my father's residence. When he came within hearing he began to cheer, and continued as he galloped along, crying out "victory! victory!" Never were tidings more joyfully heard, nor more eagerly listened to. After having attended

some moments to an imperfect but probably heightened account of the action, which the rude herald gave in an impassioned tone, men, whom consternation, terror, and want of resolve, had a few hours before fixed to the ground on which they stood, proceeded to the roads in groups, and in some cases prepared to search the houses of the neighbouring yeomanry for arms, dreading that the owners would return to them, and sally out at night to murder the families who were still in the ditches, and consume their habitations. This certainly could not be apprehended by any but persons devoid of all reason, as the yeomen had now a full share of those fears for their own safety, which they had been so lately prominent in creating in the minds of others. Some excesses were now committed, which were, on reflection, deeply to be regretted.

On Tuesday, the 29th of May, before day, a large body of men came to my father's house and pressed me to proceed with them to Enniscorthy. I put them off by promising to follow in a short time. Soon after another and a much more numerous party came, who were louder and more peremptory in their demands. There was now no time to be lost in deliberating. The innocent and guilty were alike driven into acts of unwilling hostility to the existing Government; but there was no alternative; every preceding day saw the instruments of torture filling the yawning sepulchres with the victims of suspicion or malice; and as a partial resistance could never tend to mitigate the cruelty of their tormentors, I saw no second course for me, or indeed for any Catholic in my part of the country, to pursue. I joined the people, and took an affectionate farewell of my father and sisters, when he, as I before stated, was in a dying way, and my sisters quite unprotected. Their distraction of mind at my parting is not to be described. This was not a moment for indecision. I proceeded as a Volunteer, among many others, to Enniscorthy, without authority or command. I belonged to no Society under the United Irish organization, and possessed no claim to distinction, or any right to command; and I believe it is a matter of rare occurrence, that those who are invested with power, willingly submit to have that power abridged, or usurped by one who had not the slightest pretensions to seek it, even did I seek for such an unenviable distinction.

On entering Enniscorthy, I perceived that the houses had continued

burning, the slates were flying, impelled by the force of the flames, in all directions, and many dead bodies were lying in the streets scattered, and some of them mutilated. This was my first time to behold the work of destruction performed by man against his fellow man. I had not a heart to contemplate without sorrow such objects as met my eyes on every side—dearly purchased, thought I, is the glory that follows the taking and sacking of a town, though the act be even sanctioned by the laws of war.

My mind occupied with reflections, such as the melancholy scenes before me had suggested, I ascended Vinegar Hill, wishing to turn my eyes from those sickening objects which none but persons divested of all humanity could take pleasure in beholding. On the hill were assembled some thousands of People, inhabitants of that part of the county, north and north-east of Enniscorthy, many of whom bore evident marks of the dangers they had encountered in the two preceding days—some recounted the actions they had performed against the enemy, and showed wounds that proved them not destitute of courage; others mourned their children, brothers, relatives and friends, who fell in the late engagements, or who had suffered death previously by torture. More exclaimed that they were left without a house or home, their houses and property having been consumed by the orange yeomanry. Few of the assembled multitude omitted to detail their sufferings, and as there existed a strong incentive to aggravate those sufferings, there being so many powerful recommendations to the pity of the people, it is not improbable but they were in some cases exaggerated. I soon found my situation among the people rather perilous; how indeed could it be reasonable under such strong excitations to fury and revenge, and owing no obedience to any controlling power, to expect that they would stop to listen to the sober advice of a stranger. Their passions could not than be soothed, nor their anger appeased. I had very few acquaintances in that part of the county from which those people came, yet I expostulated with them on the impropriety of their indulging in a spirit of revenge; that their future safety was now to be consulted and provided for; that they were placed in a new situation; that their actions should be deliberate if they hoped for ultimate success; and that as persons of every religious persuasion were embarked with them in a common cause, they should be particularly careful to abstain from any acts of violence.

that would give their proceedings the character of a religious war, and thereby alienate men from their cause, who would otherwise be found among their most strenuous supporters. The result of my interference soon convinced me how futile is the task of attempting to subdue the disorderly passions of an enraged multitude, more especially if they have the power to gratify them. Some, as I before stated, mentioned the sufferings of their friends, and their own. Others told of the destruction of their property, and many showed their still fresh bleeding wounds, and would ask me with derision, were they to suffer all this and more, and yet to feel neither anger nor a desire for retaliation.

Finding I was likely to make few converts to my opinion, and that I was endangering my own safety, I thought it prudent to return immediately to the town of Enniscorthy. I determined from thence to return home, heartily tired of the scenes I had that morning beheld.

The people were divided into parties and cabals, each pursuing a different interest, and urging that the neighbourhood from which they came was in the most immediate danger, and demanded the most prompt assistance and protection—others alleged, that the actions they had already performed should not be disregarded, and insisted that the work of destruction was rapidly going on in their district, and that the next military post to such places as were most exposed and harrassed by the enemy, should be attacked first. All now was disorder and confusion, and a few hours was likely to end this local Insurrection, which never had been matured by previous organization, or settled plans, but had its origin in the great principle of self-preservation.

I was thus taught, by sympathy, to join in the overthrow of that system of torture, which, if much longer persisted in, would have turned this populous county into a desert.

The appearance of Messrs. Edward Fitzgerald, of Newpark, and John Colclough, of Ballyteague, who arrived from Wexford in this moment of anarchy, gave a new turn to affairs, and fixed the unsettled resolves of the multitude. These gentlemen had been for some days confined in the gaol of Wexford, under, I believe, a bare suspicion of being connected with the United Irish

system, and were now liberated, and requested to go to the Insurgent camp, to use their influence with the people to disperse and give up their arms. Their coming had not, however, the effect calculated upon by those who sent them, and their remonstrances had no influence on those who had already taken a prominent part in the last two day's campaign, who now declared that they had nothing to hope if a dispersion took place, as there was no security for the people, but in that strength which they had acquired by their union. They then freely gave up their former dissensions, and determined to march on without delay to Wexford. This was the day on which John Gill suffered death on Vinegar Hill, as appeared in evidence on my trial, and which has been related by Sir Richard Musgrave, in his lying history of the Irish Rebellions. The minutes of the Court Martial held on me afford the most satisfactory proof, that I neither was present at that melancholy outrage, nor was I in the most remote degree instrumental in procuring the said Gill to be put to death. My conduct throughout the Insurrection, as it was proved on the Court Martial, was that of one not actuated by feelings of cold and calculating humanity, and must convince every unbiassed mind that the charge was most malicious and is utterly unfounded.

The people who occupied Vinegar Hill this day, as I have before stated, were, with very few exceptions, strangers to me, and the victories they had achieved, and the sufferings they had undergone, gave them an ascendancy to which the people from my neighbourhood could have no possible claim nor pretension. My first reception on the hill was but little flattering to my young mind; taunted with having as yet done nothing to entitle me to counsel or admonish those who had already ventured their lives for me and others, It was base and cruel for my prosecutors to implicate me in acts, which my heart abhorred, and to prevent which my very best exertions had been directed. But Sir R. Musgrave had a part to act—his foul slanders were commodities in great demand during that season of political delirium, and the more gross and incredible were his falsehoods, the greater were the profits he obtained and the favours conferred on the titled slanderer.

The people were now rapidly augmenting and soon resolved to march to Wexford. I joined them in the town of Enniscorthy, and

we proceeded to the Three Rocks, within about three miles of Wexford town, where we encamped for that night. The night was very dark, and it was curious to hear the stragglers, or such as had separated from their respective bodies calling each other aloud by the names of their different baronies. Those calls in the stillness of a very calm summer's night, must have been distinctly heard by the out-posts of the Garrison in Wexford, and from the names of so many baronies being incessantly repeated, the enemy was, no doubt, impressed with a strong notion of our having a greater numerical force than we really had, and they must have felt deep and powerful anxiety for the issue of the next day's expected attack.

CHAP. V.

Defeat of the Meath Militia at the Three Rock Mountain.— Capture of an Officer, several men, and two pieces of Cannon, with their Ammunition Waggon. Negotiation for the surrender of Wexford. Occupation of Wexford by the Insurgents.

Early on the following morning an account was brought to our camp, that a body of the King's troops were near us, on their march from Duncannon Fort to Wexford; on hearing this I felt anxious that our disordered state should not expose us to surprise, and I eagerly enquired who was to take the command. I went up to Mr. Edward Roache, who appeared in the uniform of Captain Lehunt's Yeomen Cavalry, to which he had belonged, and who seemed very active as if he had a leading command. He and I were not acquainted, however, I asked him, as the enemy were approaching, should not preparations be made to meet them, and if he had the command ought he not to give the necessary instructions for so doing? He at once declared that he had no command, and that I must apply to some other person who might be invested with authority. I then applied to both Mr. John Hay and Mr. Edward Fitzgerald, and received similar answers from them. I found all disinclined to assume authority, or avow their rank, if they had then been invested with any.

These gentlemen were not deficient in courage as they afterwards proved. Some of my neighbours proposed that "I should go for-

ward with them, that as the people from the north side of the Slaney boasted, and justly, of their having achieved two signal victories, while we were safe and inactive, it was incumbent on us to neutralize their reproaches, and by our readiness to face danger in the present instance, to prove our zeal in the common cause." This appeal made in so feeling and forcible a manner by those brave fellows, who had never before encountered an enemy more formidable than those they usually met in a country fair, could not be resisted by the most luke-warm amongst us. I then proposed to that afterwards distinguished hero, John Kelly, of Killan, to Mr. Robert Carty, then of Birch-grove, now of Wexford, and to a deeply lamented friend of mine, Mr. Michael Furlong, of Templescobey, to join in volunteering our services, with our neighbours, to meet the approaching enemy. This proposal was promptly acceded to by every one of them, and soon after a party of the Meath Militia, consisting of 70 men, with three officers, sixteen artillery men, and two howitzers, appeared in sight. We suffered them to advance very close to our position.— We then rushed on them with more of irresistible impetuosity than military skill. The contest held but ten or fifteen minutes, for after firing a few rounds they were overpowered, the entire party being either killed, wounded, or taken prisoners, with the exception, as I afterwards learned, of one officer and 4 or five privates, who retreated to Duncannon Fort; one of the party, named Byrne, fled through the country a distance of about 12 miles, and arrived safe, as Providence would have it, at my father's house, where he was kindly treated for nearly the whole time of the Insurrection, and until he determined to return to his regiment.

There was also at my father's a Protestant lad, who had been a servant to John Gill, so often before mentioned; his name was Crowley, and he subsequently joined a Yeomanry Corps in Ennis-corthy. There were other Protestants also protected at my father's house during that unhappy period, and many others supplied with provisions by the family. My father, though very ill, was quite solicitous for the safety and comfort of his Protestant inmates.

The officer and privates of the Meath Militia, who had escaped, joined General Fawcett at Taghmon, previous to his final retreat upon Duncannon Fort. Hearing of the defeat of the Meath Mili-

tia, he moved with a much quicker pace back to Duncannon than he advanced. As I approached the Officer of the Meath Militia who fell into our hands when the firing ceased, he was in the act of delivering his sword to a lad about 18 years of age, John Brien, of Templecobey, which poor Brien immediately presented to me, saying, "that he had nothing to do with *the likes of her*, as a Pike would answer him much better." I declined taking the sword from this rough young hero until he repeatedly pressed me. Lieutenant Wade threw himself on my protection, and I conducted him up the hill to our camp, where I got him some refreshment, and on giving him every assurance of his safety, he soon recovered from the agitation which he naturally evinced in such circumstances, and I took every possible care of him until I saw him safely lodged in Wexford Barracks. Of the part I had in this trifling action, I shall say no more than that I received the thanks of a very general meeting of the principal inhabitants of Wexford on the following night, on which occasion the celebrated Captain Kew presided. Candour and justice, however, demand that I should acknowledge those thanks were at least as well if not more properly due to the gentlemen whom I have before stated to have accompanied me, and to the bold peasantry of our respective neighbourhoods, all brave men of the Barony of Bantry. One elderly labouring man, named Jas. Larkin, of Moneyhore, and two of his sons, deserve to be particularly mentioned; they were all wounded, yet they returned from the contest equipped each with a musket and cartouche-box, taken from the hands of their defeated opponents.

In a short time after this affair happened, nearly the whole garrison of Wexford, consisting of more than one thousand men, composed of regulars, militia, and yeomanry, under the command of Colonel Watson, a retired officer who resided in that county, to whom it is said Colonel Maxwell, of the Donegal militia, gave the command, as being a man of more experience than himself, marched out to attack us. Being apprised that they were coming, and dreading to entrust the howitzers to the artillery-men lately taken, I picked out an old soldier from our own ranks, whom I got to plant one of our howitzers in a favourable position to cover the road by which the enemy were to approach. Soon as they appeared a shot was immediately discharged from the howitzer at Colo-

nel Watson, who was in advance, and he was seen to fall ; whether he was killed by this shot, or by a shot from a long gun fired by one of our men at the foot of the hill, I cannot say ; but it had this powerful effect, that the whole body fled with the greatest precipitation back to Wexford in the utmost terror and dismay, equalled only by that which the inhabitants felt immediately previous under their tyranny. They had now to implore mercy and protection from people, who dare not a few hours before approach them.

The enthusiasm of the people was now raised to the highest pitch. Some of the authorities of the town who were more composed than the fugitives as not being out to share in the flight, agreed to send out two deputies in all haste, to treat for the surrender and evacuation of the town by the king's troops. Counsellor Thomas Richards and his brother, Mr. Loftus Richards, both of Wexford, were deputed to come out. These were Protestant gentlemen of respectable character, family, and connexions, and of liberal principles, who had no fears about meeting the people. They brought a letter from Mr. Bagenal Harvey, who had been a prisoner some days in Wexford gaol, he having been arrested at the same time with Mr. Edward Fitzgerald and Mr. John Colclough before named.— Mr. Harvey, who had been several days in the utmost terror for his own safety, now became the merciful protector of his deadliest enemies. Such is the instability of human affairs.— Dearly did his kindness cost him afterwards ; he allowed tyrants to escape, (as I certainly would have done myself,) but those very tyrants shewed him but little mercy, when he fell by the fortune of war once more into their hands.

On the Messrs. Richards coming out, they were well received, and Mr. Edward Fitzgerald immediately went in, accompanied by Counsellor Richards, to see the terms fulfilled, while Mr. Loftus Richards remained under my care. The embassy was got up merely to gain time for the Garrison to fly without our knowledge, so as to be out of our reach before we understood or discovered the *ruse* which had been practised.

Mr. Hay gives a faithful account of the proceedings on this occasion as he does of those throughout the Insurrection, considering the difficulties he had to contend with in collecting information,

and the danger of taking up his work at so early a period after the Insurrection—his country owed him a deep debt of gratitude for the undertaking, as well as for his constant and laborious exertions in seeking, for many years, the Emancipation of his Fellow-Catholics; and, after all, he was allowed to die in misery and want, forgotten and neglected. What a lesson does not poor Hay's fate leave to others, how they shall devote their energies, their property, their health and peace of mind to the service of an ungrateful country. Never was there a more faithful servant to the public during his many years' secretaryship to the Catholic body.

An account having arrived at our camp, that the King's Troops and Yeomanry had fled from Wexford, accompanied by the majority of the persecuting magistrates of the county, and other ascendancy men, to the Barony of Forth, on their way to Duncannon Fort, Mr. John Hay, brother to the historian before mentioned, proposed to send a detachment from our camp, to intercept them between Wexford and the scar at Barrystown, where they should pass, on their way to Duncannon Fort. He was not supported in his proposition, which, if adopted, would have been likely to free the county from those tyrants, who, both before and after, contributed to deluge it with the blood of its worthiest natives. Even in their flight those bad men persevered in the same abominable system which they had originated. They shot many defenceless people; burned farmers' and peasants' houses, and several Roman Catholic Chapels. Shortly after we heard of their flight, we marched to the Windmill Hills, just outside the town of Wexford, several of the leaders having hastily proceeded to the town, to prevent, as much as possible, any injury being done to persons or property. The joy and enthusiasm of the inhabitants, as we passed through the town, was indescribable. The sudden transition from a state of dreadful incertitude, and of nearly general proscription, when their lives were every moment menaced, and exposed to the arbitrary will of every informer or petty tyrant, to an unexpected state of security, was too much for the most moderate people to enjoy, without shewing some outward signs of exultation. Green flags, handkerchiefs, or branches of trees were exhibited at the windows of almost every house, and many respectable females were preparing cockades of the same favourite colour

for their friends. On the evening of that day as I was passing through that part of the town called the Bull Ring, I perceived Mr. Valentine Gill, my early guardian, before mentioned, on his hands and knees, surrounded by a crowd, armed with various weapons, each contending for the honour, as they deemed it, of being his executioner—while many were thus vehement in their desire of getting the first blow or shot at him, I advanced, and he having observed me, when looking up for mercy to those who did not seem to think him an object deserving of it, he cried aloud, “here is a gentleman that will vouch that I am a Roman Catholic, and an United Irishman.” I saw there was no time to be lost in saving a life, although it was the life of a designing and treacherous foe, and I rushed into the crowd, and replied, that I would vouch for the truth of those assertions, but strength, resolution, and the most hazardous exertions were, however, necessary in my attempt to save his life. I pushed several men away from him by force, and put my arms over him, crying out for mercy. In this struggle, a pistol was discharged by one of the people at him, which he and I providentially escaped; for by the position in which I was placed with regard to him, my life was more than equally endangered by any attack on his. The ball from the pistol passed under my arm and lodged in the ground. The people were greatly enraged, and some of my friends or acquaintances with me, which added much to the peril of my situation. Between threats and force, and very great risque to myself, I succeeded in rescuing Gill from immediate death, and placing him in the house of Mr. Christopher Richards, where I understood his wife, the daughter of his brother, John Gill, and other friends of his were residing. He immediately afterwards joined the people, and was very serviceable to us in managing our little artillery—a department on which we had not as yet bestowed much attention, though it was so necessary to the advancement of our cause.

This Mr. Gill was one of the many who firmly adhered to the Insurgents as long as fortune seemed to favour them; and after the Insurrection was put down, he was frequently heard to express his unmeasured gratitude to me, for preserving his life; but when again he found his party and friends completely restored to power, his rancour returned. In the hour of his danger I forgot the du-

plicity of his former conduct, yet there was a kind of virulence in his ingratitude and baseness, as it affected me, that for the honour of human nature, I am proud to say, rarely occurs amongst men, and I hope will never again be imitated. He swore on my trial that my interposition in his favour at Wexford, was owing to his producing to me a Protection from a certain leader in our body, which he considered alone influenced my conduct, in order to maintain discipline, and enforce the obedience of the people to the instructions of their commanders. This allegation was utterly unfounded.

I have already related with the strictest adherence to truth, the conduct of this ungrateful man, who laboured hard for my destruction, by marshalling and training evidences against me—to swear that I was privy to the murder of his brother, John Gill, a man for whom I entertained a high regard. If I had been privy to the murder of John, it was not likely that his brother would have called upon me at Wexford to protect his life at the hazard of my own. The danger I encountered on the following day, in protecting Mr. John Hogan, a respectable Protestant gentleman of Wexford, was equally great or perhaps greater. He was surrounded as Gill had been; I had merely known him by sight, for a very short time, yet seeing his imminent danger, I rushed immediately into the crowd, and buffeted about, for some time, the persons who surrounded him, until I rescued and pushed him with great difficulty into his own house, which was quite convenient to the place where I rescued him. Recovered from the surprise which my boldness created, the party all discovering that I was a stranger, cried out, I was an Orangeman. They seized upon me and forced me against a wall to be shot, and they would soon have effected their murderous design, had not a stronger party of my own neighbours providentially came in sight, to whom I loudly called for relief. The wretches who surrounded me fled and were ineffectually pursued by my friends through a good part of the town.

For the accuracy of this statement, I refer to the copy of Mr. Hogan's letter, as follows:—

Cheltenham, 21st April, 1826.

DEAR SIR,

For the last month I have had a severe attack of gout in my

hand, which rendered it unable to do any thing, and this is the first attempt I have made since the receipt of your letter of the 26th ultimo. In reply to which I have to regret that twenty-eight years should now efface from my memory the particular efforts of speech kindly used by you for my release from a party of the rebels, who had made me a prisoner near my own house, on the day they first entered the town of Wexford. The party were all strangers to me, and were in the act of dragging me along with them, when I saw you coming up from the Bull-ring. I did not know you except by name, which I had only learned, by hearing it at the late Assizes, where we happened to be near each other. I immediately called out to you to assist me. You were not deaf to that call, but immediately came to my relief. The party not knowing you, refused to let me go, but on some others coming forward, who did know you, I was released, and immediately rushed into my own house, where I remained until next morning, when I was again taken prisoner, and brought to gaol, where I remained until relieved by the return of the Army to Wexford. I am aware, that rather angry words passed between you and the party who would wish to hold me, but I cannot bring them to memory; but I know you persevered until you got me free,—and that kindness and humanity induced you to do so, for I had no claims of friendship to make you interfere; besides, you were fully aware of my being a Protestant, and in a yeomanry corps. I shall therefore feel myself bound at all times to declare, that your conduct was then such as I should attribute to a bold and generous heart, disinterestedly doing as he would wish to be done by. I hope to return to Wexford in less than a fortnight, where, perhaps, you might refresh my memory, as to the particulars of that day.

I am, with much respect,
Your Obliged, &c.

JOHN H. HOGAN.

THOMAS CLONEY, Esq.

Graig.

Mr. Thomas Rogers, a Watch-maker, of Enniscorthy, and a respectable Protestant, was placed in an equally perilous situation as the other gentleman, on the following day, when fortunately I

came in sight, and was called on to interfere, and with great risque and difficulty, I thank my God, I also succeeded in saving him; his evidence on my trial proved his gratitude. What must appear most extraordinary is, that at this time, I was strongly censured both by Protestants and Catholics in command amongst us, for my too frequent interference and exertions in liberating prisoners.

This appears in the evidence of Mrs. Lett, on my trial, for which see Appendix. That I did successfully interfere in saving the lives of my Protestant countrymen, appears also by Mr. Burkitt's letter, a copy of which follows:—

Enniscorthy, 17th February, 1826.

DEAR SIR,

In justice to my own feelings, I beg to say, that a day or two after I was made prisoner, in the Rebellion of '98, and confined in Wexford gaol, I and the other prisoners were ordered to the gaol-yard, where most of us thought we would be put to death, and believe, that through your kind interference we escaped, and have every reason to think, that you acted with humanity and kindness during the time this unhappy business lasted.

I am, dear Sir,

Your's truly,

R. BURKITT,

To Thos. Cloney, Esq.
Graig.

This gentleman was a reputable Apothecary and Surgeon in Enniscorthy, and sometime an Assistant Surgeon in the Army.

Atkin, afterwards better known by the name of Major Sirr, offered to prove that, on the prisoners having been brought out from the gaol to the gaol-yard in Wexford, on the day or second day after the town surrendered to the people, to be examined by Mr. Harvey and other leaders, many Protestant yeomen from Enniscorthy, among whom was Mr. Lett, appealed to me for a character, and that on my speaking in their favour, I was openly rebuked and threatened by a person then very influential amongst

the people, by whom it was alledged that it was well known I was not an United Irishman, and that therefore my officious interference should be put an end to for the future. This offer, though likely to be of material service to me on my trial, I thought it prudent to decline—I dreaded the man, and yet, not like Gill, wicked as Atkin was, he never totally divested himself of gratitude towards those who served him. His gratitude to that distinguished patriot and hero, John Rossiter, of Garrywilliam, spoke well for the wretched Atkin, as he had the power and the will to protect Rossiter, who protected him.

Great as the disorder was occasionally by parties rushing into Wexford to seek for some of those little tyrants who had recently persecuted their friends, there was but very little plunder of property committed. The females that remained in Wexford when it was taken possession of by the Insurgents, did not experience the slightest insult or injury.

On Thursday, the 30th of May, a considerable body marched out from Wexford for the hill of Carrigburn, encamping that night near Taghmon. Another division marched to and formed an encampment at Carrigrue, from whence on their march to Gorey, on the 4th of June, they met and defeated Colonel Walpole with a strong force, killed many, made several prisoners, and took three pieces of cannon. No vidette was out from either army, and the collision was so sudden, that the mass of Colonel Walpole's force received such a shock, as disabled them from bearing their arms with them in a most precipitate flight. General Loftus came up with 1500 men soon after, but on advancing to Gorey, the cannon taken from Walpole was turned on him, and caused him to fall back on Camolin. Gorey was evacuated, and so was Arklow without and the approach to the Capital left thus exposed.

A Commander-in-Chief not having as yet been appointed, I waited to learn on whom that high rank and honour would devolve. The cabals and jealousies which arose in the discussion of this question, omened badly for our future prosperity. The lot, however, fell on Mr. Bagenal Harvey, a most liberal and patriotic Protestant gentleman—a man of rank and most respectable family.—He was distinguished for benevolence in every walk of life,

and possessing an hereditary estate of about 2000 pounds a year, free, I believe, from incumbrance. Yet his ignorance of military affairs, with a weak frame and delicate constitution, rendered him unfit for so arduous and perilous a situation. He was certainly worthy of unlimited confidence as to integrity and zeal. He risked his life and his fine fortune in the cause of his country, and severed himself for ever from a high connexion, to attach himself to the destinies of an enslaved and persecuted people, the vast majority of whom were of a different persuasion from his own, and with very faint prospects of success. To his memory there is due from his country every tribute of gratitude and respect, for his precious life paid the forfeit of his generous and patriotic ardour in his country's cause.

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CHAP. VI.

Murder of a farmer, near the camp, by the Yeomanry. Burning of the Church of Old Ross. Insurgents encamp at Corbet Hill.

On the first of June, I left Wexford, passing by Moneyhore, to see my father and sisters, and spent one of the happiest nights of my life in their society, for the fears, dangers, and uncertainties attending our short separation, had greatly increased the pleasure of our meeting. I proceeded early the next day to the camp at Carrigburn, where Mr. Harvey had previously arrived as commander-in-chief. I had not been long in the camp when it was announced to me by a man, whom the swiftness of his horse had just saved from immediate death, that a party of Yeomen Cavalry reconnoitering our camp, or excited by a love of plunder, had fallen in with himself and another man, who were riding peaceably and unarmed near Old Ross; that these Yeomen Cavalry pursued them, and on coming up to his companion, had butchered him on the high road; while the other, more fortunate, being better mounted, had escaped the swords of those Pretorian assassins, and brought the distressing intelligence to the camp. I immediately proceeded to a house where Mr. Harvey had fixed his head quarters, and communicated the matter to him;

He and all those about him felt the strongest indignation, and he at once decided on dispatching a strong party of horse to intercept the murderers on their return to Ross. He applied to two different gentlemen present; from whom he seemed to expect much, to head this party, but in disregard of military discipline they declined. He then asked me would I take the command of a party, when I signified my willingness to do so, and he gave me an order to select fifty of my choice horsemen; which I hastily did, and we set out with great anxiety, hoping to be at Old Ross before the return of the mauraders; who had continued their predatory route through the country, elate with their disgraceful victory over an unarmed and an unoffending individual. They, however, observing us descending from the hill of Carrigburn, had recourse to a precipitate flight, and our eagerness in pursuit was such, that the flying party had but a very few perches advance of us at the cross roads of Old Ross. We did not abate in the ardour of pursuit until we arrived within a short distance of New Ross. While we were thus pursuing the guilty fugitives, the Church of Old Ross was set fire to by some stragglers who followed us from our Camp, without the knowledge of any of our party; for when we were returning the roof was falling in. I am very far from palliating or defending this shameful and atrocious act. To set fire to any Temple in which public worship is performed, is an act abhorrent to the feelings of genuine Christians, of every sect and party. But it is unreasonable to expect that uneducated men, will not in a moment of passion, look on it as their right to do that by others which has been done by themselves. The people who set fire to the church of Old Ross were incited to this wicked act on beholding the mangled body of an unprotected and defenceless neighbour, lying on the highway before them, steeped in his yet warm blood. They also might have recollected the many Roman Catholic Chapels which were wantonly consumed by the yeomanry. During, and immediately after the Insurrection, thirty-three Roman Catholic Chapels being burned in the county Wexford.— Many pernicious examples the people had before them, and this was the only sacrilege which could be pleaded against them by their enemies. It is painful to observe that those excesses on the part of the people were provoked by previous atrocities committed either by a licentious soldiery, or by the still more wicked and

bigotted tools of an oppressive magistracy. To such causes may be referred much of the human blood, and almost every sorrowing tear that was shed in our ill-fated county, from the month of May, 1798, to the close of the Insurrection. It is only repeating what no one affects to deny, that the Insurrection in Wexford owed its origin, not to any settled plan or organization, but to that instinct of self-preservation, which is common as well to the beasts of the wilderness as to the human race. If the laws had been administered with justice and moderation—if personal safety was not rendered more than precarious, the fathers of the light-hearted peasantry of Ireland would feel more pleasure in acts of hospitality, or in being engaged in their much-loved customary rural amusements, than in being ranged under the standard of Insurrection, or destroying the lives which the kindness of their unprovoked nature would at any other time, and under any other circumstances, teach them to preserve.

Sir Richard Musgrave, in his veracious and elegant extracts, gravely asserts, that I gave orders for the burning of the Protestant Church at Old Ross,^a but no such evidence appeared on my trial; however enraged my accusers were, they never so entirely cast off every semblance of truth, as to advance such a groundless charge against me, which the testimony of nearly one hundred persons could fully contradict. Of this charge I received no notice previous to my trial. I wrote to Lord Ancram, who was appointed President of the Court Martial that was to try me, and to Sir James Fowles', his Lieutenant-Colonel, who had been previously appointed President, but who was taken ill, for a copy of the charges against me, and his Lordship politely replied, in his own hand-writing, that no charge appeared but the one on which I was arrested, which charge was abandoned, when the trial commenced; and that with regard to Gill, and the Church, were brought suddenly against me without any previous notice.—I did not, however, for a moment decline boldly meeting the charges, so conscious was I of my own innocence. It is evident, however, that I could not be properly prepared, yet I sought no time for preparation. But these advantages and stratagems will not surprize those who recollect how Courts Martial were then constituted.

(a.)—The Rev. Mr. Gordon, who had lived within six miles of Old Ross, acquits me, in his History, of having had any participation in directing this Church to be injured.

In the county of Wexford, at that period, the characters of their members, and the number and description of prosecutors who were paid and promoted in proportion to their zeal and activity in accomplishing the ruin of such as were marked out for destruction by their virulent retainers, need no proof in this Narrative.— To be charged with flagrant atrocities must, even with good men, greatly tend to leave an unfavourable impression; but when Judges, Jurors, and Prosecutors were but too deeply imbued with bigotry and political rancour against the accused, the repetition of such charges must have operated so far as to poison the fountain of justice, and leave a man but little prospect of escape. The only house that was burned in the excursion to Old Ross, as it was proved on my trial, was that of the man who had so wantonly murdered his neighbour immediately before. Until man shall become a perfect creature, without passions or feeling, we may always expect, if he has the power, to avenge murder—that he will not submit to see his neighbour slain without retaliation. On my coming back to Carrigburna, there was a discussion at Head Quarters about the time and manner in which the town of New Ross should be attacked. That evening and the following day were spent in making the necessary preparations for an assault, and in consulting about the position which it would be advantageous for us to occupy on the night preceding. It was resolved, at a Council of War, that we should advance by a circuitous route to Corbet Hill, within about a mile of the town, and on the following Monday we arrived there and traced out the lines of our encampment. The spot chosen was not unfavourable, and the men, preparing for the attack, were not destitute of courage. They were capable of effecting what might be considered impossible in the eyes of most military tacticians, had the prudence and skill of the leaders equalled the devotion and ardour of their followers. But candour obliges me to observe here, that self-controul, a quality necessary to all men, but indispensable to those who may be entrusted with the command of others, was not among the prominent virtues of the leaders assembled on this momentous occasion. Instead of spending the evening in concerting a plan of attack, or in training the men to the observance of the few rude outlines of military movement which their previous contests had led them to adopt, or of impressing on their minds the necessity of making one great effort to take the town, and thus open a communication with Kil-

kenny County, and the Province of Munster, the night was spent in feasting, and many of the leaders found more attraction in Mr. Murphy's good wines than in the discharge of those arduous duties that appertained to their command. Could it be expected that without a power to enforce obedience and inculcate the necessity of discipline among the men, while the leaders themselves were showing a bad example, that that great mass of force which in other hands and under wise Leaders, must have ensured success, would not, in the present instance, and under such managers, become an unwieldy machine.

CHAP. VII.

The town of New Ross summoned to capitulate by the Commander-in-Chief of the Irish army. Mr. Furlong, the Herald, fired on by the out-posts and killed. Lord Mountjoy killed.—The strong position at the Three Bullet Gate taken from the King's troops. Attack on the town, and desperate conflict of twelve hours, which ended in the defeat of General Johnson.—He retreats into the county Kilkenny.

After a short debate, early on the 5th of June, it was resolved that a Herald should be dispatched at the break of day, to New Ross, requiring the immediate surrender of the town. Some gentlemen who acted as Aids-du-camp to General Harvey, and who, from their elevated, or natural turn of mind, had assumed much greater consequence and authority than their companions in arms, were successively called upon in vain, to undertake this dangerous mission. There was, however, one exception among the dissentients, Mr. Matthew Furlong, of Raheen, near Old Ross, who was also an Aid-de-camp, consented to be the bearer of General Harvey's summons. For courage, and devotion to the cause of his country, he was exceeded by none; in humility, unassuming manners and kindness of disposition, few were his equal. Receiving his General's commands, he advanced to the nearest out-post of the King's troops, without fear or trepidation, and on announcing his mission, his body was instantly perforated by the bullets of an inhuman soldiery.

The following is a copy of General Harvey's Summons to the Commander of the King's forces to surrender the town :—

SIR—As a friend to humanity, I request you will surrender the town of Ross to the Wexford forces now assembled. Your resistance will but provoke rapine and plunder, to the ruin of the most innocent. Flushed with victory, the Wexford forces, now innumerable and irresistible, will not be controuled if they meet with any resistance; to prevent, therefore, the total ruin of all property in the town, I urge you to a speedy surrender, which you will be forced to do in a few hours with loss and bloodshed, as you are surrounded on all sides. Your answer is required in four hours. Mr. Furlong carries this letter and will bring the answer.

I am, Sir, &c. &c.

B. B. HARVEY.

Camp at Corbet Hill,
Half-past 3 o'clock, Morning, June 5, 1798.

As soon as Mr. Furlong's death was made known in our Camp, every bosom beat high with rage and indignation, and thirsted for immediate revenge. Whatever may be the opinions of those who govern the people, about the expediency or lawfulness of putting Mr. Furlong to death, men whose minds are not perverted by false reasoning, will call it by no gentler name than murder. To slay any man in cold blood, however great an enemy, when he approaches on an embassy of peace, without the will to do, or the power of doing harm, was an act so transcendantly wicked, that it was only in Ireland it would have been perpetrated. The plan of attack was since allowed by good judges to have been judicious, and would, if adhered to, have secured success to the assailants.—Three quarters of the town were to be attacked at one and the same time, in order to divide the garrison, consisting of about two thousand troops of the line, Militia and Yeomanry.

The difficulty of entering at any point had been much increased, for as we were for some days expected, every preparation and every precautionary measure was, of course, adopted to ensure our defeat. Mr. Furlong's fall rendered the people so furious, that they became almost unmanageable, and it was resolved to send the intrepid Colonel John Kelly forward with five hundred men, to drive in the out-posts of the King's troops, who had occupied the fields and ditches between our Camp and the town, as they had

annoyed us towards the approach of day, by firing random shots into our Camp. A man who sat near me on the ground, received a ball through one of his thighs. In a moment after, just as I had mounted my horse, the animal received a spent ball on the forehead and fell under me. I got off him without injury, and on slapping him on the rump with my sword he started up, when on examining him I found the ball had merely entered the skin, so that the horse was only stunned for the moment, it however gave me a pretty good foretaste of what I was to expect in the course of the day. Colonel Kelly had now advanced with five hundred men of his battalion of Bantry men, and I had orders, in case he was unable to drive back the out-posts, to advance with five hundred men of my battalion of Bantry men to support him. The men of the barony of Bantry, which is by far the largest in the county Wexford, were divided into two battalions, each consisting perhaps of about fifteen hundred men. The exact number could not be well stated; it was sometimes more and sometimes less; things had not arrived at that state of discipline that would enable one to be accurate in such matters. The command of one had been given to Colonel Kelly, and that of the other to me. In case he succeeded, he was to await the advance of the other divisions to their respective stations. To such a young hero as Kelly, and with such men as he commanded, no daring was too great; he but too successfully performed his duty, for having drove his opponents in full flight before him, the enthusiasm of the main body could no longer be restrained; they all poured down in one and the same direction, without order or controul. A remarkable instance of pure and patriotic feeling and affection occurred to me on approaching the town. Two tenants of my father's, who lived at Moneyhore, the one, Philip Lacey, a valuable man of all works in the agricultural way; the other, John Doogan, an ingenious smith, and a very intelligent man, approached me, and put their arms about me with such feeling, that they could scarcely speak, and after an affectionate embrace, they said, "you are now going into battle, and we declare if you fall, we shall not survive to carry home the sad tidings to your father and sisters." Well did those true-hearted Irishmen redeem their pledge, for they both fell at the Three Bullet Gate, through which we all entered the town. How few instances of such fide-

lity and attachment do we meet in the higher ranks of life—this almost equalled the story of Damon and Pytheas, which is kept in remembrance for the admiration of posterity. One of our principal leaders withdrew at this moment from his post, and his example had a most injurious influence, it encouraged not only many of his own neighbours, but persons from all parties to consult their own safety as he did.

Lord Mountjoy, who had advanced in front of his regiment, the county Dublin Militia, to remonstrate with the people, fell by a rash hand, such as that which slew poor Furlong, and the immediate recollection of, the unprovoked butchery of the latter, may be supposed to have contributed powerfully to the downfall of the former. The acts on both sides happened, however, without the sanction of persons in authority at either sides. Having advanced near the Three Bullet Gate, parties of the King's troops still retained their positions at both sides of the road, and we were exposed to a cross fire from both, while Colonel Kelly and his men were endeavouring to force an entrance into the town. On the right of the road several of my men were placed under cover of a very high ditch, from which they kept up a hot fire on those soldiers who were inside to the right of the gate, and in the rear, or on the walls of some burned cabins; one soldier particularly distinguished himself by standing to the last on a wall, in a very exposed situation, and firing at our men as they advanced.

The heads of our party alone were exposed, and such was the coolness of the soldier, his intrepidity, and the correctness of his aim, that he actually scalped, in part, one man by my side, by his shot taking off the skin and hair from the top of his forehead. He also wounded a man at the other side by a shot, which took the skin off one of his temples. A person close to me, at length levelled at him and tumbled him by his shot, over head and heels from his post into the still smoking thatch of the burning cabin, on whose wall he had stood. I really regretted the fall of this brave soldier though an enemy. In about half-an-hour the King's troops were dislodged from the fields, and after an obstinate resistance, driven back from the Gate, between which and the ditch there was an open space of a few perches, and through this space a party of soldiers still kept up a most tremendous fire.

I found it difficult to get the men to pass by this space, however; having passed it myself many others followed; and in looking round me as I got clear of it, I saw three or four men fall, of those who were following me.

Colonel Kelly now advanced to the Barracks, not very far distant from the gate, where he received a shot in one of his thighs, which disabled him, and deprived us of his services. This was a great loss to us at such a moment, as his men were greatly attached to him, and would have followed him through any danger. The Barrack was, however, soon taken, and arms and ammunition obtained, which had been deposited there.

Any person who has seen the Three Bullet Gate of Ross, which was this day defended by a powerful military force, supported by two six-pounders, will consider the carrying of it, so speedily, by an undisciplined, badly armed, and ungovernable body of country peasants, as an achievement well worth preserving in our military annals. While we were thus engaged, a strong body of Cavalry came from the town by a lane in our rear, for the purpose of charging our detached wing. Many of our men who were retreating, returned, and we, who were between this party of our men and the Gate, faced about, and as the Cavalry were thus placed between the muskets and pikes of both detachments, Cornet Dodwell and twenty-eight of the fifth Dragoons were slain in a few minutes, the business being done almost exclusively by our pikemen. The fallen Dragoons were hastily stripped of their arms by a famous amazon among us, whose name was Doyle, and whom we called the point of war; she was busily assisting with a small billhook, cutting off the cross belts of the Dragoons, and supplying her friends with their cartouch boxes. Her father was a faggot cutter, who lived near Castleboro, and she seemed attached to the profession, as she was regularly furnished with the implements appertaining to it; we now entered the town in triumph, and the main body of General Johnson's army, after a resistance not so formidable as might have been expected from beloved champions of the Irish ascendancy, fled before us over the bridge into the county of Kilkenny, leaving a party of the Clare Militia at its other extremity, in a part called the Irishtown; the main guard also remained at the market-house, not far from the bridge.

The conduct of Johnson on this occasion was and is still to me most inexplicable. If he intended to evacuate the town altogether why he should not have remained to bring in his detached parties I cannot conceive; but, I believe, he was so panic struck, that he had very little recollection of his friends on the occasion. It was equally extraordinary that, when we had dislodged the main body of the King's troops, we did not think of obtaining possession of the two weak points still retained by our opponents, but all was disorder and confusion, and evident want of judgment on the part of our Chiefs, in not following up the advantages we had already obtained. At this moment a neighbour of mine brought me my horse which he got into his care when we entered the town. The horse was so decked out that I refused to have any thing to do with him, not knowing that my neighbours were so anxious to compliment me, as they had furnished my steed with the saddle, bridle, and all the trappings of Lord Mountjoy's charger, who had fallen early in the action. I had, however, no fancy for such ornaments, still they were preserved for me until the battle ended.

After being some time in the town, and finding our men entering houses, to seek for liquor and refreshment, we found it prudent to retire to the Three Bullet Gate, lest the main body of the King's troops might return and take advantage of our confusion. When we had remained some time at the Gate, we mustered as good a force as possible and entered the town again, by what is called the Brogue-makers' Lane, which leads down nearly on a line with the Church. To this spot we brought down one of the howitzers, taken at the Three Rocks, with which to fire on the main guard, but on going down some distance beyond the Church, we were so warmly fired on from the houses, that we were obliged to retreat, after sending in vain to the Three Bullet Gate, to General Harvey for a reinforcement, which he was not able to supply.

It is evident that our Commanders and the King's officers were equally ignorant of the disposition or strength of the respective armies. There was no reconnoitering, no changes of position, or great military skill displayed at either side, but two confused masses of men, struggling alternately to drive the other back by force alone. Having fallen back to the Three Bullet Gate, it was

quite disheartening to behold the smallness of our numbers, yet the few who remained seemed to prefer death to the abandonment of a victory which, throughout the day, appeared to be within their grasp. It is almost incredible with what indifference, nay, even cheerfulness, many of the peasantry exhibited their bleeding wounds, declaring they felt pride in having it known that they had bled in the cause of Ireland. Several whose wounds were mortal, only inquiring, in their last moments, "was victory on our side," and being answered in the affirmative, they said then "they died happy." I proposed to General Harvey that we should send a kind of forlorn hope through some open fields, called *beurheena slanaigh*, to attack the Clare Militia, which throughout the day maintained their position, as before stated, in the Irishtown, but we could not muster above forty men for that purpose.

As we advanced to a gate-way, leading into the fields before mentioned, a religious enthusiast was placed on his knees in the passage, holding a Crucifix in his hands, and pressing every man as he passed him to kneel down and kiss it. Some men who advanced before me complied, although they were exposed to a very hot fire. I was not, however, anxious to make any delay in such a warm spot, as my faith was not, as I believe, so strong as that of this devotee. It is, however, an extraordinary fact, that he remained a considerable time in this dangerous position unhurt and unappalled. Our party advanced rapidly through the first field, but when I arrived at the ditch that separated us from the main body, I could not get a man to ascend it, so that we had to retreat with greater precipitation than we advanced, exposed to a most galling fire, by which numbers of our men were either killed or wounded. Here the contest ended, after about thirteen hours almost constant fighting, with considerable loss on both sides.

The garrison which consisted of about two thousand men, of all arms, with several pieces of cannon, were opposed by not much more than three thousand of our men, who were engaged after the first two hours in the morning. The loss on either side never could be accurately ascertained, but was supposed to have been about three hundred killed on each side, and about five hundred on each side wounded, including John Kelly, who was disabled early in the

action. We lost a valuable Officer in Mr. John Boxwell, of Sars-hill, a Protestant gentleman of great respectability, high character, and undoubted courage—he was killed early in the day; among the many other Officers who particularly distinguished themselves, were Mr. Harry Hughes, of Ballytrent, and Mr. Walter Devereux, of Ballybrittas; who was afterwards most unjustly executed in Cork for an alledged crime quite abhorrent to his nature, for he was as humane as he was brave; Mr. John Devereux, of Taghmon, then a mere lad, since better known by the title of General Devereux, whose conduct was truly heroic. Mr. Michael Furlong, of Templescobey, who, as I before stated to have distinguished himself at the Three Rocks, was not deterred by the early fall of his lamented brother, Mr. Matthew Furlong, from taking a distinguished part in the contest. I must here mention, as one of the curious movements of the day, that about half-a-dozen respectable persons of that class termed middle-men, and jolly old toppers, who were at all times fitter to be counted among the votaries of Bacchus than those of Mars; early in the day had a cask of Port Wine conveyed down from Corbet Hill to a well-protected spot under the shelter of a very high ditch, and within a very short distance of the town. Here they commenced operations with great zeal and ardour. After taking a few bumpers out of wooden noggins, (the vessels generally used by our peasantry) they occasionally advanced in warlike array to the Three Bullet Gate, first ascertaining that the contest was going on at a good distance. And here they inquired, with gravity and becoming authority, “how the day was going?” Evincing their zeal by asking “how goes the day boys,” they regularly returned to the Wine Cask with seeming indifference to the fate of Ireland, now in the balance, for it must be allowed, that on our success or failure that day the future connexion of this country with England in a great degree depended. If we had succeeded, the way was open to Waterford and Duncannon Fort, both would have been hastily evacuated, and the Province of Munster at once in arms.

Before I take leave of the details of this day's operations, I must not forget to make honorable mention of the female faggot-cutter, the gallant point of war, Miss Doyle. When I was preparing to mount my horse at the Three Bullet Gate in the even-

ing, in a very desponding state indeed, in company with our Commander-in-Chief, the point of war came up to me and asked "could I think of going and leaving our dear little cannon behind, which had cost us the lives of some heroes to obtain?" She alluded to one of the howitzers taken by us at the Three Rocks. I answered that I did not see a sufficient number of men within reach to convey it away. "Well," said the amazon, seating herself on it, "here shall I remain to be shot sooner than leave it behind, and eternal shame be to you if you do not procure me assistance to carry it away." It may appear incredible that at this moment I could see but four or five men within a call, and I prevailed on three of them to assist this heroine in conveying her favourite gun from the field of battle. I really feel ashamed to say that this warlike woman was neglected after all was over, but I was not allowed peace or resting time to attend to aught but my own trials and sufferings. If only every tenth man we had that day leaving Corbet Hill, had the courage of the gallant Miss Doyle, the battle would have speedily ended in a complete victory to us. The result proved the folly of advancing to battle with an unwieldy mass which could not be managed, and where so many runaways by their cowardice unfortunately influenced the conduct of so many others in the hour of trial. Had a reinforcement of fifty or sixty fresh and bold fellows arrived in the evening, the day was certainly ours. I foresaw the calamities that were likely to follow our failure, and I would rather have fallen on the field that day than retire from it defeated. The persecution that we were destined to suffer might easily be conceived, when we recollected what we had experienced before any hostile movement was made against the army. As one sample of the justice intended to be meted out to the people, the fate of the gallant, the virtuous, and the truly patriotic Walter Devereux, was quite conclusive. He remained to the last moment at the scene of his truly heroic exertions at Ross, and yet it was sworn, by the vilest wretches the country could produce, that it was he who directed the burning of the barn at Scullabogue. Hundreds could have been brought forward to attest his innocence, but he was arrested and tried at Cork, and no time or facilities were afforded to bring up those witnesses for him who could have proved his innocence; but shortly after his execution at Cork, it was discovered that he was per-

fectly innocent of being a participator, by word or act, in that degrading and infamous atrocity for which he suffered death. Mr. John Devereux, of Sheelbaggen, a man well known to be equally innocent of the crime, was arrested, prosecuted by the same witnesses, and by mere chance was saved from the same fate, only to spend the remainder of his days in Botany Bay. Why do I particularize even those two gentlemen? I could give instances, numerous in detail, of the cruel and unjust punishment inflicted on as brave, humane, and generous men as ever honoured any country. It is because at this distance of time, and with all those examples of injustice fresh in the recollection of the evil doers of that period, the bad spirit seems to be as much alive in the breasts of some as ever. Miss Doyle and her assistants having moved off with the little cannon, I rode slowly with Mr. Harvey. Indeed I was so overpowered by fatigue that I could not ride fast, and soon began to fall asleep on my horse. Mr. Harvey proceeded while my horse turned to the ditch to graze, and there, within half-a-mile of the town of Ross, I remained asleep on my horse's back for more than an hour; but no enemy appeared to disturb me, for the soldiers required rest as much as we did, and no attempt, therefore, was made to interfere with our retreat. As soon as I awoke and perceived my situation I moved on briskly to Old Ross, to the house of Martin Cloney, where I lay on a bed for two or three hours, when, according to directions, I was called up in order to repair to head-quarters at Carrigburne. I had proceeded but a short distance when, missing my way, it then being a dark night, I found myself in the midst of a village, where many of the Ross Yeomen resided. Though I could not well entertain the idea of their so speedily returning to the country from Ross, yet my contiguity to the castles of my enemies contributed to sharpen my intellects, and I made my way with much difficulty over Carrigburne rock. It was then about midnight, and having arrived safely at the house of a friend, Mrs. Butler, at Ballyshannon, near our Camp ground, I went immediately to bed and slept until such an hour on the following morning as to find myself pretty well refreshed.

CHAP. VIII.

Burning of Scullabogue Barn. Advance to and encampment on the Hill of Slievekeiller. Capture of a Gun-boat with Dispatches for the Military Officers. Decamp from Slievekeiller, and encamp on Lacken Hill. Burning of the Insurgents' Hospital at Enniscorthy, with seventy wounded men, by the Military and Yeomen. Attack on Borris. Return from Borris to Lacken Hill.

On arriving at our Camp, I found Mr. Harvey and several others of our leaders lamenting over the smouldering ruins that covered the mingled ashes of the hapless victims of base cowardice and brutal ferocity. While I would record the burning of Scullabogue Barn as an eternal monument of the infamy and atrocity of the wicked perpetrators, I say that it would be most unjust to brand men with such a crime who were well known to have neither knowledge of nor participation in it. But if a parallel were to be exhibited in atrocious guilt, to the crime of those miscreants who, forgetting every sacred obligation to their Creator and their fellow man, consigned to promiscuous destruction men, women, and children, it could be found in the merciless features of such assemblies as those which tried the Messrs. Devereux at Cork. The wretches who burned Scullabogue Barn did not at least profane the sacred name of justice by alledging that they were offering her a propitiatory sacrifice. The highly criminal and atrocious immolation of the victims at Scullabogue was, by no means, premeditated by the guard left in charge of the prisoners; it was excited and promoted by the cowardly ruffians who ran away from Ross battle, and conveyed the intelligence (which was too true) that several wounded men had been burned in a house in Ross by the military. John Murphy, who commanded the guard, contended at the imminent risque of his life for the protection of the unfortunate victims, until he was completely overpowered. Mr. Harvey and every one of the leaders, and all persons who had any influence, used every possible exertion to discover the perpetrators of the horrid deed, which brought such disgrace on the country but in vain. Proclamations were now offered for the apprehension of the perpetrators, and threatening

death on any one who would henceforward commit murder or plunder of private property. A proclamation was also issued calling on the people to arrest four violent and obnoxious Magistrates, viz. : Hlawtrey White, Hunter Gowan, James Boyd, and Archibald H. Jacob, on charges of cruelty and oppression.

Had this bloody tragedy not occurred, the southern army, as I may term the force on Lacken and Carrigburne, would have been free from stain. After remaining two or three days at Carrigburn, we changed our quarters to the hill of Slievekeilter, which overlooks the River Barrow, between Ross and Duncannon Fort, and about five miles from the former place. Soon after our arrival there we perceived three gun-boats passing down the River to Duncannon Fort. I was ordered by Mr. Harvey to take out a party and attack them. The delay made in our preparations enabled two of them to escape. The third we got opposite to on the River side, when we raised a signal for her to surrender, and allowed her a reasonable time for consideration, but she attempted to advance, leaving us and our flag unnoticed. She was then fired upon and in return fired, and shot a cow near us, but her pilot being killed by one of our riflemen, she was brought to and struck her flag. On boarding her we found some despatches, many letters, newspapers, and parcels of various kinds, which we brought to our Camp. Such letters as were directed to persons in office, whether civil or military, were opened and read. All private letters and private property were sent forward to their owners. The letters were mostly from military officers, giving details of proceedings in districts or posts where they were stationed. The newspapers, being mostly of the Government side, were filled with exaggerated accounts of the different engagements, making the loss appear on the side of the people every where enormously great, while that on the part of the King's troops was represented as comparatively trivial, so that the most credulous could not depend on their accuracy. If the history of that period had no better foundation than such reports as we found in the captured Gun-boat, except as to generalities, it would, in detail, however plausible, deserve but little credit. Many persons, whose deaths in battle were announced, now proved by the merriment those fictions had excited through our camp, the veracity and deep political wis-

dom of those *faithful* journalists of '98. While on our march to attack the Gun-boats, we observed at some distance, a small party advancing towards us, with a person at their head well mounted and armed, and we expected, from their appearance, that a short time must put us in possession of additional baggage or ammunition belonging to the enemy ; but when the party came near us, we found that they were a corps of armed countrymen, with a Mr. Michael Doyle, of Arnstown, near Ross, at their head, returning from a farm he had in the Barony of Bargy or Shelburn, with several cars loaden with potatoes. I considered this show of defiance to be very audacious, as he had been permitted to remain peaceably and undisturbed in the bosom of his family, and the enjoyment of his domestic comforts, but he wished to make a parade of his loyalty as a Catholic, which was unequalled for, and insulting to those who were forced to risque their lives, in conformity to the great principle of self-preservation. I ordered him although he was my relative, to dismount, and to surrender his steed and arms, and the arms of his escort, resolving to put both into the hands of men better qualified to use them—his horse was, however, afterwards restored to him. Though little incidents of this kind may seem of no moment, and unworthy of a place in a serious Narrative, yet as the writer owes nothing to the embellishments of fancy, he conceives that he will be readily excused for introducing facts which though ever so trifling in themselves, are necessary to that honest though unpolished Narrative which he gives of the times and transactions he is describing.

Among the many fortunate escapes by which I was favoured, I have to reckon the following as not the least providential :—On my going one night with Mr. Harvey, as I intended, to Mr. Edward Sweetman's, of Newbawn, he requested me to call to some houses in a village at the foot of Slievekilter hill, to rout those stragglers back to their posts, who generally skulked down from the Camp at the approach of night; and having discharged this office, as I was endeavouring to overtake him, (having missed the way,) I went on by the Ross road without perceiving my mistake, until warned of my situation by the lights which appeared near me, for I was just over the town of New Ross ; I turned round and commenced a retreat with certainly more expedition than I did on the

day of battle, patrols were out nightly on every approach to the town, watching our movements. When I got near our camp-ground, the night being very dark, and the approach to it difficult, I stopped at a cabin on the road side, and having tied my horse to a car, I rolled myself in a heap of straw in the cabin with several others who were already in possession, and at day-break I returned to the camp. Having remained some days in this position, we removed to Lacken Hill, much nearer to Ross, and in a direct line between that and Enniscorthy. This position was better adapted for a second attack on Ross, which we intended should be speedily made. On our way to Lacken some of the advanced guard halted at Mr. Lambert's Gate, at Carnagh, and as they sat down to rest on the green sod, one of them unguardedly placed his firelock between his thighs crossways, and having accidentally touched the trigger, it exploded, the contents passing through the body of one young man who sat next him, and breaking the thigh of another; the first died immediately, and the second was brought to an infirmary at Enniscorthy, where he was burned in the military hospital, with about seventy other wounded men, on the return of the King's troops to that town, lest the bad precedent of Scullabogue should want a faithful copy. But in such instances, while humanity will shudder in recording the barbarities of those who should be looked upon as uncultivated and merciless savages, a proper contrast ought to be drawn between these and men professing to be educated and civilized Christians. I have often been surprised that accidents among our rude, and often ungovernable troops, were not more frequent, as it was the ambition of every stripling to have a musket or pistol, to carry a pike being considered a mark of their inferiority as soldiers.—Many of those who became possessors of fire-arms by their courage, were ignorant of their use, and never did children shew more eagerness in examining their newly purchased toys, than did such men in firing with their recently acquired instruments of death. In the camp and on their march they could not be easily restrained from using them in this way, and having too often and too freely indulged in the use of spirituous liquors, this practice of voluntary firing became very dangerous. Often it was my fortune to reprimand persons thus acting with considerable hazard to my own life, for men whose tempers were inflamed by ardent spirits

were rarely docile to their officers. I had frequently to step in between Mr. Harvey and death, in his vainly attempting to control the violence and irregularity of such desperadoes, who often stood in more danger themselves from those very arms, than those by whom they were surrounded.

To attack Ross a second time became now the sole subject of our consideration, in the hope of retrieving our blighted honour, but we found our effective force insufficient to hazard such an attempt, if aid did not speedily arrive from Enniscorthy or some other quarter. The enemy had received considerable reinforcements, and now as we were informed, exhibited too formidable a force to be opposed by any that we could muster. We not only at this time stood greatly in need of our usual numbers, but we wanted arms and ammunition. We had received information that Mr. Kavanagh's house, at Borris, in the County Carlow, was well supplied with the munitions of war, which were so necessary to us in carrying on further operations. We therefore resolved on marching to Borris, a distance of about ten miles, and trying to make ourselves masters of what arms and military stores were lodged there, as on our success in that enterprize our future prospects of gaining Ross must mainly depend. On the morning of the 12th of June, we marched from Lacken Hill on Borris. In advancing towards it Mr. Kavanagh's retainers offered us no resistance, but the mansion itself was formidable in strength. It was defended within by a party of the 'Donegal Militia and some of Mr. Kavanagh's Yeomanry, who, on our near approach, commenced a hot fire from the windows, and kept it up constantly while we continued our operations against them; many lives must have been lost on our side, had not our advanced guard moved under the protection of a temporary covering of beds placed on cars, and other materials, obtained for the purpose. Against so strong a house a small howitzer could have but little effect; screened also from our small arms, the inmates had little to fear from our presence. While our little siege was still carrying on, a messenger came running to me to state, that some ruffians were at the Inn, kept by a Mr. Nowlan, and in the act of dragging out a poor decrepid man, a brother of Nowlan's, to murder him, after having set fire to the Inn, and some houses adjacent. I hastened to the spot and found a man who was famous for his savage cruelties on

Vinegar Hill, acting as the leader in the projected work of destruction—a man from whom mercy had scarcely ever been obtained by the tears or entreaties of distress or of innocence; on his knees before this tyrant and his equally guilty accomplices, was placed poor helpless Nowlan, a decrepid brother of the inn-keeper, already tottering under the weight of age and infirmities. None but the most sanguinary amongst human savages would have selected such a victim; on one side of the trembling captive stood a ragged fisherman, apt coadjutor to him who was near on horseback, as his Commander. This agent was striking his flint that it should not miss fire, and the next moment would have brought forth the word of command for death. I ordered the party in a determined tone to desist instantly, and threatened them with destruction if they persevered. I desired they should join the body at Mr. Kavanagh's house. The answer given by the ruffian Commander of the party to such directions, was his laying his hand on a pistol he had before him in a holster, with a menacing look—a look sufficiently indicative of his resolves. Having no time to lose, I raised my sword and declared I would cut his head off if he moved his pistol, and perhaps in the passion of the moment, might have happily rid the world of this cruel and desperate savage, had not fear thrown him into an attitude, which at once disarmed me, though it did not lessen my horror of his conduct. I drove him and his little band before me almost under the walls of Mr. Kavanagh's house, and I absolutely wedged their leader up against one of the covered cars that was exposed to a hot fire from the windows, in which situation branches from the trees which hung over his head were constantly falling on him and his horse, cut by the shots from the party in the house. Whether it was really criminal or not, such was the hatred I bore him on account of his savage desperation, that I hoped every moment to see him fall by a bullet. He, nevertheless, came off unhurt, while men who were possessed both of humanity and courage were not so fortunate,

Before I quitted the town I called at the house of Miss Johanna Strange, who kept a shop, and has since been married to a Mr. Thos. Bishop, and found the house filled with people intent on plunder. I routed them out, protected her property, and I then asked her for a little wine, which she procured me, and for which she refused

to take payment; but I felt it my duty to offer payment for entertainment wherever I stopped, as on first setting out I obtained from my father some gold, and with it a worthless commodity to me at that time, some bank notes, so that I had no hope of living at free quarters. It might appear to savour much of folly to be so over punctilious, when most of our men conceived they were entitled to live like other troops in time of war at the expense of the enemy.

When my father's illness confined him to bed, and his little stock of wine was exhausted—wine being very much wanting to him for medicine and nourishment; offers were repeatedly made to him and to me to have him furnished with wine from some gentlemen's cellars in the neighbourhood, which offers we peremptorily declined accepting. I partook of some of this wine, no doubt, in our camp, but not one bottle of it ever entered my father's house. It was to me a high gratification, that we were neither comforted nor enriched by the goods of others, while we generously shared those we had ourselves to our neighbours in distress.

It gave me no small degree of pain to be one of the body which made the attack on the mansion of Mr. Kavanagh. He was a benevolent man, and the kindest of landlords. Some of my ancestors rented a considerable tract of country under him and his ancestors, some few hundred acres of which descended to me; many of his yeomanry were also either friends or relatives of mine. Many persons did ascribe the attack on his house to malice, but the contrary was the fact, for I can confidently assert, that the people had no bad feeling towards him. Mr. Kavanagh, though having externally withdrawn from the religion of his ancestors, was, nevertheless, a decided enemy to bigotry and oppression, and rarely was public vengeance directed against the mansions or properties of those gentlemen whose characters stood so high as Mr. Kavanagh's. To obtain arms and ammunition, as before-mentioned, was our principal motive for making the attack; indeed, we also expected to rouse the dormant feelings of the near part of the county Carlow, hoping the Insurrection would spread. We lost five or six men in the attack, and not one was injured on the other side, but one of the Donegal Militia, who exposed himself at a window. This man was shot in the mouth by Valentine Gill,

whose name I had occasion more than once before to introduce; so much for Mr. Gill's zeal while it continued warm. We were obliged to withdraw from Mr. Kavanagh's in the evening, without being able to effect anything to our advantage, and had we delayed a little longer, we should have encountered a force commanded by Sir Charles Asgill, then marching from Kilkenny, which in our weak and unprepared state, would have destroyed us. In our return to Lackan, a division from Vinegar Hill, which had joined us on going to Borris, when separating, carried off by main force, our small cannon, contrary to every remonstrance from their commanders, and threatening the lives of such as opposed them. Unfortunately too many instances of this kind occurred during the Insurrection, much more, however, with the Vinegar Hill army than in that before Ross. As towns generally furnish more desperate characters than are to be found among the countrymen, and Enniscorthy certainly furnished its full quota of such. Sir Charles Asgill made a show of following us in our retreat, but he was not fond of coming to close quarters with his enemy.— Having arrived safe at Lackan, we lay there from the 13th to the 19th of June.

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•CHAP. IX.

Movement of the King's Troops to Lackan Hill, under General Johnson. A successful manœuvre executed by a small force of the Insurgents, who were encamped thereon, by which they effected a safe retreat. Attack on General Moore's position at Longraig. After four hours' hard fighting the Insurgents retire in good order to Wexford, Massacre of thirty-six prisoners in Wexford by a drunken mob.

There was a great defect in one of our principal departments; the Commissariat not being established on that footing that would secure regular supplies to our men; there was also great wantonness manifested by the people in the destruction of provisions.— On one farm of Mr. Radford Rowe's, in Bantry, there were about forty bullocks wantonly slaughtered, and most of them allowed to putrify for want of salt to preserve them, so that there was just

cause to apprehend that a scarcity in provisions alone would soon paralyze the exertions of the people. Mr. John Brennan, of Castlehaystown, was our Commissary ; he was a very respectable man, and a *bon vivant*, and well accustomed to good living ; his situation was not the most uncomfortable, although he was subject to the taunts of voracious gluttons who thought they could never get enough to eat and drink ; yet he did the best he could to divide fairly among the people what was placed under his care. This gentleman was arrested very early after the insurrection ended and transported to Botany Bay. What charge was preferred against him I never learned, but I am satisfied he was incapable of committing any dishonourable act. He was an elderly man and had a large family, but their claims to commiseration or mercy for him were not attended to ; he died some few years back in New South Wales.

Nothing offensive was undertaken by us against the King's army in the interval between the 13th and 19th of June. During this cessation of arms, I went on Saturday, the 16th, to spend that night and the following day with my father and sisters. While riding on Sunday to our Parish Chapel to hear mass, I overtook Mr. Joshua Lett, a most particular friend of my father's and mine, and, although a Protestant, going with great composure to hear mass ; his equipment presented an appearance which, under other circumstances, would have been deemed ludicrous ; for he was mounted on a lady's side-saddle with houseings, his more masculine horse furniture having been put in requisition for public service either by the people or their enemies. Mr. Lett gladly accepted my escort along the high road. On arriving near the Chapel we alighted at the house of a schoolmaster named Walsh, where we put up our horses, and I walked out amongst the people leaving Mr. Lett and Walsh together. The intercourse of the opulent farmers with the peasantry was close and ever friendly, and had of course been intimate in the younger days of those two persons now left together. Mr. Lett, the younger of the two, was upwards of seventy years old ; Walsh's son-in-law occupied part of the dwelling-house, in which the venerable pair were now seated, as a shop for the sale of beer, whiskey, and tobacco. Mr. Lett, in his various journies through the country, had often halted there for refreshment, and was in the habit of seeking the com-

pany of old Walsh, who was a Catholic, and he being the principal parish schoolmaster was in some measure the literary oracle of his neighbourhood.

Poor Walsh felt grateful for those attentions, and longed for an opportunity of manifesting his gratitude, and such an opportunity he imagined had now presented itself. His regard for Mr. Lett magnified his present danger, and he represented strongly to him the peril of his situation if, in seeming to be a Catholic, he should on examination by any evil disposed persons, be found ignorant of the doctrines of his assumed religion. This was putting matters in a light in which the other had never before viewed them, and with much agitation he demanded, what was best to be done?—Walsh said he had provided what he thought would be a sufficient remedy. He would teach Mr. Lett such parts of the Catholic Catechism as were absolutely necessary to be known by him. There could be no doubt but with such an experienced tutor he would make a rapid progress, and before the close of that day he (Walsh) pledged himself, in the school-boy phrase, “that the parish priest would not be able to sack him.” To work they accordingly went, and on my return I was surprised to find the door closely bolted, and demanded admittance for some time in vain.—The only reply made from the room was, “that they were on serious business and must not be interrupted.” Determined to know what they were about, I put my shoulder to the door and forced it open, and found old Walsh busy impressing on his companion the necessity of believing in the doctrine of transubstantiation, while the other vainly endeavoured to repeat, after the school-master, the words of the Catholic Catechism, and both, from the excess of their emotions, were bathed in tears. Never did any instructor labour more zealously for the improvement of his pupil than poor Walsh, and never did a pupil hang with more earnestness upon the dictates of his instructor than Mr. Lett. I chid Walsh gently for unnecessarily torturing poor Mr. Lett’s feelings. I took every pains to dissipate his fears, and with much difficulty, calmed my venerable friend’s apprehensions. He exclaimed, much to the tutor’s discomfiture, that, ‘if his life was to pay the forfeit, he could not remember a syllable of Walsh’s well meant but ill timed instructions.’ I parted from the venerable pair after mass, and entreated them to give up their

religious pursuits. The curious scene I had witnessed on this occasion often since recurred to my thoughts, and I have never since beheld an exhibition of sectarian rancour or proselytizing zeal; never read of a controversial discussion, or one of those courses of Irish peace, a bible meeting, that the scene in Walsh's cottage has not recurred to my mind, and I have been led to wish that the persons concerned in such proceedings were all actuated by the same pure and charitable motives as those which fired the zeal of the simple country schoolmaster.

On the morning of the 19th of June, at day-break, it being somewhat foggy, I was on the alert, being constantly under apprehensions since our failure at Borris, that, as it must be known in New Ross how much our forces were diminished, the King's officers would send for fresh troops, and attack us as soon as they could collect a number equal to the undertaking. As the fog was dissipated by the breeze, I perceived by the help of a glass a large body of troops in motion. The near approach to the town, and that part within sight, exhibited a number of horse and foot, cannon and waggons, with every indication of a hostile movement against us. I sent to have our Commander-in-chief roused from his slumbers, who then lay quite at ease in his tent. This personage was the Rev. Philip Roache, who had been a Curate in a Parish near Ross, and who had lately been substituted for Mr. Bagenal Harvey in command; and I must here observe that it occurred in my absence, for I would have protested against it had I been present when he was chosen. I had every confidence in Mr. Harvey, and I considered it of much importance to have Protestants in command amongst us. It would of course give confidence to people of that Communion that no apprehension need be entertained of any thing like bigotry or intolerance being encouraged or countenanced amongst us. On the other hand, the appointment of a Priest to command a military force was sufficient to alarm every Protestant in the county then disposed to join us. However, Mr. Roache was now our Commander, and on coming from his tent and being apprised of the enemy's approach, he ordered his men to prepare for battle, without even looking about him to see what force he had, or what force was coming against him—we had not at that moment four hundred men on the Hill, and not

three rounds of ammunition each for those who had fire arms ; we were without cannon, and in short were totally incapable at that time of bearing an assault from fifty well provided soldiers, except that we had merely the advantage of a commanding position. However we were to combat a force of four hundred men of all arms, with several pieces of cannon, and in every way capable of annihilating us in half-an-hour. No doubt feats of valour were performed occasionally by some of our men that would lead one to think them capable of conquering any difficulty. Two Hessians were seen some days before this to enter a house about half-a-mile from the Hill ; the cry was heard that they would abuse any females they met and plunder every house they entered ; two brave fellows waited not for consultation, but ran down the Hill armed with Pikes ; they entered the house where the Hessians had commenced their usual depredations ; a conflict immediately took place. The Hessians fought desperately with their swords but were overpowered by the Pikemen, who, soon after laying them low, returned triumphantly to the Camp furnished with the carbines, swords, and caps of the unfortunate Hessians. The case was now desperate indeed, as the disparity of numbers rendered all opposition unavailing. Finding Mr. Roache quite drowsy, and decidedly rash and imprudent, I addressed the few leaders present recommending them to draw out their men two deep, on the side of the hill fronting the enemy, and to put their hats on their pikes, elevating them over their heads, by which the centre of the Hill would be concealed from the King's troops, and their officers might suppose that our position was occupied by a numerous force. This advice was freely obeyed—I then recommended them to raise a shout of defiance, as if they were on the point of pouring down the Hill to carry all before them, hoping that by this stratagem the enemy would be thrown into temporary confusion in making the necessary movements to receive us. The manoeuvre fully answered my expectation, and it was truly ludicrous to behold the tumbling of waggons, cannon, and horses in their hasty efforts to extend their line so as not to be outflanked by our skeleton of an army.

Finding the enemy thus confused I directed our men to march in good order to the rear of the Hill, from whence we could make a rapid retreat, and get out of the enemy's reach before their

ranks could be again restored to order. This manoeuvre was effected successfully and most fortunately, for by it alone our little army was saved from immediate destruction. We accordingly marched to the rear of the Hill, and were a mile distant before the enemy had recovered from the confusion into which they were thrown by our successful manoeuvre.

The credit of conducting this retreat is, by Mr. Hay, in his History of the Wexford Insurrection, given to our Commander-in-Chief. I should be sorry to deprive one who is gone before me to another world of the honour with which fame has encircled his memory, but the facts are incontrovertible, that I have stated, to which I may add, that however presumptuous it might appear in me to press a plan of my own suggesting, it was to the adopting and promptly executing of it alone that the whole of our little force owed its safety. I cannot here pass over a curious incident which occurred with regard to Mr. Brennan, our Commissary:— At the moment of our retreat from the Hill, he was at his post in a quarter remote from the road by which we descended from the Hill, and although our retreat was disorderly, it partook of haste, so that the hospitality of our generous Commissary seemed to be now forgotten, by his not receiving timely notice of our movements. I believe it was by the vigilance of his cook, the gallant point of war, Miss Doyle, the worthy man was saved. When he got notice of his danger he mounted a long-tail charger he had, his dress being remarkable, a long scarlet coat like a huntsman's, and a large helmet. It was ludicrous to see him descending the Hill in full speed, while two or three fierce Hessians were running him breast high. When our friend got up to us and that he had advanced some distance into our ranks, he looked about him to see if the Hessians had vanished, and finding all danger disappear, he cried out with vehemence to know what cowardly officer it was who ordered a retreat? Some of our warm-hearted soldiers threatened to shoot the patriotic Commissary for making such a remark on any of our officers. Our retreat was so hasty that I had not time to get my horse which was at the Commissary's stores, and thus he fell into the hands of the King's troops, and I had to retreat on foot. As we advanced, our numbers were momentarily increasing from the houses as we went along, where stragglers usually re-

sorted from the Hill at night. When we came to a place called **Templenacroe**, from which one road leads to **Wexford** and another to **Enniscorthy**, we held a Council of War as to which place it was most prudent to proceed, being at a loss to conjecture what direction General Johnson's army intended to take, although it might well be judged that **Vinegar Hill** was its ultimate destination. Had we joined the **Vinegar Hill** army, although we would considerably increase its numerical force, we would add but little to its real or effective strength. The mass already collected was too unwieldy, and as we particularly required a supply of arms and ammunition, the town of **Wexford** presented the likeliest depot to furnish those indispensable requisites. **Wexford** was, therefore, ultimately determined on, and on our arrival there that night, after a march of about twenty miles, we received information that **Sir John Moore**, with a large force under his command, had encamped that evening at **Longraig**, about half-way between **Ross** and **Wexford**.

A council of war was immediately called, and several at the meeting urged the necessity of marching out to attack the King's troops under **General Moore** that night, those persons contending that such troops as ours would have many advantages in a nightly attack. It was said that the military skill of the enemy would avail but little, and that our pikemen could be brought to act with an effect that could never be expected in contending with masses of infantry in the day light, besides that there were numbers among the King's troops who would be glad, under the cover of night, to abandon their general, and that others might be tempted into desertion by such a formidable and unusual attack; yet though a nightly attack was pressed by some, the majority were for open and manly warfare in the full light of day. An express was, at the breaking up of the council, sent to call home a strong corps of well-armed **Wexford** men, who had recently joined the **Vinegar Hill** camp, from whence they came to **Wexford** by a forced march that night. We had a quantity of provisions sent before us to the **Three Rock Mountain**, and after some refreshing sleep, we marched out at break of day, with great spirit and alacrity, to attack the regular force, under the command of one of the bravest and most experienced generals in his Majesty's service,

with fifteen hundred of as good troops as any perhaps in the empire, consisting chiefly of the light companies of Militia regiments. We advanced towards the King's troops with a very quick pace, and having arrived on the hill over Goff's bridge in sight of the enemy, I conceived that our gunmen, who were moving promiscuously among the pikemen should be ordered to separate from them and advance in front. I represented the matter to our commander, who seemed generally regardless of regular array, hoping to carry every thing by physical force alone. I then took upon myself to call on the gunmen to advance in front, and to place themselves four deep, which they did, and in this order I reckoned every man of them, amounting nearly to six hundred and fifty. They advanced with the utmost intrepidity to attack a formidable force, well officered, with several pieces of artillery, and all the necessary munitions of war; we had only a few slip guns, which were of very little value. Soon after the necessary arrangements were made in our ranks, one of our principal leaders, with a body of men turned off the road to the right.

As soon as Mr. Roache, our Commander-in-Chief, heard of this dangerous separation, he ordered me to ride after this officer with all possible expedition, and to deliver his orders, that he should return and join the main body. This gentleman, however, affected to think his own plan the best, and the most likely to secure success. He would, he said, post his men between the enemy and New Ross, and thereby, in case of their being worsted, cut off their retreat, adding that he calculated on their defeat as certain. This was the plan he had adopted and would pursue, and the happy results would justify him in the part he had taken.— Finding expostulation unavailing, I left the gentleman to carry those plans into execution, which his superior wisdom had conceived, and hastened to join the main body. This was the gentleman who quit early on the day of the battle of Ross. I never heard his conduct accounted for; he could not, however, I think, be destitute of courage, as he afterwards went to the scaffold with great fortitude. When I passed Goff's Bridge, the roads leading in the direction of Fooke's Mill and the road by Mr. Goff's house were equally crowded, so that I could not judge, nor could I learn, which road General Roache had marched on. I, however, pro-

ceeded with much difficulty through a dense crowd, to a cross road at Tottenham Green. I now discovered that our Commander-in-Chief had advanced directly to Fooke's Mill from Goff's Bridge, and had already commenced an attack on the army, very little time having been lost in military evolutions, when the combatants came within range of each other's shot. At this time I discovered that a division of the King's troops had got between us, who had marched to Tottenham Green cross roads, and our main body. We made different attempts to join the latter, but were kept completely separated, and as the gunsmen marched in front of the main body, our force consisted, with very few exceptions, of pikemen alone. I was badly mounted, and could not then proceed in any way, but by some open road. Seeing a few of our gunsmen retreating, I entreated them to give up their muskets to myself and some men I had with me, and that we would, as they seemed in such a hurry to retreat, furnish them with horses we had, to carry them off. The terms were acceded to by all but two persons, who were enraged at any imputation being cast on their courage. I now put on a cartouche-box filled with ammunition; obtained a new musket, and had a few more men furnished with muskets. With these and a strong force of pikemen, I resolved to make my way, if possible, to the main body, at all hazards. The adjacent fields were now covered with a dense smoke, so as that no object was perceptible to us on the south side, (where the battle was raging) at the distance of about one hundred yards, nor could we conjecture what were the relative positions occupied by the contending parties. We had scarcely crossed two small fields, when we found ourselves nearly enclosed between two bodies of the King's troops, from whom, after exchanging a few shots, we were obliged to retreat, and advance in another direction.—The smoke was here so thick that it intercepted our view of the enemy until we came within a few perches of them. They commenced a fire upon us, which we could only make a feeble attempt to return. Our numbers or our state of preparation for combat was not such as to enable us to stand any serious contest. We, however, with much difficulty advanced towards and joined the main body, with the loss of some four or five men killed and wounded.

General Roache having received an express, that Sir John Moore was on the point of being reinforced with two regiments, the Queen's and 20th, which were advancing by a forced march from Ballyhack, where they had landed from England that day, and who were at that moment within a short distance of the scene of action, and finding too that his ammunition was exhausted, resolved that we should retire in the best possible order, and fall back once more on Wexford. A body of the enemy kept advancing in a parallel line with us, and continued to throw some shells, and discharge some cannon, which, if well directed, must have made considerable havoc, as we marched in a very crowded manner by a narrow road. However, we suffered but little in our retreat.

It has been asserted, and I believe with truth, that the loss in Sir John Moore's army was much greater than in ours; they lost, I believe, near two hundred in killed, and more than that number in wounded. We certainly did not lose near this number, and there were no prisoners taken at either side. General Moore was, I believe, on the point of retreating, until he learned that the reinforcement before mentioned, was rapidly advancing to his support. The battle lasted about four hours without intermission, and was, towards its close, very doubtful as to its final issue.— Had it been possible to bring one quarter of our pikemen into action on that day, the King's troops would have been thrown into confusion, and certain defeat and destruction must have followed. They were not near any garrison town to take shelter in, and to the certainty of an approaching reinforcement, and our want of ammunition, could they alone attribute their being left in possession of the field. We retreated in perfect good order to Wexford, where in a sound sleep I forgot my toils and misfortunes, and had a temporary exemption from cares, that many under more prosperous circumstances were not free from.

While the insurgents and the army were engaged at Longraig, the necessary absence of many influential leaders from Wexford, afforded an opportunity to some brutal and sanguinary men, the off-scourings of the camp, to wreak their vengeance on a number of persons who were confined in the gaol of that town. To this perpetration of the most atrocious of all outrages, the cold-blood-

ed murder of many worthy men, they were prompted by the representations of a few belonging to the middle class, who, having first procured for them a quantity of ardent spirits, harangued the multitude and recommended them, as a measure of retaliation, for the cruelties which had been practised on the people, to put the prisoners to death without trial. It was in vain that Mr. Bagenal Harvey, Mr. Edward Hay, and the gentlemen of the Wexford Committee interposed to prevent the execution of this barbarous advice, for their lives had nearly paid the forfeit of their humanity, and the ungovernable multitude, whose thirst of vengeance had been heightened by strong liquors, brought forth from their place of confinement, thirty-six gentlemen, traders and farmers, and murdered them in cold blood on the bridge of Wexford.

It is not for the purpose of palliating this dreadful massacre, or the previous and subsequent murders perpetrated at Vinegar Hill and Scullabogue, that I feel bound to assert, in justice to the Insurgents, that they never committed a single outrage on persons or property until they thought they had found a justification of their wickedness, in the examples which had been furnished by the conduct of the Magistrates, Military and Yeomanry. If the unfortunates who lost their lives at the places before mentioned, had been aware of the wanton cruelties and cold-blooded murders previously committed on the industrious classes, they would have raised their hands to God in their last moments, and invoked his judgments on those bad men, whose abominable barbarity was the principal cause of bringing them to a premature and melancholy fate. If, at a future period, some accomplished writer should consign to the page of history, a record of those horrible atrocities, may he in a spirit of impartiality note, that the Insurgent depot of wounded men was burned in New Ross by the Military; that the Insurgent hospital of Enniscorthy was burned by the Yeomanry, with its sick and wounded inmates, and that the sick and wounded Insurgents in the hospital of Wexford were murdered by the militia and yeomanry when they had re-possessed themselves of that town, under the command of General Lake. May those acts of infuriate vengeance which were executed by the Insurgents at that period, serve as a lesson to their betters, never again to furnish them examples of deliberate cruelty.

CHAP. X.

Battle of Vinegar Hill, and defeat of the Insurgents—They retreat upon Wexford. Wexford approached by three armies, under three different Generals. Three of the Insurgent leaders and three of his Majesty's officers deputed to meet the commanders of the different armies, to treat for peace.—The Author one of these deputies. His imminent danger in Wexford, after his return with the King's troops.

General Johnson had advanced on the 19th, so as to arrive within a few miles of Enniscorthy, and on the 20th of June, while we were fighting Sir John Moore, he took up a position on the south side of the town of Enniscorthy, where on the same evening his out-posts were attacked by a division of the Vinegar Hill army under the Rev. Moses Kerns, and driven back on the main body at Daphne, within about a mile of the town.

The morning of the 21st of June was ushered in by the tremendous roaring of cannon on Vinegar Hill, which did not awaken me, although the country all around was shaken by those terrible harbingers of slaughter and destruction, and that we were then only eleven miles distant from the scene of action. I was first roused by a messenger sent to me to attend at a meeting of the principal inhabitants of Wexford, and many other persons of influence from the country parts, then sitting at Lord Kingsborough's lodgings. At this meeting, besides the most influential of the inhabitants of Wexford, several gentlemen and officers who were our prisoners, and many respectable men from different parts of the county were present; here the first intelligence of the defeat of our forces at Vinegar Hill was conveyed to this assembly, and that three armies were about to advance on Wexford, under three distinct generals of great character and experience. The principal army under General Lake, the Commander-in-chief, from Vinegar Hill; General Sir John Moore, from Horetown, or Longraig; and the third under General Needham, from Oulart. It will be supposed that this was not one of our gay meetings. The soul of every brave man in Wexford rose however superior to the danger that menaced him, and which could not be averted. There was no time to be lost in idle deliberation. The principal

matter, however, that occupied the serious attention of the meeting, was already decided on before I had arrived, so that if I was even disposed to raise my voice against it, I was too late, it not being known in due time, where I slept the previous night, in order to require my attendance as early as others. The matter adjusted was, that three deputies from our body should accompany three officers of the King's troops, then our prisoners, with letters from Lord Kingsborough also our prisoner, announcing to the respective generals of the different hostile armies, that the inhabitants of Wexford were ready to deliver it up into their hands on condition of being protected in their persons and property. This was considered only a rational and natural condition, and such as the Insurgents, in their hey-day of victory, were not so unreasonable as to refuse; but the principal difficulty was in finding persons willing and qualified to undertake those perilous missions; yet no other plan was suggested, in the present posture of affairs, and the destruction of the town, and perhaps a great portion of the country was to be apprehended, if resistance continued under such hopeless circumstances. In this emergency two gentlemen had offered their services before I arrived; Mr. Edward Hay, the able and lamented author of the history of the Wexford Insurrection, being the first to brave death, if necessary, in the service of the public. To meet General Needham on his march from Outart, Mr. Hay was accompanied by Captain M'Manus, of the Antrim Militia, who had been taken prisoner after the defeat of Colonel Walpole's party, at Tubberneering, on the 4th June, near Gorey. Mr. Robert Carty, of Birchgrove, set out, accompanied by Lieutenant Harman, of the North Cork Militia, to meet Sir John Moore. However, by far the most dangerous mission was still unprovided for, when I made my appearance. To meet the principal army, under the Commander-in-chief, General Lake, presented the double hazard of being obliged first to pass through the entire body of the Insurgent army, flying from Vinegar Hill, now enraged to desperation by their recent defeat, and immediately after to meet a merciless soldiery. To soften those frightful pictures in the proposed embassy, there could not be brought to the recollection of any man present, one act of clemency, of which the said General Lake, in the course of his military career in Ireland, could with justice be accused. The Wexford folk were

loud in their lamentations, yet no one ventured to offer his services. Tho' I placed no faith in General Lake, and with the example of my lamented friend, Furlong's fate, at Ross, still fresh in my mind, I could scarce entertain a doubt of being immolated by some of my most bitterest enemies, at Enniscorthy ; yet, having been feelingly appealed to, my better understanding gave way, which, no doubt, could not be the case, were I aware that any formidable force could be kept together, to extort those terms from the King's officers, which an over-hasty submission and pusillanimous conduct would not be likely to procure. It being, however, so strongly impressed on my mind, that thousands of lives might be saved by the undertaking, I agreed to accompany Captain O'Hea, of the North Cork Militia, to Enniscorthy. On entering the street of Wexford, from Lord Kingsborough's lodgings, a crowd of my warm-hearted countrymen got round me, having heard of my proposed journey ; they declared, in the most determined tone, they would suffer no party to influence me to leave them, or to go on such a desperate embassy. The example of Mr. Furlong's case, they said was sufficient. All expostulation was vain, and I was obliged to return to the party within doors, and never did I think of that occurrence since but with the deepest anguish. A man, who found he possessed so strongly the confidence and regard of such a generous and brave people, should not for a moment separate himself from them, but with them be content to share one common fate ; yet, I knew, that if I separated myself for the moment, it was for my country's good ; my heart was with them, and I am sure the gentlemen who preceded me on similar errands possessed the same kind feeling.

On returning to Lord Kingsborough and the other gentlemen, who, from the windows, witnessed the scene I have described, his Lordship proposed to come down stairs into the street, to expostulate with, and explain to an immense crowd now collected, the great utility, nay the indispensable necessity, of my proceeding without delay to head-quarters, but the gentlemen in the room and myself represented the imprudence of his Lordship's going among the people. Several Wexford gentlemen spoke to the people, but they were not to be reasoned with at the moment, and sufficient time was allowed that they might disperse ; and, in the mean time,

Lord Kingsborough, as advised, kept close in his room. The people of Wexford seemed still to entertain their accustomed respect for a Nobleman holding high military rank under his Majesty, and his being some time their prisoner excited their sympathy and obtained their forgiveness of the injuries which he had done the people, while adverse fortune softened down that hauteur which his overgrown power had generated, and taught him, at least, a semblance of humility, which until then was acknowledged to be very foreign to his official character. He began to relax in his hatred, if not to form some little affection for those people whom he had so unjustly persecuted and assisted to divide, and whose aptitude to forgive injuries, when misfortunes put it out of the power of the perpetrator longer to inflict them, can scarcely find a parallel in the history of any country in Europe. It happened, however, fortunately for his Lordship, that the acquaintance of the Wexford people with his loyal achievements outside their own County was but limited, or amongst the middle and lower orders some might have been found desperate enough to call for public vengeance. A magnanimous individual, or body of individuals, finding their enemy prostrate, and thrown by the fortune of war into their hands, may readily pardon injuries received by themselves, when they might not so readily pass over serious offences against the public, by those who supported a regular system of oppression. For my own part I rejoice in the humanity his Lordship experienced whilst our prisoner, as well on account of the character of the people of my native county, as for the opportunity it afforded him of contradicting the maligners of Irishmen, when they identify the name of papist, insurgent, and rebel, with all that is base, wicked, and detestable in the human character. Such kindness as he then experienced, has, it is presumed, converted a persecutor of the people into a warm friend to liberality and to his country.

Having ventured out of Lord Kingsborough's lodgings a second time, when the crowd was nearly dispersed, and having explained to the remaining part the great benefits represented to me as likely to ensue from my mission, they were the more easily persuaded to give a reluctant assent to my going, and, at the same time, ardent prayers were offered up by them for the success of my undertaking

On parting I advised them to stick firmly by each other, and to remain encamped outside the town; to hold their arms in their hands, and guard against any surprise, until they had heard the result of the mission. Captain O'Hea and I then set out on one of the most dangerous excursions ever undertaken in this, or perhaps in any other country. The other gentlemen, who proceeded already on similar errands, took the precaution of disguising their military companions; laying aside the military garb, and cloathing themselves as private gentlemen, though the country which they had to pass through was so deserted as scarcely to need this precaution. They had only to dread the hostility of the military or their Generals on the delivery of their despatches, or before they could accomplish what they undertook to perform. Very different were the dangers which I had to encounter, in conveying an officer dressed in full uniform through the entire body of retreating Insurgents, maddened by defeat and despair,

Those were the men through whose ranks we must of necessity pass, to whom the sight of a red coat was an object but too likely to awaken their anger and to arouse their resentment. But as neither Captain Hea nor myself put on a disguise of any kind, it was to the interposition of providence we owed our lives on that eventful day. Many guns were presented at him, and the murderous trigger about to be drawn at different stages of the journey from Wexford to Enniscorthy; yet some friend, some acquaintance, or person whom the love of mercy had not yet abandoned, would stay the upraised and hostile arm. Those to whom I was unknown had often determined to take summary vengeance on Captain O'Hea and me, but on my explaining to them the objects of our journey, or on the kind interference of some humane friend, of whom I had many among the retreating Insurgents, our lives were preserved.— Much was due at a very critical period to Generals Edward Fitzgerald and Edward Roache, as few others could have succeeded in resisting the fiery and unmerciful violence of a man named Whelan. He had his pistol presented at Captain O'Hea, and was ready to draw the trigger, when those gentlemen advanced between the party, and snatched his devoted victim from the arm of the ruthless savage. This same desperado, it is alledged, was the man who afterwards shot Lieutenant Harman near Wexford, as he and Mr. Carty were proceeding on their embassy to Gene-

ral Moore. Of the perils of that day, and the manner I braved every danger, and surmounted every obstacle in protecting my companion, the Captain himself gave a candid and honourable account so far as prudence would allow him, in forwarding a detail to Government which they might from its brevity be more likely to peruse, and for which I refer to the document itself, as copied underneath :—

“ The Certificate of John O’Hea, Captain in the North Cork Militia—showeth,

“ That on the morning of the 21st of June, 1798, Captain O’Hea of the North Cork Militia, then commanded by Lord Kinsborough, was ordered by that Nobleman at the request of the inhabitants of the town of Wexford, where they were then both prisoners, to carry terms of capitulation to General Lake, then at Enniscorthy. It being a service of danger for any person to attend Captain O’Hea on this embassy, he being dressed in his uniform, to enable him to approach his Majesty’s army with safety, he found it very difficult to get any person to undertake it, when Mr. Cloney offered to do it at the risque of his life. The danger and peril they were in when passing through the whole Insurgent army, after their late defeat, was so great, that Captain O’Hea must inevitably have fallen a victim but for the strenuous exertions of Mr. Cloney, who repeatedly assured Captain O’Hea that he would lose his life in case of any attack upon him before he should be injured. Mr. Cloney’s conversation to Captain O’Hea manifested every wish for peace, and a desire to stop the effusion of blood. In passing through the fugitive rebels they several times threatened to put Captain O’Hea, who appeared in uniform, to death, but on Mr. Cloney’s earnest expostulation, they suffered him to convey Captain O’Hea safely to General Lake. On Captain O’Hea representing to General Lake that Mr. Cloney had fulfilled his engagement and performed what he had at so much peril undertaken, the General was good enough to grant him a pass in conjunction with others who came on a similar errand, to return to Wexford, all which circumstances Captain O’Hea states to be strictly true.”

JOHN O’HEA,
Capt. N. C. Militia.

When the last of the retreating Insurgents had passed, and we had, in some degree, resumed our usual cheerfulness, we perceived that we were within two miles of Enniscorthy, which circumstance renewed our anxious solicitude. The tables were now to be changed. My protecting powers had ceased, and though I had no doubt of Captain O'Hea's returning those kind offices which he had himself experienced from me, though he was until that morning quite unknown to me, yet the idea of owing my life to any interference, and the very rational doubt that such interference would prove effectual, brought on the reflection that my undertaking was worse than quixotic. However, I suppressed those feelings, and resolved to brave every danger attendant on an embassy, the like of which I would again dread more than the dangers of the field for a summer's campaign. We now consulted on the manner in which we should approach the out-posts of the King's troops, or rather some infuriate detachments that had advanced in pursuit of their retreating opponents, and were still engaged in dispatching the wounded and stragglers who had not been able to get out of their reach, and many of whom sheltered themselves in ditches and hedges near the high road. Mercy at this moment was out of the question. The Turks are reproached as acting with a total disregard for the laws of war and humanity. The picture was here nearly realized, except that the incumbrance of heads and ears returning to the camp was omitted. But indeed they were rebels, and mercy to such, it was contended by some, should not be extended by God or man. We entered a cabin on the road side, and here we found a tremendous long pike, the head of which we struck off, and having tied a white handkerchief round its top, it was carried by my companion, as a flag of truce, in so very conspicuous a manner that it might easily have been floating in the air at a considerable distance.

On coming within about a mile of Enniscorthy town, we could perceive many of the soldiers still engaged in the work of slaughter. The dead and dying were scattered promiscuously in fields, in dykes, on the roads, or wherever chance had directed their last steps, and where their barbarous butchers hastened to put a period to their miseries. In one place we beheld some men with arms, and some with legs off, and others cruelly mutilated in va-

rious ways ; horses, with their necks broken, and their cars, with women and children under them, either dead or dying in the road and ditches, where, in their precipitate flight, they had been upset. The town and environs of Enniscorthy presented to the view such a picture as no pencil could attempt to draw. Here was to be seen such an accumulation of human misery consequent on the ravages of war, that the sickened mind recoils with horror from its contemplation.

On entering that part of the town called Dromgoole, Captain O'Hea met some of his acquaintances who conducted us safely to the Comander-in-Chief's lodgings. I was so far fortunate that the most violent of the Enniscorthy loyalists were with General Moore, as they had fled from Wexford to Duncannon Fort on the surrender of the former place to our forces. After stopping a short time at General Lake's head-quarters, and venturing immediately to walk into the street, I met a gentleman, an old and intimate neighbour of mine, a magistrate of the county Wexford. — A close acquaintance had for some time subsisted between him and myself. In one of those derangements of his affairs, which then as well as since were very frequent, my father joined him in a security, on which he raised a sum of money. I had recently myself saved him in the public street of Enniscorthy from the whip of an ascendancy-man, who has since for many years filled a public situation in Wexford. Tho' this friendship of my father and myself had, in this, my hour of danger, been obliterated from my neighbours' memory, the recollection of it was not lost on the ascendancy gentleman and his father, a captain of yeomanry, for the latter came forward on my trial, to impeach the testimony of a loyal protestant yeoman, who appeared in my favour to rebut a vital charge.

This loyal Captain took upon himself to swear on my trial, that he considered the witness was an United Irishman so early as the year 1793, when no such individual designation was heard of in Ireland. On coming up to me he roared out in a most boisterous way, in the hearing of several officers and yeomen, that I had been in friendly conversation with him on the morning of the 28th of May, and was in the course of that evening at the head of one thousand men. This violent denunciation uttered against me in

the hearing of so many, who were only looking out for victims to wreak their vengeance on, (which they proved by shooting loyal Protestants who inconsiderately appeared as I did in coloured clothes,) rendered my escape providential in the extreme. I returned hastily to the place where I had left my companion; as we had been ordered, on sending up our despatches to General Lake, to remain in Enniscorthy until next morning, when we were to accompany his army to Wexford. A small kitchen was the only sitting place assigned us, where were our friends Mr. Hay and Captain M'Manus, who had arrived before us; for, having missed General Needham, they thought it right to proceed to the Commander-in-chief.

In this little kitchen a man and woman were occupied in preparing dinner for General Lake, his staff, and many other Generals, Lords, and persons of high rank; the principal dish was a large round of beef, of which I asked the cook's permission to cut a portion. He was shocked and alarmed at my request, and said that their lives would pay the forfeit of such compliance. The other gentlemen, although very hungry, felt alarmed at the proposal, and declined interfering. I continued my entreaties, and at length declared it was better to be shot than starved. I took up the beef with much difficulty, for no one would assist me, and applying for a knife the cooks would not furnish one. I then took up a rusty sword that lay near me and attempted to hackle the beef, which the cooks perceiving immediately procured me a knife, and I cut a pretty good allowance for the two officers, Mr. Hay, Mr. Nicholas Dixon, of Castlebridge, and a Mr. Patrick Murphy, of Wexford, who accompanied us, with which having got some bread we dined comfortably. A Mr. John Colclough, who was with the army, and afterwards fell in a duel with Henry Tottenham, of Ross, happened to come in, and he being an acquaintance of mine, kindly procured us a bottle of whiskey and some sugar, of which we made punch, which completed our repast.

Some officers of the King's army soon after came in and gave an imperfect detail of the day's battle. The King's forces, they said, consisted in all of about fourteen thousand men, and it was computed that the Insurgents amounted to twenty thousand. General Lake commanded in chief, and had the strongest division

under him at the North side of the hill; General Needham was to occupy a position east of the hill, but he, through some unaccountable cause, did not come up, and it has been confidently stated that he received instructions the evening before the battle to leave a passage, by which the people might retreat. General Johnson commanded the division, occupying the west and south west sides of the town, so that the unhappy people were nearly hemmed in on all sides. The action commenced early, and was well contested for some hours; but the power of the artillery which played upon the town and the hill from all sides, while that which the people had was scanty and badly served, made their situation soon untenable. The entrance to the town was fiercely contested with General Johnson, by a division of the Insurgents, under the command of the Rev. Moses Kearns, who displayed the most undaunted courage. Mr. Wm. Barker, a gentleman who had seen service on the continent, exhibited prodigies of valor, and lost an arm by holding his post to the last on the bridge; but the resistance was altogether unavailing against so powerful a force of regular troops, supplied with a numerous artillery, and commanded by able generals. Had a proposal been acceded to which was made on Vinegar Hill the evening before the battle, by some of the leaders, to pour down on Lake's army at Solsborough, where, in consequence of extraordinary fatigue, by forced marches, they lay prostrate on the ground, and unable to offer any formidable resistance, they would have certainly defeated the General, for several Officers who were there with General Lake, assured me if they had been attacked that night from Vinegar Hill, they must have been inevitably destroyed.

I do not pretend to give any thing like an account of the battle of Vinegar Hill, and must refer my readers to Mr. Hay's history of the Wexford Insurrection, for the most correct general account given by any writer. He took extraordinary trouble to collect materials, and at such an early period as no other individual would be found to vindicate the character of his unhappy countrymen. After talking over the affairs of the day, our party retired from the kitchen where we had been placed, to a small room up stairs. Here we rolled ourselves in some blankets and slept a few hours, when we were called on to appear before General

Lake. This military tyrant examined Mr. Hay particularly, as to the person who commanded the preceding day on Vinegar Hill? What state was Wexford in? Were the prisoners safe? And many other questions of this nature. Mr. Hay's answers were very cautious and laconic. "I tell you," said Lake, "if the hair of a prisoner is injured in Wexford, I will lay the town in Ashes."— He then inquired which was the best and safest road to Wexford? threatening us with instant death if we misled him. He seemed apprehensive that we would lead him into an ambuscade, for he had many persons with him who knew the different roads as well as we did. What agreeable news for me, and what a foolish journey!

The following was the answer of General Lake to the communication made him by Lord Kingsborough, and delivered to us:—

Lieutenant General Lake cannot attend to any terms by rebels in arms against their Sovereign; while they continue so he must use the force entrusted to him, with the utmost energy, *for their destruction*. To the deluded multitude he promises pardon, on their *delivering into his hands their leaders, surrendering their arms, and returning with sincerity to their allegiance.*

(Signed) G. LAKE.

Enniscorthy, June 22nd, 1796.

His enquiries being ended, and his answer delivered, he said we might travel in either front or rear of the army, on our return to Wexford, or near his person, if we considered it more safe. In this offer alone did he evince to us any feeling of humanity or courtesy; while we were with him, my horse was taken away, and this caused me great uneasiness, as I feared that on foot I could not keep up to the officer who was to accompany me, and as this officer wished to keep in front, I might, if left behind, be exposed to considerable danger from many ruffianly yeomen, who accompanied the King's troops, or followed in their train. I was, however, obliged to submit to this arrangement, as there was no remedy. I set out with a heavy heart, and on our marching through that part of the town called Templeshannon, I was assailed by a boyish yeoman and a dragoon, who insisted I should stop for the coming up of one of the General Officers before whom they

were to arraign me as a Rebel Officer. Captain M'Manus, who now occupied Captain O'Hea's place, (as Captain O'Hea had gone with Mr. Edward Hay to Ballinkee, the seat of Mr. Hay's father,) was so kind and attentive as not to advance out of my sight, now attended freely to my call for relief. He quickly ordered the rascals off, and left me at liberty to proceed. The day was very warm, and the roads being composed chiefly of sand at bottom, were heavy for footmen; I was thereby much distressed by walking the entire distance to Wexford. Captain M'Manus and I got a little in advance of the army, and as several prisoners were taken by sundry parties, who were proceeding before us, this afforded the Captain an opportunity of exercising his humanity which he was prompt in doing. To some he assigned places among the Pioneers; to others who appeared aged or infirm he gave their liberty, desiring them to make the best escape they could. Indeed in no case did he use compulsion, although he, no doubt, had a delicate card to play; he certainly gave me reason to be proud of the humanity which had been exercised by the people towards him, for he proved by his conduct on this day, that he was worthy of it. On arriving at Wexford, and passing through a place called the Bull-ring, I was accosted by a Mr. John Tench, who had been many years Sub-Sheriff of Wexford, and then a red-hot loyalist. He at once denounced me as the most active leader through the Insurrection, but particularly at Ross battle, and he swore, with great vehemence and fury, that I must go to gaol. Captain M'Manus had separated from me, and not being sensible of the danger I had to encounter, I had inconsiderately walked alone through the streets, but most fortunately at this critical moment Lieutenant Anthony Rudd, of Captain Cornock's Yeoman Infantry, came up, and immediately after Captain Solomon Richards, of Solsborough, Captain of the Ennis-corthy Yeoman Cavalry. Mr. Rudd represented to Captain Richards, that I had protected many of his Corps and their families, and also himself and other friends of his from impending destruction, begging at the same time, in return, that the Captain's influence should be used for me, and Mr. Richards said he was fully aware of my kindness and humanity. "Tench," said he, "if you persist in taking Cloney to gaol I will accompany him, and if in my power have him speedily liberated." Tench then

walked off, and Mr. Rudd, who was much alarmed for my safety, conducted me to the lodgings of a cousin of his, Mr. William Rudd, a Revenue Officer, and since for many years Pro-collector of Wexford Port, who most kindly gave me part of his own bed or four nights. This gentleman having been left behind by the army in their flight from Wexford, was brought out to our Camp; he of course ran the greater risque in sheltering me. Mr. Anthony Rudd, who was also a Revenue Officer, as well as a Yeoman Officer, was well known to be one of the most strenuous loyalists in the County Wexford, and was considered the first who became an Orangeman in Enniscorthy; yet neither his orangeism nor his loyalty caused any diminution of his gratitude, or any drawback on his zeal for the safety of one, who in similar circumstances, had conferred, (uninfluenced by party feelings) the same kindness on himself and some of his friends.

In the two following letters, which are copied from the originals, the reader will perceive further proofs of the gratitude of Wexford Protestants to the Narrator, for the services he had rendered them, and which are alike honorable to all the parties:—

Enniscorthy, 17th February, 1826.

Dear Sir—I recollect perfectly well, as I was passing some day during the unfortunate rebellion of 1798, accompanied by Mrs. Goff, near your late father's residence at Moneyhope, I was arrested by some men who threatened me with immediate death. I begged of one of the party to go down to your father's house to acquaint him or you of my situation, and on his return we were immediately liberated and allowed to proceed; and I must conclude that were it not for your timely interference, my life would in all probability have been the forfeit, for which kind and friendly act I shall always feel grateful and obliged.

Believe me, dear sir,

Thomas Cloney, Esq.

Yours very sincerely,

&c. &c.

JAMES GOFF.

Tomolossett, 20th February, 1826.

Dear Sir—I am happy to have it in my power to bear testimony

to what I heard my Aunt, the late Mrs. Vero, say so often relative to your conduct to her in the rebellion of 1798. She always spoke with the greatest gratitude of you, particularly as she did not expect kindness from you, on account of some magisterial business, where Mr. Vero, her husband, acted and took part against you shortly before that period; and she considered it very noble minded of you when you had it in your power to return good for evil.

I remain your's, very sincerely,

SARAH CRANFIELD.^(a)

Several of the Enniscorthy Yeomen Cavalry lodged in the same house in which I was concealed—my being there was known as them or to the most part of them, yet they felt as honourable men, and acknowledged the services I had rendered to either themselves, their friends, or neighbours, though their violence or fury generally ran high against all those concerned in the Insurrection. This feeling of gratitude appeared more fully on my trial at Wexford in the following year.

The morning after I had occupied my new and dangerous lodgings, Mr. Anthony Rudd came to me in great agitation and alarm, saying, "that he had just learned that a general search was about to be made through the town for the discovery of concealed persons and arms, and he could not suppress his great concern lest I should be taken, and that my escape was very doubtful and my fate certain if I should be discovered." The moment was dreadful to me, as I apprehended that between discovery and death the interval must be short indeed.

He conducted me out of the dwelling-house to an adjacent stable where I ascended the loft, on which there was a quantity of hay and some sacks of oats beneath it. Here I endeavoured to conceal myself in the best manner circumstances would permit, and, in a short time, I heard a number of strange voices mingling in unintelligible and harsh sounds under the place of my concealment.—These sounds proceeded from a party of Hessians that entered the stable, and one of them was actually ascending the loft to get oats out of some of the sacks near which I lay, to feed their horses, when

(a) This Lady is the wife of a Protestant Clergyman residing near Enniscorthy.

suddenly the drum beat to arms, which soon relieved me from those unwelcome intruders.

On returning to the dwelling-house that evening late, I was met by a Mr. John Austen, of Enniscorthy and a Mr. L——, two of the Enniscorthy Cavalry—the name of the latter I omit mentioning through respect for his connexions—these persons did not belong to the party who lodged in the house; they addressed me kindly, and I passed on to Mr. Rudd's room; but from the occurrences of the two or three following days, I must conceive that it was by those gentlemen my enemies were informed of the place where I was sheltered. On the following morning Mr. Archibald Jacob surrounded the house in which I lodged with guards; came up stairs himself and Major Milward, then of the Wexford Militia, and searched every room, corner, and crevice, except the very room which I occupied, and one where a Lady was then in labour, and in a dangerous way. My retreat was on the first floor at the head of the stairs. I was in bed where I was taking some breakfast, when a servant maid ran up and apprized me that guards were placed round the house. In her hurry to return she fortunately left the door open. I passed from the bed out at the foot of it between the curtains and removed the breakfast apparatus.—The room then appearing so unsuspecting as a place of concealment, Milward merely looked into the bed and seeing the clothes turned up, he swore I was not there. Mr. Jacob said he had searched to the very roof and that I must not be in the house.—They then departed for that day. I however forgot to state that on the first visit they resorted to the stable, and not finding the key, they ordered my friend, Mr. Anthony Rudd, whom they happened to meet in the house, to break open the door, which he declined doing. They, however, got it done, and failing there, the second visit ended as before related.

On the third day they came again, and such was the alarm my friends were in, that they absolutely forced me to go under the bed of the lady who had lain in only the night or day before, and some of the party attempted to enter the room, when others cried shame on being told of the lady's situation, and away they went disappointed of their prey a third time, but still convinced, from the in-

formation they had received, that I must be somewhere in the premises. Mr. Rudd and other friends came now to offer me their warmest congratulations on my third escape.

It was during this awful time of my concealment that the trials of many gentlemen of rank were going on, and who were all executed after the mere shadow of trial, viz:—the aged, the virtuous, and the innocent Mr. Cornelius Grogan, Captain Keugh, Messrs. Harvey, Colclough, Hay, Reache, Kelly, Esmonde Kyan, P. Prendergast, and others, and to none would less ceremony be observed than to myself, if taken. My friends, Messrs. Rudd, really felt more alarmed for my safety than I did myself, for they knew the vengeance that was vowed against me, and the fate that awaited me if I had been taken. On the night of that day my friends held a consultation as to what I should do to escape, and it was agreed on by them, that I should be furnished with a yeoman's undress jacket and cap. Those articles were provided for me, and I was equipped at day-light next morning. I was furnished with a bridle, as if going out to a pasture to bring home my horse. My good friend, Mr. Wm. Rudd, having provided me with a small flask, filled with good whiskey, he proceeded before me just as the sun was rising, to open the hall-door, beckoning to me to keep back until he first looked out to see if the coast was clear. His prudence on this occasion was but too well justified; for the two yeomen, who, as I before stated, met me on the stairs, and, as I supposed, proclaimed my place of retreat, were on horseback, with their horses heads up to the door. One step in advance at that time would have decided my fate. I would have been dragged to prison and thence with little delay to the scaffold. Mr. Rudd spoke a few words to those worthies at the door, and no sooner had they rode off rapidly to the south side of the town than I started to the north. "You must now," said Mr. Rudd, in a feeling tone, "run the gauntlet, and may God protect you." This was a fervent and a sincere prayer, and if ever gratitude was indelibly fixed in the heart of man for kindness which exposed his liberty, if not his life, to imminent peril, it was on mine at parting from him. Mrs. Scallan and her daughters, in whose house I was, paid the most cordial attention for those few nights and days of my tribulations there. It was of that kind and affectionate nature that cannot be overrated.

CHAP. XI.

The Author departs from Wexford, and arrives at his Father's house in safety. The Insurgent Army is divided into two different bodies at Wexford. One Corps marches into the County of Wicklow. The other corps, after holding a council of war, marches by a circuitous rout, and arrive in the counties of Carlow and Queen's County. The Rev. Mr. Roache returns to Wexford, and is immediately executed. Some privates belonging to the Wexford Militia, who had been made prisoners at Gore's-bridge, put to death in cold blood by the Insurgents. They attack Castlecomer, and are obliged to retreat.

I departed from the house of my protectors under the most perilous circumstances, but further delay would have been worse than madness. At every step I walked, in passing out of the town, I was in great danger of meeting an enemy who would stop me, as I was very generally known by all classes, and few hostile breasts were yet sufficiently cooled to admit a tender or compassionate feeling for an opponent who had been so recently in arms. I passed quickly through the streets until I came to an outlet called the Spa-well, and here I saw the first centinel on guard. He stopped and was flirting with a young girl who was passing him to milk cows. I desired him, in a tone of authority, to desist, that she was my 'maid. He accordingly obeyed and left the girl at liberty to accompany me some short distance on my way. As I passed on towards Ferrycarrig, about a mile from the town, I overtook a few Dragoons going to a Camp that had been pitched near that place. One of them accosted me and asked if I was going for my horse? I answered, yes. "Is he a good horse," said he; I replied in the affirmative. "Well," said he, Mr. Yeoman, "will you stand a knock?" I said I would, and we agreed to meet on my return, but I believe no one will suppose I was ever punctual in keeping my word. When I got out of their sight, and clear of the walls and hedges in the vicinity of the town, I took to the fields at some distance from the road, and proceeded with a celerity that was unusual with me on other occasions. I was sometimes impeded by walls, close hedges, or

ruins, which forced me into the road until I got clear of them.— When about four miles from town, one of those obstacles threw me in the way of a body of Pikemen going in to surrender their arms. Perceiving the pikes before the men could have a view of me, I bounced quickly over the road ditch and concealed myself in some furze until they had passed, fearing that my dress might have exposed me to danger from those who did not know me. Some distance further on a second party came on me by surprise at a turn in the road, some of whom knew me, and I of course cautioned them against saying they had seen me. A moment's reflection might have satisfied me that there was not much danger to be apprehended from men going in to surrender their arms, but when one cause of alarm followed so quickly on another my mind was so agitated that there was little room for reflection. I at length arrived at a farmer's house whose name was Nicholas Wickan, within about five miles of Moneybore, my father's place. Here I got some refreshment, and was accommodated with a horse to carry me home. The man insisted on sending a boy to bring back the horse, and I contended strongly against his taking this trouble, as I expected I would find some body alive at home to bring him back, but the man, luckily for me, persisted in sending the boy, and when I mounted the horse, I directed him to get up behind me, which he did. I then set off somewhat refreshed from Wickan's house. We had to travel through bye ways, the ditches on each side of which were mostly covered with high furze, as were many of the fields adjoining. Behind those furze in many places were numbers of armed men sheltering themselves from the hands of their enemies. I soon afterwards learned from some of those persons, that, having seen me approach in my Yeomanry dress, their fire-arms were frequently presented to shoot me, and that I would certainly have lost my life, had not the boy's grey coat been providentially observed, which arrested their attention and induced them to believe that I was not an enemy, when accompanied by a grey-coated boy. On approaching my father's house the domestics were at first alarmed, but joy quickly succeeded to apprehension. They had heard a report of my death and fully credited it, and they were now of course the more agreeably surprised at my happy deliverance. My father and sisters, who had for some days suffered dreadfully by be-

ing obliged to quit their home and take shelter in the miserable hut of a cottier, on a remote spot at the edge of a bog, were, a few days before my arrival, invited to the hospitable residence of their respectable and most kind-hearted Protestant friend, Mr. Joshua Lett, living near Enniscorthy. This gentleman whose name I have before introduced, shewed the greatest kindness and generosity to many then in danger and distress, as well as to my friends, in consequence of which he would not be allowed his claim as a suffering loyalist for losses sustained during the Insurrection. Had Mr. Lett's claim been based upon any fact which could prove that his zeal was not strictly regulated by notions of honour and justice, there is no doubt but he would have been awarded ample compensation for his losses. But he was a man incapable of oppressing his neighbour, or of imbruing his hands in the blood of his fellow-creature, and his noble nature spurned that redress which could only be obtained through the medium of cruelty and injustice. If examples could justify him in the adoption of a different course, he had those examples in the conduct of neighbouring gentlemen, who were awarded more than ten-fold the amount of what they had lost by the Insurgents.

My father and sisters having quickly heard, to them the joyful tidings of my safe arrival, came home speedily to meet one whose supposed death had already cost them many tears of affliction and sorrow. I shall not attempt to describe our affecting interview.— The past griefs, the future gloomy prospects were for a moment lost, in joy and hope, at this endearing meeting. After the effects of this never-to-be-forgotten scene had somewhat subsided, I became solicitous to shelter myself from arrest, first throwing off my borrowed dress, which in some time was safely returned to Mr. Rudd, knowing that the rage of party was still too violent for any man implicated as I had been, to calculate on personal security.

I must now return to give an account of the proceedings of the Insurgent army, which I before endeavoured to trace until it arrived at Wexford, on the evening of the 21st of June. Such was the confusion and dismay on that evening, that the leaders were quite divided, as to what ought to be done, or what course should be taken. They at length decided on dividing their force

into separate corps. All those men who inhabited the country north or north-east of the river Slaney, except a small party with Father Murphy, crossed Wexford bridge, under the command of Mr. Edward Fitzgerald, Mr. Garrett Byrne, Mr. Esmond Kyan, Mr. Edward Roache, and other commanders. The other division proceeded some few miles into the barony of Forth, under three clerical commanders, the Rev. Philip Roache, the Rev. Moses Kearns, and the Rev. John Murphy. This corps marched into Bargo Barony, and encamped that night at a place called Sleedagh, about five miles from Wexford. Mr. Kearns, who suffered much from a wound he received at Enniscorthy the preceding day, and, from extreme fatigue, took shelter in a farmer's house on the way, was left behind by the body on the following day. A council of war was held this night, when the Rev. Mr. Roache strongly urged the propriety of their sending in an offer to Wexford, of surrendering their arms and seeking protection, further resistance being considered by him as fruitless and unavailing. The Rev. John Murphy boldly resisted this, and declared against placing any reliance on the powers that were—for his part, he said “if he stood alone, he would never willingly surrender to them.”—This declaration, supported by very strong and conclusive arguments, gained over the whole body to his side, and they at once resolved to march by the safest rout through Scollagh Gap into the county Carlow, and thence to Castlecomer. The Rev. Mr. Roache returned to Wexford, where he was most ignominiously dragged through the streets to the scaffold, with very little delay. He deserved a better fate; his conduct to Protestants, as truly related by the Rev. Mr. Gordon, himself a Protestant clergyman, in his history of the Wexford Insurrection, and which conduct I witnessed in many instances myself, proved him to be both generous and humane. But little did such attributes avail a man at that moment,

On the morning of the 23d of June, the Insurgent body, now commanded by the Rev. John Murphy, proceeded thro' the county of Carlow, and having arrived before the little town of Goresbridge, in the county of Kilkenny, a show of defence was made at a bridge on the river Barrow by a party of the Wexford Militia, but they were quickly repulsed, driven back into the village, and

nearly all either killed, wounded; or taken prisoners. The prisoners were conveyed with the Insurgents, until they arrived on a ridge of hills which divides the counties of Carlow and Kilkenny from the Queen's County. Here, to their eternal dishonour be it told, they put some of the unfortunate prisoners to death, and buried their bodies on the hill; others escaped and joined their friends. In justice to the memory of the Rev. John Murphy, I must here state, that these murders were perpetrated contrary to his solemn injunctions, and that they were the result of long felt and deadly malice, entertained by some of the Insurgents towards the unfortunate Militia men. It is lamentable to think that men fighting for liberty should have disgraced themselves by such barbarity. The example of murdering in cold blood was, no doubt, constantly set them by their enemies; but still brave men and Christians should never be influenced by such savage examples, to perpetrate cold blooded and deliberate murders. If a war of partial extermination had not been proclaimed, no justification whatever could be offered for this revolting atrocity; but it is well known that, although the practice was not avowedly sanctioned by the constituted authorities, it was in almost all cases unblushingly advised by the underlings of power in Ireland.

Having rested for the night of the 23d of June on the Ridge, as those hills are called, they proceeded early next morning to Castlecomer, and commenced a furious attack on the town at ten o'clock. The principal resistance offered to their progress was from a party stationed in a house at the foot of the bridge, which was ably defended, and opposite to which many brave men fell, by rashly exposing themselves in front of so strong a position; for the town could have been attacked and carried with very little loss from another quarter. In fact, every other position was speedily abandoned by the military and yeomanry, who retreated and took up a position on a hill at a respectful distance from the town. Here, as well as in most other places where the Insurgents had been engaged, skill alone was wanting to insure success.—The people had numbers and courage enough to overthrow any force which had been sent against them, if they had been skillfully commanded. The attack on the well-defended house was fruitlessly kept up for four hours, from which they finally retreat-

ed with severe loss, and marched in a north-west direction, about five miles into the Queen's County, where they rested for that night. Here and on the ridge before mentioned, the colliers, on whose assistance they had calculated, and by whom they had been induced to proceed to that neighbourhood, robbed them of their arms, as they lay asleep, overpowered by fatigue and hunger.

CHAP. XII.

Cruel and cold-blooded slaughter at Kilromney, of near two hundred of the country people, by the Military and Yeomanry. Dispersion of the Rev. Mr. Murphy's division, after their return to the county Wexford.

On the 25th the discomfited and disheartened Insurgents retraced their steps back by Goresbridge, and bivouacked for that night at the opposite side, in the County of Carlow on the hill of Kilromney. The next morning being hazy, and the wretched people overpowered and disheartened by fatigue, want of food, and want of raiment, they were unexpectedly surrounded by a large body of military and yeomanry, under the command of the renowned Sir Charles Asgill. After being the day before robbed of a great portion of their arms they could make but a feeble resistance to the King's troops, and had only to try and effect their retreat in the speediest way they could, on the same route through Scollagh by which they had arrived in that part of the country. It is a remarkable fact, that in advancing or retreating they experienced very little support or sympathy from the inhabitants of the district between Scollagh Gap and Goresbridge, and I shall now mention the reward which those people had from that faction to whom they bowed in abject slavery ; it must tend strongly, though much to be regretted, to prove that, in the end, those who boldly and unhesitatingly take the field in civil war, (when forced to it,) generally fare better than those who crouch beneath the tyrant's cruelty. Whether humanity or some less noble motive actuated Sir Charles Asgill and his force, it is certain that he adopted great caution in coming to close quarters with the retreating Insurgents, who kept a party of good sharp shooters to cover their retreat, by

whose rifles many officers and men had fallen early in the engagement. But Sir Charles reserved his troops for an easier victory—the destruction of the defenceless inhabitants of an unoffending and most peaceable district !!! Men, women, and children were butchered on this day in cold blood ; neither age, sex, infirmity, or innocence could obtain exemption from the common fate, and they were all slaughtered without mercy. Some of the troops were ordered to the houses of the farmers, accompanied by a villain named Kelly, who had previously lived in the neighbourhood ; who prosecuted some of his neighbours to conviction, and was now determined to dispatch others of them in a more summary and less expensive way. This monster enriched himself and his companions by carrying off every thing portable or of sufficient value to gratify their blood-thirsty avarice, and the several houses they had robbed, before they took their leave, they burned to ashes.— They killed (at Kilcomney) Thomas Myran and his two sons, and robbed and burned their house ; they murdered Andrew Mackesy and his son, and burned their house, and left two children, both deaf and dumb, without a protector ; they murdered James and Edward Tuite, two brothers, one of whom was already in bed on the point of death, and burned their house ; they murdered James and John Walsh, two brothers, and eleven others nearer to Scolagh Gap, and wounded others in flying from their cabins, many of whom afterwards died. At Ballynasillogue they murdered eighteen of the inhabitants, and of this number were five brothers named Neill, all living in the same house, with a widow, their mother, and two female children. The poor widow prostrated herself before the butchers imploring them to leave her even one son to protect herself and her innocent babes. Their reply was, that they considered it very merciful to spare even herself. There were two carpenters at the time at work at Neill's house, and two neighbours who had just walked in, and these were all murdered, making an aggregate of nine men in the one house. The poor widow soon after died of a broken heart, and left her two innocent female children unprotected. They murdered also on this town-land Peter Kinchela, who, at the time, was surrounded by seven small children crying in vain for mercy. They also murdered Darby Ryan, who was so timid as to be alarmed at the sight of a red coat at any time ; but he had then recently prepared a subter-

rancous retreat for the hour of danger, and on seeing some soldiers coming this day he fled to his cave, but, unfortunately for him, a neighbour to whom he had shewn it now occupied his intended retreat; poor Darby run from thence to a turf-kish and got under it. Here he was discovered and shot by those inhuman butchers. Michael Laffan and his daughter were shot dead, and his wife received a shot that broke one of her thigh bones; five of his neighbours were also shot in his house, and the house set fire to over the dead bodies. A poor woman had the melancholy and difficult task to perform, of dragging out the dead bodies to prevent their being consumed in the flames. In Coshill, near this place, there were five men murdered. In Lacken, the next townland, there were seven men murdered, among which were Edmund Joyce and his sons David, Thomas, and Andrew, leaving several young children orphans. In Spaw-Hill Phelim Doyle and Patrick Doran, both aged about eighty years, were murdered on the same floor. In the same place Patrick Fitzpatrick and his wife Margaret fell dead in each other's arms. The poor wife seeing the savages approach her husband ran between them with an infant at her breast, supporting it with one hand, while she threw the other round her husband's neck, crying out for mercy for the father of her infant and five other small children. She was repeatedly threatened with death if she did not withdraw; but determined to fall in the arms of her husband, with the innocent babe between them, she heroically kept her ground, and the same bullets put a period to her own and her husband's existence. But here the interposition of Providence protected the innocent babe, who afterwards heard and described the melancholy fate of its innocent parents—that child, I am informed, is still living. Poor Terence Fitzpatrick! The house of this ill-fated couple was set fire to over the heads of the other five children, and the innocent creatures ran into a neighbour's house, who had escaped by secreting himself, crying, "*my daddy is killed—my mammy is killed—and the pigs are drinking their blood.*" Those six orphans were thrown on the protection of a poor aunt, named Kealy, who begged for them and brought them up under the protection of an All-merciful Providence, and with the assistance of charitable neighbours. I believe they are all still living to acknowledge the mercy of God and the tenderness and affection of poor Joan Kealy, whose name will be

remembered with respect and admiration, while that of the bloody Asgill, the head butcher of the day, in that quarter of Ireland, and the names of his inhuman satellites, will be transmitted to all succeeding ages with sentiments of horror and execration. About one hundred and forty persons were slaughtered in the district which I have mentioned, leaving, perhaps, four or five hundred unprotected orphans, without parent, property or friend, and few of them having relations to contribute to their safety or support. The Insurgents went on their way to Scollagh Gap, while this butchery was perpetrating, having a body of the King's cavalry hanging on their rear, but which kept at a respectful distance.

About two miles distant from Scollagh, the Rev. John Murphy, and a trusty man, his follower, named Gallagher, remained behind in some place of concealment, to take rest after the harrassing they had recently suffered. When they recovered themselves they found that their friends were out of their reach, and as they dreaded facing to their own country in such a defenceless state, they proceeded towards the neighbourhood of Tullow, as it is believed, without having adopted any settled plan for their future security, where they soon afterwards fell into the hands of the enemy, who brought them into Tullow, where they were hanged without delay or ceremony.

It has been confidently asserted, that divisions of the Downshire and Wicklow Militias, different corps of Queen's County Yeomanry, and the Leighlin-Bridge Yeomanry, were the most distinguished perpetrators in the bloody massacre of this dismal day. In coming close to Scollagh Gap the poor Wexfordians were pressed from different quarters, and many of them endeavoured to climb up the adjacent mountains. Two brave fellows who marched in the rear with other sharp shooters to cover the retreat, were now obliged to ascend the mountain at Scollagh after their friends; and though unsupported by their companions in arms, they stopped at a proper distance on the way, from whence the fire of their long guns could take effect on the enemy passing the road at the base of the mountain. Here they lay under cover of a large stone, and when the enemy's horse came within gunshot, they opened a quick and unerring fire on the column, one

of them charging for the other until they killed or wounded ten or a dozen of the dragoons and yeoman cavalry, as I have heard from the best authority. These two persons were James Coady of Ballindaggin, near Newtownbarry, and Michael Lacy of Ballyhoggin, near Wexford. When it is considered that two brave men effected so much, in defence of a pass not very difficult of access, and kept in check a large body of well disciplined troops, what might not a few hundred of equally brave men well armed, with the aid of a few pieces of well served artillery, effect in a similar situation.—

When the body of the Insurgents were passing through Scollagh Gap, a vast number of them took to the chain of mountains called Mount Leinster and Black Stairs, between that and Newtownbarry, from which, after many of them had been killed, the remainder were dislodged. Others took shelter in the large woods of Killaughran, which are within about three miles of Scollagh, and those who came from the northern part of the County resorted to the wood of Ferns, where many of them were killed, and others worked their way to the Wicklow mountains in quest of that division of the army from which they had separated at Wexford. To this division I shall now return, referring, however, to Mr. Hay's History for an account of the different battles they fought, until they were, in a final effort, defeated and dispersed at the river Boyne. Such of them as survived having encountered unparalleled difficulties, either worked their way back into their own country, half naked and half starved, or sojourned in other quarters, seeking shelter until the temper of the times became more cool and peaceable.

CHAP. XIII.

The Author conceals himself near his father's house, where he is joined by the Rev. Mr. Kearns. Defeat and destruction of the Ancient Britons, by Fitzgerald and Byrne's division of the Insurgents, near Carnew. Arrival of this division at Killaughran Woods. Five Yeomen taken plundering farmer's houses, by a patrol of the Insurgents, and shot. Negotiation with General Grose, on behalf of the Author. Receives an accidental wound, and is removed to the house of Mr. Joshua Lett.

I was still endeavouring to shelter myself in one place of retreat or another, while my friends were active in sounding, without my knowledge, persons in authority, for the purpose of procuring me a protection. Captain Robinson, of the South Cork Militia, who had immediately after the insurrection been married to a relative of mine, a Mrs. Buchanan, who had fled to my father's house from Enniscorthy after the insurrection commenced, and remained there until it ended, now interposed for me with General Grose, then commanding the King's troops at Enniscorthy under General Hunter, who commanded the district, and was quartered in Wexford. Captain Robinson's application was warmly supported by several influential Protestants. General Grose represented my case to General Hunter, and during this negotiation I did not receive the slightest intimation of its having commenced. A part of that division of the Insurgents, which I last referred to, after fighting several battles and cutting the Ancient Britons to pieces near Carnew, now weakened by a diminution of their number, directed their march to the woods of Killaughran, where they expected, from information they had received, to meet a large reinforcement with Mr. Kearns, the Priest, and myself in command. Finding that Mr. Kearns or I were not in Killaughran, Messrs. Edward Eitzgerald and Gerald Byrne sent to my father's house, which was about two miles and a half from the woods, where they had halted, to inform us of their arrival, and expressing a hope we would join them immediately; Mr. Kearns, who had recently arrived, and myself, were at a tenant's house in the neighbourhood. Our situation was becoming every day more precarious, as the frequent excursions of our enemies, through all quar-

ters of the country, left us but little hope of safety in any place of retreat. As soon as the message had been delivered to us, we went to my father's house to take leave of him and my sisters, being determined immediately to join our friends in the woods, and we were certainly in the greatest joy at being favoured with an opportunity of abandoning our perilous situation. Though I consented, at the pressing call and feeling appeal of the gentlemen in Wexford, to be a deputy to General Lake, my views did not coincide with theirs, as to the benefits that would eventually arise from the hazardous missions to that general, and the other commanders then in the vicinity of Wexford. The news of a dispatch having been received by Mr. Kearns and myself, was known by the family before we reached my father's house ; my sisters, who were of course averse to my leaving them, implored my father to exercise his authority and influence to dissuade me from again taking the field. I went up to his bed side, where he lay with slight hopes of recovery, from a tedious illness, to take, as I intended, my last farewell ; he struggled to sit up in the bed, though in an exhausted state, and addressing me in the most feeling and solemn manner, said that he laid his strongest and most impressive obligation on me not to think of quitting my sisters, who would soon be left by his death without any protector, remarking, at the same time, that the humanity which he was proud to hear, I had exercised in behalf of my Protestant neighbours and countrymen, during the Insurrection, and the influence of high friends could not fail, he hoped, to obtain my pardon from the government. It was in vain I stated how weak were my hopes of escaping, or of having my humanity duly appreciated, when the angry passions and prejudices of men ; discarded, even at the foot of the tribunals of justice, every recollection of past kindnesses. His feeling for my sisters, and the hopes he cherished, being the same as those expressed by many of my friends, induced him to urge his commands with inconceivable perseverance. The tears of my sisters added to his all-powerful commands, completely subdued me ; I felt strongly the duty and affection I owed to both, but I could not help stating to them my fears, that any protection which I could afford my family, was nothing more than imaginary. I alledged in a tender and affectionate manner, that if I should be taken while the tribunals were not as yet sated with blood, their tears might have to flow in vain

for the premature fate of one, whom they were unable to rescue from injustice and tyranny, but whom they would prevent from enjoying his liberty, at least so long as he had power to defend it. This was one of the most severe trials to which in my life I have ever been exposed; overpowered by the solemn injunction of my father, and the tears and entreaties of my sisters, whichever part I should take at that afflicting moment, presented dangers and difficulties. My duty and inclination would alike have urged my stay by the sick bed of a dying parent, and the attentions due to affectionate sisters had always their due weight influencing my conduct, yet I could not be blind to the dispiriting truth that I myself was the most helpless and destitute of all, and instead of being able to solace the infirmities of my father's age and the weakness of my sister's sex, or defend them from outrage or insult, I wanted the power to protect my own life from the vengeful fury of a remorseless faction which was spilling blood at this time in torrents, as well at Wexford as in other parts of the county, sometimes under the mask of statute or martial law, and other times impelled by the double incentive of spoliation and revenge. I felt great mortification to be at all within the reach of such men, having an insuperable objection to their sitting in judgment on my actions, and not wishing that any application should be made on my behalf to persons thus profaning the sanctuary of justice. However imminent the danger by which it was probable I should soon find myself encompassed, I felt that the provocations to resist that faction which now trampled on the necks of the people, before whom they had so lately fled like a herd of trembling deer, were exceedingly great. Until they had been animated by the presence of the regular troops, who had saved their lives though they could not recover their lost honour, they proved themselves the most recreant cowards that ever disgraced Ireland. Although the people had suffered defeat in some instances, they were yet much stronger than when they commenced the struggle. The ruthless ascendancy faction did not, however, relax in their savage ferocity; shame for their late cowardice when danger appeared only sharpened their present rage and excited their thirst for blood.

They were fully aware of the weakness and wickedness of a

government which served their purpose, for they knew it wanted the power even if it had the inclination to cut off the hydra head of the orange faction, which rioted to ebriety in the blood of its devoted victims. Wexford became the theatre of frequent immolation; then who but the veriest slave, whilst even a doubtful though dangerous rallying point remained, when he might bravely die or conquer, could deign to seek mercy at the hands of a virulent ascendancy, whose vulture-like passions were only increased, not satiated by superabundant slaughter? I could not then think of soliciting or of giving any consent to solicit mercy from such a party.

My case was however every day growing so desperate that my friends were induced to make applications to men in power, but they were men who did not belong to the ascendancy party. Mr. Kearns repaired to his friend; suffering the greatest mortification at my not accompanying him. He continued with the Insurgents until they were dispersed at the Boyne, and he was soon taken and executed with Mr. Perry, at Edenderry, the three clerical commanders all meeting the same fate, and little better could be expected. I always thought and still think that ministers of religion should be ministers of peace and not voluntary witnesses to the spilling of human blood. It is but justice, however, to those lamented clergymen to say, that they prevented much bloodshed. They were all brave, generous and humane.

I ordered my father's shepherd to bring in his flock and had two good sheep killed. I set some women to bake a quantity of wheaten bread and dispatched these provisions to our friends as a temporary relief, and I then returned to my place of retreat. Representations were now made to General Gross by malicious persons, that I commanded the men who had made Killanghran wood their head-quarters; not many of those who had originally encamped there, having quit it to join Messrs. Fitzgerald and Byrne, their numbers continued to encrease by desertions from the army, and as scattered Insurgents were coming into them from different quarters there was a prospect of their becoming truly formidable. Five Yeomen who went out at this period from Enniscorthy to plunder, were taken by their patrol, brought into the wood and shot.

General Grose was, in consequence of misrepresentations, much incensed against me, the more particularly as he had been endeavouring to obtain my pardon. He had a plan matured to have the wood surrounded by a large force collected from different quarters, and with the local force which he himself commanded, he had my father's house surrounded and strictly searched for me at night, declaring, that if I was found I should be hanged at my father's gate. This would have been a threat unmeritedly executed, with a vengeance, to a dying parent and three disconsolate females. It so happened that I had previously promised to spend *this very night* with my father's family; but, as Providence would have it, an accidental wound which I had received on that day from my own pistol, prevented my going on that night to my father's house. Many innocent persons fell victims, on the following day, to the fury and resentment excited by the murder of the five yeomen.—The innocent are generally on such occasions, the sufferers when the guilty are not forthcoming. When the angry feelings excited by my enemies had, in some degree, subsided, General Grose was convinced by friends of mine how groundless and how wicked were the late charges preferred against me. I lay in my retreat for ten days longer, when Captain Robinson resumed his negotiation with General Grose to obtain for me a protection. In two or three days after Captain Robinson made this application, he requested my eldest sister to have me conveyed to our friend Mr. Lett's house privately, that I might give him an interview. He was not apprized of my helpless situation, nor was I apprized of his negotiation with the General, and now being quite disabled, I had scarcely any will of my own. In obedience to his request, I was taken out of bed, placed on a car with a bed and coverlet, disguised by a female's cloak, and a female placed behind me on the bed to support me; and thus prepared and accompanied by a dear and affectionate sister, who deeply shared in all my woes, I was providentially conveyed, in safety, by a public road to the house of my invaluable friend, Mr. Joshua Lett, where I was most kindly welcomed. Here I was met by Captain Robinson, who was particular in his enquiries, whether “any charge of cruelty could be brought against me, as to obtain a protection under the general charge of being concerned in the rebellion was all that could be expected.” He was well pleased with my assurance that I had

used my best offices in the cause of humanity; and he told me that he would, on the following day, make the strongest possible representation in my favour to General Grose. Captain Robinson was not, as I said before, informed that I had received a wound; but I told him that I had met with an accident on passing over a stile.— Struggling, as I did, to sit up too long in my very weak state, and being before overcome by the jolting of the car, with much difficulty I got up stairs and was placed on a pallet bed. So painful did my wound become, and so completely debilitated was I, that I thought the exertions of the Captain for me would prove unnecessary, as being too late. I spent a sleepless night, my mind and body being equally tortured, and as the house was on the side of a public road, within one mile of Enniscorthy, where the military were constantly passing, the danger of arrest was continually before my eyes. On the following morning, after my arrival, as I struggled to sit up in my bed, with my back supported by a sofa, to take breakfast, the servant that brought it having just left the room, I felt a sudden and extraordinary heat in that part of my thigh where I had received the wound. Putting my hand to the part, finding a great discharge of blood flowing from it, and feeling greatly alarmed, I called as loud as my feeble state would allow, to my servant. Not being answered, I repeated the call with all the strength I could collect; my exertion gave a powerful stimulus to the flow of blood, and I at length fell back exhausted against the sofa that stood at the head of the pallet. My last call was heard by my own servant, who hastily ran up and found me motionless and to all appearance dead, weltering in my blood, with which the bed and clothes round me were saturated. An alarm now spread through the house, and the good family with my dear sister came hastily to my assistance.

Concealment became now impossible, and my situation was so alarming, that my respected friend, Mr. Lett, rode with all possible speed into Enniscorthy for a surgeon, and quickly returned with a Doctor Pounder, a resident of that town. After I had lain in that state for more than an hour, those, by whom I was surrounded, being unable to give me assistance, they entirely despaired of my life. The blood still continuing to flow copiously, and when hope had almost fled from my sorrowing attendants, I began to

hear the sound of voices, and the returning light began to present a dim view of surrounding objects; a faint power of speech next came, and I recollected some styptic, which I had formerly seen applied with powerful effect. It was procured, and before the surgeon came, my attendants succeeded in stopping the blood that flowed before with great violence. When Doctor Pounder arrived, he examined the wound, and gave it as his opinion, that should the bleeding again come on, my instant dissolution could not be prevented by the united skill of the faculty. I heard this grave decision with composure, nor did it awaken in my mind any degree of despair; I told him with calmness and firmness of mind, though scarcely able to articulate a word, that my life must not be in any more danger than that occasioned by an excessive discharge of blood for that time, as neither artery or leading vein could have been seriously injured, else I had not so long survived the wound, which over exertion alone had now caused to bleed. My recollection was cause of much surprise to all present, particularly at a moment when they entertained but very faint hopes of my recovery. For some days I felt extremely weak, as the position in which I was obliged to lie, caused me great pain, and I felt still considerable anxiety lest I might be discovered and dragged to prison in my melancholy and helpless state.

My friends now expressed their regret for having brought me from my former place of concealment, and all will agree that it was a most hazardous undertaking. The woods in the neighbourhood were, during this time, frequently beset by military parties from different quarters, and it was still confidently asserted by my enemies that I was at the head of the outstanding Insurgents. One of those days of general search a number of the military called at my father's house with Captain Kerr, who commanded the Newtownbarry cavalry, and who was agent to the then Colonel Barry, now Lord Farnham. Captain Kerr had been an intimate acquaintance of my father's and mine; he had been agent also to Colonel Phayre, on whose estate my father resided, and had been sometimes hospitably entertained at my father's house; accompanied by Colonel Phayre, he went to my father's bedside to enquire about his health, and to express his regret at my obstinacy, in still persevering to offer resistance to the laws, and in encouraging Insurrection, at a time when men of every description were seek-

ing an opportunity to return to habits of peace and industry.— He said he had positive information, that, at that moment, I was at the head of the Insurgents in Killaughram Wood. Of the opinion founded on this information he was with difficulty disabused by my father and sisters, who assured him, most solemnly, that I was then at a Protestant gentleman's house, under the protection of an officer of his Majesty's army, who was endeavouring to make terms for my future safety, and that many respectable Protestants of the county were also using their best exertions for that purpose. He was equally pleased and surprised to hear this account, and said he would acquaint Colonel Barry of the shameful falsehoods contained in the informations given against me. Colonel Barry had been, previous to the Insurrection, a friend of my father's and mine, in consequence of our supporting him at an election in Wexford, in the year 1797. Captain Robinson, hearing of what passed between Captain Kerr and my father and sisters, lost no time in going to Newtownbarry, and in completely satisfying Colonel Barry, that I had not the slightest connexion or communication with the Insurgents in the woods, from the time they had taken shelter there up to that hour. And, indeed, to their credit, I must acknowledge, that one of them never came near me, feeling, I believe, an anxiety not to commit me in any way with their proceedings. Colonel Barry was much gratified at Captain Robinson's report, and promised to use any influence he had for my safety, and most honourably and faithfully he fulfilled his promise. Informations being, after a few days, given directly to General Grose, that I lay ill at Mr. Lett's, and that as soon as I could, consistently with the safety of my life, be removed, I would be carried away by the Insurgents in Killaughram wood. The General immediately ordered Captain Robinson to bring me into Enniscorthy, with which order he was obliged forthwith to comply. I was carried from my pallet, as on a former occasion, placed on a car with a bed, and a person to support me. The pain and suffering on the former occasion, was nothing to what I suffered by this removal, which I really did not expect to survive for a single day. The Captain had the kindness to prevail on General Grose to allow me to be placed in lodgings, which he, the Captain, would prepare. Those lodgings he had prepared on my arrival, and here was I placed with a sentinel at my

doctr. I must in this place acknowledge, with unbounded gratitude, the generous anxiety and the cordial attentions of Mr. Lett and his amiable daughters, during my sojourn in their hospitable mansion.

CHAP. XIV.

A Protection is granted to the Author, as a Rebel Officer, by General Hunter. Attempt to assassinate him by a Yeoman. He leaves Enniscorthy and retires to his country place. He is there arrested and committed to the gaol of Wexford.

My situation now becoming known to both friends and enemies, it excited the compassion of many respectable Protestants. Applications were daily made to General Grose in my favour, which induced him to be the more earnest in soliciting General Hunter for a protection for me, and which that brave and venerable soldier at length kindly granted. It was indeed a singular document, as it particularly specified that I was to be protected as a **REBEL OFFICER !!!** Any man acquainted with General Hunter's character must allow that he would not have granted such a protection to me had his power or authority been circumscribed; or did he not feel perfectly justified in so doing, both by the circumstances of my case and the exigency of the times. The civil laws of the country were at this time suspended, and it lay with the military Chief Governor, when charges of an insurrectionary nature were submitted to him, to extend pardon, absolute and unconditional, to any person he might deem worthy of this favour. For it would be a strange anomaly in governing, to give any individual or tribunal an unlimited power to condemn or pardon and afterwards to revoke the power to pardon while the power to condemn would be left unrestricted. The Generals of districts possessed at this period almost unlimited power; for some time after the Insurrection ceased, persons of inferior rank exercised torture, and executed unarmed, innocent, and unresisting men, without trial or inquiry. Their power must have been equally extensive in the preservation as in the destruction of the inhabitants, and if the latter powers were more frequently exercised by military Officers, it was, I should think, rather to be attributed to the evil counsellors by whom they

were surrounded, than to the spirit of the law or the instructions they had received from the Commander-in-chief. Whatever may be the opinion of others in this case, it is my own firm conviction, that the protection extended to me as a Rebel Officer by General Hunter, was given in full and perfect accordance with the humane and statesmanlike view taken of the rise and progress of the Insurrection, by the Commander-in-Chief and Chief Governor, Lord Cornwallis. He was too good a politician and statesman to treat with unnecessary cruelty, men who were returning to their allegiance, and whose temporary aberrations from the paths of peace and loyalty, were enforced by necessity and not the result of choice.

The sad catastrophe of the Insurrection could not have been grateful to any but those who were filled with demonic rancour; and however uncertain the chance of success might appear to an unarmed peasantry, yet as a sailor, whose vessel is tossed by the raging tempest, gladly strives to make even a dangerous port, so with the prospect of indiscriminate slaughter before them, it is difficult what daring a people driven to despair will not attempt.

It has been the policy of wise governments to treat their subjects kindly after a revolt; for rarely has it been found that people, accustomed to obey, ever aspired to command, until oppressed beyond endurance. The lenity exercised by wise and humane governments has its foundation in just as well as wise policy; but in the county Wexford, religious intolerance and ascendancy monopoly went far to counteract the benevolent intentions of the Marquis Cornwallis. It was the interest of some petty tyrants there at that time, as in other quarters, to keep the country in a state of confusion, bankrupts in fortune and character, the most degrading offices, accompanied by a share of public spoliation, had nothing in them disagreeable to such gentry. Those folks, it must be allowed, acted their parts to the life, and without caring for the prosperity of the state, or possessing much of that genuine loyalty which they used as a watch-word to the Sovereign, they dreaded nothing more than returning peace, and took every means in their power to prolong that anarchy which they laboured early to excite. Every well-disposed man saw, with sorrow, this state of

things, and looked with indignation and horror on that system that he was unwillingly obliged to submit to.

The Protection of General Hunter was of little value in the eyes of the orange party, after he had been removed from the county Wexford, to the inexpressible sorrow of the Catholic inhabitants of that county, who considered him as the only safeguard against the atrocious phalanx of Orangemen, who, after his departure, committed, with perfect impunity, excesses too shameful for human nature to endure, if there had been a prospect of resisting them successfully. To me the General's departure was an irreparable loss, and in a great measure the source of most of my subsequent misfortunes ; for he had not long left the county when I was brought before a military tribunal, which paid little attention to the Protection of a man whose conduct was so obnoxious to the principal members of that tribunal and their prompters. General Hunter's love of justice and determined spirit, was a bulwark to the innocent, and not to be shaken either by the open force or private machinations of a diabolical faction, whose baseness he alike detested and despised.

Captain Ward, of the Waterford Militia, who was then Brigade Major to General Grose, was the bearer of General Hunter's protection to me. He came to my bedside, accompanied by the same Magistrate who had so unkindly endeavoured to enlist the prejudices of the soldiery against me on the day of the re-taking of Vinegar Hill. This gentleman came to administer the oath of allegiance to me, and having harangued some time on the duties which the oath imposed, with regard to contributing to the preservation of the peace and good order, as far as it were in my power, amongst his Majesty's subjects, and to uphold the laws ; he followed up his exhortation by a significant intimation to Captain Ward, that I must know of those outlaws who had taken shelter in Killoughram woods, and that I was bound, by the oath I had just taken, to disclose whatever knowledge I had on the subject to him and the Captain. The discourse of this weak and corrupt creature could admit of no second construction ; he was evidently labouring to enhance his own value, and to wipe away, by his present apparent zeal, some stains of disaffection or doubtful loyalty which the ascendancy party were said to have discovered in his own charac-

ter previous to the Insurrection. However this may be, I am not inclined to give the loyal ascendancy men much credit for their mighty discovery on that score; his loyalty was, at least, of as perfect a character as that of the most furious among themselves. I felt quite indignant at the nature of this gentleman's discourse, and delivered at a time when feelings of common delicacy should have prevented an honorable man from prefacing the favour I was about to receive with an audacious insult. To know the haunts of those fugitives I must have been their associate, and for him who well knew that I never kept such company, and who owed some serious personal obligations to my family, to attack me by so indecent a proposition, was too much for my patience to bear, and never could be attempted with impunity if I was not perfectly incapable of resisting an insult at the moment.

Regardless of the state of my wound, and miserably weak as I was, I raised myself in the bed and asked this half loyal, half croppy magistrate, did he not know me for several years, and did he not know me to keep good company, and never in any instance to associate with any but respectable persons? He declared, in reply, that there had been no person of his acquaintance, before the Insurrection broke out, to whose character he would have borne more honourable testimony. I then addressed myself to Captain Ward, solemnly assuring him that I had, at no time, any communication with those men alluded to by the honourable magistrate; that their supposed place of concealment was nearer to the country residence of this loyal justice than mine, and that I did believe he was possessed of more certain means of discovering their retreats than I could possibly be, were I even on my limbs as he was. This unexpected retort silenced the worthy magistrate, and they both retired, leaving me to reflect on the wickedness and weakness of human nature. Captain Ward, having related the substance of what occurred to General Grose, they both, as I afterwards heard, pronounced my character to be more to their liking than that of the sapient justice.

After receiving the Protection from the General, the guard, which had been continued for about a fortnight, was now removed from my door, and it was difficult to conjecture whether this act gave most pain or pleasure to the ascendancy faction; for the very

appearance of a sentinel, parading before my door, appeared to some as a mark of restraint, whilst many others considered it a mark of respectful distinction. This was in the latter end of August, 1798, from which time until the latter end of September, I was confined to my bed, under the care of a surgeon and physician. My father, who had been still lingering in a decline, was now removed from his country place to Enniscorthy, for the greater convenience of medical attendance, but all medical aid was unavailing. He died early in October, and his death, of course, added heavily to my affliction. The loss of an affectionate parent would at any time have affected me much, but when my mind was bent down by its own immediate sorrows, every fresh grief came on me with double weight. I thus became the head of my family, and though possessed of a good property, under very untoward circumstances, the convulsed state of the country, and the destruction of cattle and corn that accompanied and followed the Insurrection, with my father's prolonged illness, and my own dismal situation, greatly disordered our affairs. Every advantage was taken of our inability to attend to our property. Many who owed my father sums of money for rent and otherwise, either decamped or claimed extraordinary indulgence or partial exemption from their debts, and some adopted a mode of payment which was to themselves not at all creditable.

A large tract of land, containing near three hundred acres, which my father farmed, was quite unproductive, and our tenants on other farms, for some time before the Insurrection, did not attend much to the payment of their rents. In short, difficulties pressed on me in such quick succession as to require my best exertions, even if I were in my perfect health to obviate them. My landlords, who were hostile to the political principles which they considered I had maintained, began, as soon as they found a fit opportunity, to show that I had nothing to expect from their lenity. I was unable to enforce payment of the rents from those who derived under me, and this, at best, would have been a hazardous experiment for one in my situation to make, as the disastrous issue of one case but too fully demonstrated. The head landlords, in most instances, rather encouraged this wicked spirit of resistance to the laws, for sinister reasons it must be presumed, as their own

rents, due by me, were enforced without mercy. The death of my father was immediately followed by that of two particular Protestant friends of mine, Mr. John Hawkins, a most respectable attorney, who was joined with my father in some property, and Mr. Anthony Rudd, whose name I before introduced as the friend who procured me shelter in Wexford. Their loss, at such a critical conjuncture, was great, when I needed most their friendly advice and assistance. Had they lived they would have greatly contributed to ward off the stroke which I was fated but too soon to feel most acutely. Their influence, as respectable Protestants, added to their esteem for me, would have proved a great safeguard against the virulence of that faction that seemed preparing to pour the cup of its malignant vengeance on my devoted head, and, in this effort, they but too fatally succeeded. Such a series of misfortunes, accumulating in succession, I was badly able to bear.— They threw me into a state of despondency. I saw myself, at the moment that death had robbed me of my kindest friends, surrounded by implacable enemies, who only watched for a favourable opportunity of marking their dislike by overt acts, and my affairs were now in a state but too likely to afford some of them the long wished for opportunity of doing me irreparable injury.

I remained in Enniscorthy until the month of March, 1799, and I have to acknowledge, that during the time I was there I received much kindness and polite attention from several of the respectable Protestant inhabitants, more particularly from the officers of the South Cork Militia, who, during this time, were quartered there; and so marked was the predeliction entertained by those gentlemen for me, that it created an unextinguishable jealousy in the minds of the Yeomanry and their officers, who took great offence at seeing a man who had so recently been opposed to them in the field, so kindly treated by the military, while many of themselves who strained every loyal nerve to depopulate the country, were treated by those brave men with indifference or contempt. My warm acknowledgments are due to Captain Robinson, for his kindly introducing me to several of his brother officers. This was but one of the many obligations I owed him, and will not omit the late Doctor Pounder and his brother, Mr. William

Pounder, of the Enniscorthy Cavalry, and Mr. Thomas Greene, whose kindness I frequently experienced.

As an illustration of the exalted gratitude of these excellent gentlemen, I subjoin the following copy of a letter from Lieutenant William Pounder :—

Cooladine, 18th Jan. 1826.

Dear Sir—You ask me do I recollect applying to you in 1798, for your friendly interference for me—I was at that time First Lieutenant of the Enniscorthy Yeoman Cavalry, commanded by Captain Solomon Richards. I was severely wounded at the first battle of Enniscorthy, on the 28th of May, in consequence of which I was made a prisoner, and immediately after a violent faction conspired against my life, and brought the most unfounded and malicious charges against me. I applied to you, and you wrote immediately in the strongest manner to your friends in Enniscorthy, who could devise no plan of saving my life, except to summon a jury of twelve men, amongst whom they called as many friends as they could. The trumpeter of our corps was my principal prosecutor, his evidence was, however, disbelieved, and I was honourably acquitted. To the exertions of yourself and your friends I owe the protection of my life, which I have always declared with gratitude. I have heard several friends and acquaintances, among the loyalists of this county, acknowledge your humanity to them.

I am, dear Sir,

Your's truly,

WILLIAM POUNDER.

To THOMAS CLONEY, Esq.

I should have mentioned before, that during the winter of 1798 and beginning of 1799, Enniscorthy was frequently filled with rumours that the Insurgents, now collected in great force in Killaughram woods, meditated a nightly attack on the town. These reports were but too frequently credited, and as the fancies of weak minds are apt to magnify dangers when under the dominion of fear, many persons pictured to themselves such a scene of horror as the nocturnal visitors might create, that the firmest mind in the town was not without its apprehensions. For my part, though

I could not entirely dispel the fears of my acquaintance, I contributed greatly to soften their alarms. By good information I knew the party who had concealed themselves in the woods could have neither the power nor the courage to attack the town by night or by day. They were mostly strangers to each other; men whose return to allegiance or peaceable habits would not be a sufficient atonement for their past conduct. Deserters from different Militia regiments, and others of more depraved habits, who, to gratify themselves by the possession of unrestrained licentiousness, hazarded their lives, and congregated in their present retreat for mutual defence, or the spoliation of their neighbour's property. Among them, no doubt, were some very brave and honest men who much doubted the validity of the pardon then offered to outstanding rebels. From such an assemblage as this it was not rational to fear any public attack; but when a panic once seizes the mind of the multitude, the sensible part of the people cannot entirely keep clear of the general contagion. On different nights that this visionary attack on Enniscorthy was expected, I was removed to the house of some friendly loyalist, for the purpose, if fortune should favour the arms of the Insurgents, of my protecting the family of my hospitable entertainer; on the other hand, if they should be defeated, as the rage of the Orange party was unbounded, and as they had openly threatened the indiscriminate slaughter of all those who were reputed to be disloyal persons, in such an event taking place, I should meet protection from my kind host, which it was well known I would stand seriously in need of. This fear was so firmly implanted in the minds of my friends, that they dreaded the consequence of leaving me in my lodgings, at the mercy of the lower order of the Yeomanry, and therefore used their unceasing and vigilant exertions to ensure my safety.

One night, when the rumours before mentioned were at the highest point of alarm, I was conveyed in disguise by Captain Robinson and Lieutenant Anthony Rudd to the rear of the lodgings of Lieutenant-Colonel St. Leger, of the South Cork Militia, in the most secret way, lest the Yeomen should discover where I was placed. Nothing however occurred on that night. I was a second night removed to the house of Doctor Pounder before mentioned, and this night passed over as the former, although the town appeared in a state of siege. Cannon were placed at the different

entrances, and every possible precaution used for defence, while the supposed enemy were resting quietly in their retreat, enjoying the terror they had inspired by these frequent but false alarms.— Notwithstanding all the threats held out against me, I never suffered but one solitary insult or attack during my stay in Baniacorthy, though the apprehensions of my friends for my safety, when I became able to move about the town, were very serious, on account of the ferocious dispositions of the Orange *canaille*, to whom I was so obnoxious. This insult was offered to me on coming out of the house of Mr. Thomas Lett, of Templeshannon, in the eastern part of the town. Here I was treacherously and violently assaulted by a ferocious Yeoman, who rushed from behind a door and ran at me suddenly with a drawn bayonet. The cowardly assassin lay in wait for me, and having nothing in my hands I could only parry off a stab made by him at my breast with my right arm. His eagerness to perform the bloody deed contributed mainly to my safety, as he missed my body. He repeated his charge by striking at my face with the edge of the bayonet with which he cut me severely. There was another Yeoman on guard near the spot who looked indifferently on what was passing. The assassin then ran away, and I made no delay in lodging a complaint with the Officer in command of the town, and the fellow was immediately arrested. My complaint was forwarded to General Taylor, who then commanded the district; but he being from home, the matter was delayed until his return, and when I was called upon to prosecute I declined doing so, as the fellow's officer had made every requisite apology, alledging that the ruffian was drunk.

Soon after this occurred, I retired to my country place, having first obtained a power from Lieutenant Colonel St. Leger, to keep arms for the defence of my house and property. My first care now was to make exertions to set my affairs to rights; to get my own rents, and to pay those which were due to my landlords. I had a tenant, named James Martin, who rented a farm of fifty acres from my father, and who had underlet it. He suffered his tenants to run in arrear, and his demand of rent from them was met by a threat, that if he sued them, they would prosecute him for acts of violence, which they alledged he had committed during

the Insurrection. Martin was an honest man, but very timid; indeed the reliance which any man could then place on his own honesty, or exemption from guilt, often made an acquiescence in wrong the most prudent course to follow; for with men whom no tie of gratitude or principle could bind, it was certainly the safer course for a man to relinquish a portion, at least, of his just right, rather than expose his life to the vindictive prosecutor, or to the malice and the power of the suborner, who rarely wanted means and influence to carry his diabolical schemes into effect. I felt very much for poor Martin, who had not resolution to enforce his own just claims, and though severely pressed myself, I could not think of distressing him, while he was contending with serious difficulties. I thought it my duty to afford him all the assistance in my power to recover his rents, so unjustifiably withheld by wicked men, who hoped to terrify him into compliance with their villainous designs. I sent repeated messages to those persons, that if they intended to pay the rents due to Martin, I would take them by small instalments, but the answer was, that they would pay no rents then due, as they had suffered considerable losses by the Insurrection, and they further declared, that if I did not desist from making such demands, they would swear against me, that they lost their property by my means, as it was I who had forced them into rebellion, and also such other matters as would give me cause to repent my proceedings against them during my existence. Here I saw a repetition of the same profligate villainy which had been practiced towards Martin levelled at myself. My disposition was never of that kind that could succumb to knaves for the sake of either ease or convenience, nor could I be brought, though death stared me in the face, to submit to laws of any villain's making. The fellows were, at this time, after taking away their cattle from the lands, and preparing to carry away their corn and potatoes, with every other moveable, with great expedition. Being fully convinced of their knavery, I got my attorney to mark a writ against them in Martin's name, and had both the ruffians arrested, who were partners in the farm. They had hopes that I would have Martin arrested, and that they would, by a prosecution, dispose of him, and get rid of his demands. I was aware of their intention, and I would not attempt to place poor Martin in their power. Deprived of their first object they levelled their fury at me. One of

the fellows having waited on Captain Z. Cornock, to swear something very wicked against me, and finding that Mr. Cornock would give him no hearing, he was when proceeding to another magistrate arrested by persons who had his partner in custody. I immediately after got an order from the commanding officer, at Enniscorthy, to send a few yeomen cavalry to escort the fellows to Wexford, and each of them was ordered to ride behind a yeoman. The fellow who had tendered his information against me was thrown by the horse he mounted, and Mr. Archibald Jacob, an active magistrate, who was at this time present, feeling for the poor man, requested a private interview with him. I cannot pretend to guess what passed at that interview, but it was afterwards reported, that an offer was made by some person to pay his rent if he would swear against me. It was, however, in a little time, considered better to get a step-son of his to swear, and the two fellows were then conveyed to Wexford gaol.

The yeomen were scarcely able to suppress their rage and indignation at being obliged to guard the prisoners, in a case where I was concerned. The fellow who had promised to have his step-son brought forward to swear against me, was soon after held to bail, and he fulfilled his promise. Having some faithful and respectable friends in Enniscorthy, I had early intimation that something was brewing against me, and I was advised to absent myself from home for some time, but this advice I would not follow. It was frequently recommended to me not to go much abroad, or where it was likely I should meet enemies, but all these prudential cautions, I thought, should be disregarded, by one not at all conscious of having committed any act of a criminal nature. I never took the slightest precaution to guard against the storm that was gathering, and that afterwards fell with greater violence on me in proportion to its delay.

On the 8th day of May, 1799, when under little apprehension, I was roused from my sleep by loud rapping at my room window; it was then just day-break. I hastily got out of bed, and on inquiring who was rapping, I was answered that they were a party of soldiers, who being out all night on hard duty, made free to call for some refreshment, of which they stood greatly in need.— I asked if they had any officer or magistrate with them, and though

being answered in the affirmative, I did not give them implicit credit. I called my servant man, and unwilling to give them admittance, I gave him a jug of strong whiskey to hand to them through a window. This they refused, and insisted on entering the house, declaring they would break doors and windows, and very likely follow this up by burning the house, (which was thatched) if not immediately admitted. Notwithstanding these threats I refused them admittance, I furnished my servant with arms, and prepared some for a friend who had slept in the same room with me, to assist in defending the house. Those persons, aware of the insecure state of the house, and the improbability of making a successful resistance, the very shew of which might bring destruction on its inmates, persuaded me to submit, and to throw open the door to my unknown assailants. As soon as the door was opened, I saw before me, armed with a musket and fixed bayonet, the most notoriously wicked man the county Wexford could produce. He advanced towards me with great caution, his arms presented, and at his back another well-armed fellow of the same description, requiring that I should surrender myself a prisoner. I told them to come forward, that I was ready to obey any legal order they might have to execute. They advanced and put me under arrest, and I was not allowed even to fully dress myself, when I was marched off by them without shoes or hat, with which my servant was obliged to follow me. I was as yet quite infirm, and badly able to walk, yet these merciless miscreants obliged me to travel on foot, under great suffering to Enniscorthy, which was three miles distant. I had not come many perches from my own house, when I found two of my neighbours on the road prisoners, who were bound and pinioned, and under a guard of the same faction. One of those prisoners was James Martin, on whose safety I risked my own. A messenger was sent on before us, by my dear eldest sister, to acquaint Captain Trembat, of the South Cork Militia, who was a friend of mine, of what had occurred. He kindly met me outside the town, and immediately demanded of my guard under what authority I had been arrested. They could produce no authority. He then told them, that if a warrant was not produced to him in twenty minutes, he would discharge me, during which time he would take me under his care. Here was one among the many proofs I could adduce, of the manner in

which the lives and properties of the Catholics of the county Wexford, were at the mercy of prejudiced and corrupt magistrates, who would dare to send out the vilest and wickedest of their agents to deprive men of their liberty, without the slightest semblance of legal authority, well knowing that if resistance was offered, and that the lives of any of their agents were lost, those who resisted would forfeit their own, even though they violated no law in defending themselves.

Captain Trembat's determination to enlarge me, if a warrant was not immediately forthcoming, set my enemies in great confusion. The wretch who had bargained to swear against me, either had not learned his vengeful task, or his august prompter had relied on his own arbitrary will, in proceeding against me without any form of law; but, so it was, that not as yet, were any informations sworn against me. If this had not been the case, a warrant would in due time have been issued. All now was bustle and confusion to find the approver, that he might swear to his informations, lest I might get out of their hands, but this was prevented by the indefatigable exertions of that ever active and loyal Magistrate, Mr. Archibald Jacob. As soon as the informations were sworn, a committal was made out and produced, and it was ordered that I should be forthwith transmitted to Wexford gaol, as no bail would be received, the charge against me being, that I was accessory in the perpetration of a murder. Lieutenant Ponder, of whom I before made mention, and a Mr. Hawkins Minchin, of the same corps, Captain Richards's Yeomen Cavalry, kindly undertook to conduct me in a chaise, and lodge me in Wexford prison, where I was placed on the evening of the day of my arrest.

CHAP. XV.

Forwards a Memorial to Marquis Cornwallis, praying for an immediate Trial by Court-martial. Court-martial appointed by the Government. Arrival of Special Counsel from Dublin. The Trial by Court-martial, and subsequent deliberations, continued for twenty-two days, at the end of which, the Author was convicted by a majority of one, and sentenced to suffer the penalty of death. Commutation of the sentence of death by Lord Cornwallis.

On the following day I was visited, in my new abode, by my friend, Captain Robinson, by whose advice I forwarded a memorial to to his Excellency Marquis Cornwallis, the then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, praying for an immediate trial by Court-martial or to be admitted to bail. Of the impression made by this memorial I heard nothing until the beginning of July, when a Court-martial was called for the trial of several other prisoners as well as myself. I received notice of trial, and, in consequence, immediately applied for a copy of the charges against which I was to defend myself. The Earl of Ancram, Colonel of the Middlelothian Fencible Cavalry, who was appointed President of the Court-martial about to sit; his Lieutenant-Colonel, the venerable, the humane Sir James Fowles, who was first appointed to preside, having been taken ill, his Lordship answered me himself in writing, saying, that no charge had appeared on the books but the one on which I was committed. Those books were kept by an inquisitorial committee of Magistrates, a self-constituted body, constantly sitting and doling out gratuities to approvers, according to their respective merits and activity, in hunting down their victims. On applying in two or three days after to Mr. Turner, Counsel for the prosecution, a man, who though profoundly stupid as to legal knowledge, yet was so rancorous in party spirit, and so active in prosecuting rebels, that he was soon after promoted to the place of a Police Magistrate in the City of Dublin. He furnished me with a list of new charges, piping hot from the press, for which I refer to a report of my trial in the Appendix—a document which should put my prosecutors to the blush, if they had any grace left. When I received a copy of those charges, I told

Turner's servant that his master might as well have added a few more, as his genius appeared to be fruitful in manufacturing and embellishing articles of that kind. In this situation of my affairs, after consulting with some friends, it was deemed expedient for me to procure the assistance of Counsel, for it was well judged that every engine would be set to work to effect my conviction.

I most fortunately selected Counsellor Peter Burrowes, to whose care I committed my defence, and to whose honest zeal and ability in the discharge of that arduous undertaking, and the high credit attached to his representations to the Government of the country, I mainly owe my liberty. In him were united the qualities of the able and indefatigable advocate, and the zealous and attached friend. To me he was then an utter stranger; my attorney, Mr. Anthony Hawkins, recommended him to me, and his opinion of the injustice of the prosecution, and his dislike of the manner in which it was conducted, attached him at once to me with all the warmth of a friend.

When the recollection of the Earl of Ancram's humanity flashes on my mind, my gratitude to that good and high-minded nobleman is awakened. He wrote most kindly to me, desiring me to fix such a time for my trial as would perfectly suit my own convenience, and that every facility in his power should be afforded me to defend myself. But, unfortunately for me, his Lordship was just then called away, and his departure was an additional affliction to me. To these disappointments may I truly say I owe my subsequent misfortunes. His Lordship and Sir James Fowles were Scotchmen and soldiers, not merely in name, but in honour and virtue. They were men of high minds, and lovers of justice and humanity, before whom the petty tyrants of Wexford trembled. Had either of those high-minded and gallant soldiers presided, I could never have anticipated aught but an honourable acquittal; but in their absence things assumed a new aspect.—Colonel Vesey, of the county Dublin Militia, an Irishman closely connected with the ascendancy and Orange faction, was appointed President of the Court-martial, by which it was my hard fortune to be tried. The day being appointed, and my counsel and attorney having arrived from Dublin, they made hasty arrangements, and my trial commenced on the day I had originally fixed

with the Earl of Ancram. When I was ignorant of any but one charge, I had acquiesced in the noble Earl's suggestion, yet I did not now desire any postponement on account of the new charges, for which I could have made no preparation; neither did I desire to put it off on account of the change of President. I thought it was not possible that any evidence of a serious nature could be adduced that would induce any tribunal to attach guilt to me, further than my appearing openly in the field to resist outrage, tyranny, and oppression. The names of all the members of the Court-martial may be seen by a reference to the Appendix.—Immediately after the sitting of the Court, and when all parties had taken their places, I was placed in a high chair opposite the President. The Judge Advocate, Counsellor Lyster, Lieutenant of Ogle's Blues, and one of the greatest bigots in Ireland, proceeded to read the charges in a loud voice. He commenced with that of being a Rebel Leader, and not being certain of the rank I held, but wishing to make sure of it, he began with that of General, descending through the intermediate gradations down to that of Captain. My Counsel was much at a loss to defend me against this charge, as the producing or pleading my Protection would have been an admission of its truth, but he thought at first they would find it difficult to establish the charge by evidence, and he therefore allowed the prosecutors to go into proofs. They commenced by proving that I went out from Carrigburn Camp, in command of a body of Insurgent cavalry, in pursuit of a party of yeomen cavalry towards New Ross, on which day the Church of Old Ross was burned, as it was alledged, by some of the party under my command. After this attempt to fasten a charge on me, so repugnant to my feelings and character, my counsel became apprehensive that conscience would have little influence with my prosecutors, and he, therefore, submitted to the opinion of General Grose, who, at the commencement of my trial, warmly recommended that my protection should be pleaded and relied upon, in my defence to the charge of being a leader. It would have been particularly fortunate that his kind advice had been earlier adopted, but my counsel acted from the very purest motives. He had a difficult part to perform, for there was danger to be apprehended from whatever course he should adopt. After producing which, the second charge was brought forward, which was that I had been

present on Vinegar Hill, at the murder of John Gill, on the 20th of May, 1798. For the evidence given on both sides, I refer to the minutes of my trial in the appendix, and will here only add, that my counsel conceived that evidence to be most satisfactory towards establishing my innocence, and procuring an honorable acquittal. He came to me to the prison to say that he was about to prepare a written defence for me, and asked me should I permit him to state my readiness to take up arms for his Majesty's Government in case of my acquittal; I at once replied, that whatever might be the issue of my trial, I could not consent to such a proposition, as it would be attributed to hypocrisy and cowardice, and that I had rather perish, oppressed by the power and perjury of my enemies, than live with a character sullied by such servility. Mr. Burrowes remarked that he could not commend my prudence, yet he approved and admired my candour; that he had attended several gentlemen similarly circumstanced, whose sentiments were generally in unison with mine, and I have strong reason to think that my frank declaration, at so critical a moment, impressed Mr. Burrowes with an opinion of my consistency and principle, too strong to be removed by length of time from his mind. When my written defence was prepared, I was ordered to the court to have it read. Mr. Burrowes was apprehensive I might feel embarrassed before such an assembly while reading this document, under such awful circumstances, and he suggested that it might probably be better to have it read by the Judge Advocate; I told him that I did not fear but I should read it without the slightest embarrassment, after once reading it over to myself. After taking a hasty view of it, I read it aloud before a very crowded court, in which were many of the most violent men in the County Wexford, with the great champion of orangeism, the celebrated George Ogle, at their head. I read it without trepidation or faltering, and with the proper emphasis, where any particular facts appeared to require it. I am sure I never before read any document so well; my indignation at the foul charges preferred against me, raised my choler to such a pitch, that I looked down on my accusers with scornful contempt and defiance, and they shrunk before me. My native pride was roused at the unfounded imputations that were cast upon me, and I found myself rise superior to my wonted habits, and advance in boldness as my dangers seemed to encrease. My

Counsel, after having produced what he considered satisfactory evidence in my defence, felt great confidence that I was now perfectly safe, and in obedience to a call of great urgency, he was obliged, at the end of three days, to leave me, little thinking that the prosecution would be renewed in his absence; but scarcely had he left me, when I was informed by the President, Colonel Vesev, that he, not being bound by quibbles of law, was determined to seek further evidence and renew the prosecution. I remonstrated against the flagrant injustice of the proceeding, when deprived of the aid of my legal friend; and the benefit of his advice, as he had left me under a perfect conviction, that my innocence was made so manifest as to leave no doubt of it on his mind, or, as he supposed, could there rest any doubt on the minds of those who formed the Court-martial. All my reasoning with the humane President was thrown away. Agents were now dispatched to different quarters, their instructions were new, their powers enlarged, and their duties firmly impressed on their minds; they were told, as it has been reported, that my condemnation was become necessary to the government, and that they must set about, in good earnest, to destroy me under the semblance of law, as I had some powerful friends, who would not suffer me to be taken off without accomplishing it by an appearance of justice. I was thus, in the absence of my counsel, again brought before this equitable court. In two days after the President's notice had been served on me, they brought forward two or three wretches, well versed in their trade, who evinced such zeal, as to exceed even the most sanguine anticipations of their corrupt employers. One of those approvers was a William Furlong, a member of the Enniscorthy Yeomen Cavalry. He had a brother, a member of the same corps, whose violence before the Insurrection had commenced, rendered him the terror of the people, and he was, consequently, most obnoxious to every honest man who had heard of his name and notoriety. This man had not the good fortune to escape; he fell into the hands of the Insurgents, and suffered, in his turn, a cruelty similar to that which he had oftentimes inflicted on others, vainly imploring that mercy which he had, it is said, ever shewn himself unwilling to bestow. The friends of this unfortunate man had expressed rancorous enmity to me, because I did not save his life, although I knew nothing whatever of his situation; nor was

I nearer to the scene of his melancholy fate than Carrigburn, a distance of about twelve miles from where he lost his life. Had I been even present, all the influence I possessed must have proved unavailing. William Furlong expected that reward which generally awaited efficient labourers in his new vocation, and he received it. I will here quote one glaring instance of the vile efforts made to suborn witnesses for the purpose of insuring my conviction. A woman named Rigby, whose husband, a Protestant, lived near me, had joined the people, and was wounded at the battle of Ross. He died in some time after this battle, but whether of the wound he had there received, or of sickness brought on by other causes, I cannot say. She was sent for by a certain magistrate. This woman, on coming to the pure dispenser of justice, was conveyed by him into the drawing-room of a Protestant Clergyman to learn her catechism in the art of swearing. She was asked was her husband not forced out into rebellion by me, and was I not the cause of his death? The woman answered not.—She was then asked was her house not burned, and did she not expect to be indemnified as a suffering loyalist? She said the house was burned, and that she would be grateful if she got the amount of her claim. “Well then,” said the holy man, “we have a great object in view, which is the conviction of the notorious Rebel, Cloney, and if you come forward like a loyal woman and swear he was the cause of your husband’s death, you must get the amount of your claim, otherwise you cannot be considered a true Protestant, and you will get no indemnity for your loss.”

This honest and virtuous Protestant female immediately threw herself on her knees, and prayed to heaven for my safety. “When my husband was wounded,” said she, “Mr. Cloney showed the strongest feeling for him, had a doctor to dress his wound, sent him nourishment afterwards, and gave him timber and straw to roof his house; and is it against him I should swear? no, I would sooner beg my bread all the days of my life.” It is almost unnecessary to add that she was dismissed by these inquisitors, with insult and contumely, accompanied by a threat of vengeance in case of her disclosing what had passed. The justice, the clergyman, and the woman are all living still, and I hope, if those worthy men should read these damning facts, they may feel compunction and pray earnestly to God for that forgiveness, which I heart-

ity desire they may receive. I have no doubt but many efforts of the same kind were made previous to and during my trial. I was visited by two honest farmers immediately before my trial commenced, and informed that they had undoubted authority for saying, that the principal prosecutor coming forward against me had received a sum of sixty pounds for his intended services. These men came to me separately, but each had the same story, and made the same proposal; it was this—they said to me, “you know this man has a farm about three miles from Enniscorthy, which he visits constantly. In going to this farm he has to pass over a river by a stick that is laid across, where it is very deep, and here it would be easy to meet him and throw him in.” I was shocked at the proposal, and I told each of these persons that if any thing happened the informer, I would myself discover the matter, and therefore cautioned them against ever thinking further of perpetrating such a wicked act. “I shall,” said I, “depend on the Almighty God for my protection, and though I should be certain of falling under the perjury of this man, I will never be instrumental in causing his death either before or after my trial.” I believe it is true that this wretch got his promised reward, and it is but too true that he was guilty of the grossest perjury against me, yet he still lives uninjured by me or by any one for me.

My trial continued open for fourteen days, nine of which I was in court, either under prosecution or on my defence. I was for a part of the time without the assistance of even my Attorney, and, as I before mentioned, very early deprived of the assistance of my Counsel. Left thus, in a great measure, completely at the mercy of a tribunal, the most influential of whose members seemed blind to every favourable feature in my case, I was obliged to apply to a fellow-prisoner, Mr. Samuel Cooper, to draw up a second defence for me, and this defence, which appears in the appendix, was ably drawn and much admired by friends and enemies. How gratified should I ever feel to an all-powerful and vigilant Providence, that preserved my life under such circumstances, although I afterwards suffered a long and dreary imprisonment and exile. The Court-martial was composed of English, Irish and Scotch officers, and to the last mentioned generally, I feel every sentiment of gratitude. The Scotch officers, who were of that distinguished and honour-

able regiment, the Millothian Fencible Cavalry, commanded, as I before mentioned, by the Earl of Antrim, and having that enlightened, heroic and virtuous friend of humanity, Sir James Foulis, for their Lieutenant Colonel, appeared quite shocked at the proceedings. Major Durr in particular expressed great horror, and animadverted, with marked severity, on the conduct of the president on several occasions. The language of the gallant Major on these occasions, was strong and intelligible; he observed upon the manner in which the prosecution was conducted, and the evident bias of the and others, who, as he conceived, wrought hard in the anxious work of my conviction, and of whose conduct he spoke in terms of severe reproach; his generous brother officers, who were with him on the Court-martial, were all imbued with such unalterable notions and principles of justice, that they insisted on my right to an acquittal to the last. In consequence of their humane and inflexible opposition to factious injustice, there was no decision for eight days after my trial had finally closed, making altogether, as I learned, twenty-two days from its commencement to its conclusion, during which time, it was more than suspected that the inquisitorial committee of magistrates, acted as prompters to those members of the Court-martial who had taken an active part against me, with whom it was said they had all along a perfect understanding. The joint exertions of these persecuting parties, and their possession of unrestrained sway, bore down all resistance, and at length completely succeeded in accomplishing their long meditated desire of my conviction, although the punishment to follow was death. I dare say that to save appearances there might be a faint recommendation to mercy. The final decision of course rested with Lord Cornwallis, who was then on a tour through Munster, and from whom, in the course of six weeks, an order arrived in Wexford, for my perpetual banishment from my native country; I immediately applied to my friends, (of whom I had many) to have an application made to government, that I might be permitted to retire to the United States of America. Six weeks only had been allowed me for the arrangement of my affairs, through the recommendation of General Grese, who anticipated, that before the expiration of that time, himself and other friends might be able to impress on the government, the obligation there existed of confirming a protection, granted after due deliberation, under General Hunter's and his own sanction,

and with the signature of the former; he commented with much severity on a sentence, passed under the influence of the most violent prejudice, and carried, after such a determined opposition to it, by highly honourable and unprejudiced gentlemen, by the casting voice of one, who was well known to be a leading orange factionist himself.

I deem this an appropriate place to give a copy of the certificate, signed by twenty-two respectable Protestants of Wexford, in gratitude for any exertions made for their preservation, the original of which was sent to the Irish government, with the minutes of the Court-martial.

“ We, the undersigned, must ever be impressed with the deepest sense of horror, when we turn our minds on our sufferings and the atrocities of the misguided multitude in the late abominable Rebellion, and cannot sufficiently condemn the encouragers and leaders of this accursed proceeding. In proportion as we execrate those furious and desperate characters, we feel ourselves called upon, in justice, to select Mr. Thomas Cloney, now a prisoner in Wexford gaol, from the criminal mass, and to declare our many obligations to him for his humane exertions for the safety of the persons and properties of his Majesty’s loyal subjects, which we have particularly experienced; and it would be injustice were we not to state, that the success of Mr. Cloney, in his laudable exertions above stated, proceeded from his manliness in the manner of conducting himself—the hazard evinced by his disregard for life in encountering the greatest perils for our relief. We further esteem it a providential circumstance that such a man was, at that hour of terror, to be found, and it grieved us to see that popularity, which he enjoyed from the even tenor of his conduct, and being a Roman Catholic, at length wasted away, by exertions for the loyalists in opposition to the sentiments of the mob :—

JOSHUA LETT,
 THOMAS POUNDER,
 WILLIAM WHEELER,
 HENRY MINCHIN,
 JAMES COFFEY,
 THOMAS ROGERS,
 THOMAS GREENE,
 WALTER GREENE,
 JOHN WHITNEY,
 ROBERT WHITNEY,
 JOHN ROBINSON,

EUSEBIUS ROBINSON,
 EUSEBIUS ROBINSON, JUNR.
 THOMAS ROBINSON,
 MARY-ANNE LETT,
 MARTHA STRINGER,
 DOROTHEA RUDD,
 HENRY WHITNEY,
 THOMAS WHITNEY,
 JOHN HARRIS,
 WILLIAM HARRIS,
 MARY-ANNE ROBINSON.”

CHAP. XVI.

Application of Dr. Troy, Colonel Barry, and Sir J. Foulis, to the Marquis Cornwallis in behalf of the Author. The Author permitted by Lord Cornwallis to go to the United States of America. By a vile stratagem of the ascendancy faction, the Author is sent off to New Geneva in the society of several persons destined for transportation.

My dear eldest sister proceeded without delay to Dublin, and presented a petition to the Marquis Cornwallis in person, who received it graciously from her trembling hands, and no female was ever more tremblingly alive to the fate of a brother than she was to mine. She had a heart, a mind, and an understanding superior to most of her sex, and her demeanour commanded respect even from the veriest tyrants. She was informed by the Secretary, Lord Castlereagh, whom Lord Cornwallis directed to raise her from her knees, in which posture she was supplicating mercy, that on the following day an answer should be sent to her lodgings, his Lordship having first obtained her address. On the following day a petition was presented by the Most Rev. Doctor Troy, the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, to the Lord Lieutenant in my favour.—These applications were powerfully supported by a warm and kind representation from Colonel Barry, now Lord Farnham, who told a friend of mine that waited on him with a letter from me, that though his interest with the Government was but weak, on account of his opposition to the Union, yet he hoped, that as a Magistrate of the County Wexford, and possessing a fortune there, his representation ought to have some weight, and that I should cheerfully have the benefit of it. He kept his word most honourably, and his anticipation proved correct. In aid of those different applications, a letter of the first importance was written by the honourable, the gallant, and virtuous Sir James Foulis, from Drogheda, to which place his regiment had been lately removed, and to the copy of this valuable letter I proudly refer, and entreat my reader's particular attention to it :—

Drogheda, October 1st, 1799.

Sir—Were I not certain that it was from a principle of justice as well as humanity, that I take the liberty of addressing you on the

present occasion, I should feel a strong sense of impropriety in so doing. The only apology I shall offer for pretending to interfere in a matter of such importance, is, that from very good information I am fully convinced that Thomas Cloney, actually confined in Wexford gaol under sentence of transportation, is an unfortunate young man highly deserving that mercy should be extended to him in the fullest sense of the word.

To enter into a minute detail of all the motives that have brought this conviction to my mind would be equally tedious and unnecessary. I shall only say that my peculiar situation while residing in Wexford, and perhaps a peculiar turn of mind, led me into a pretty general knowledge of the transactions and motives of individuals in that County, who were so wicked or so unfortunate as to be engaged voluntarily or involuntarily under the banners of Rebellion, during that dreadful period of political delirium, and that the case of Cloney is one with which I fancy myself well acquainted.

Previous to the Rebellion Cloney was a man of unexceptionable character, nor did I ever hear it insinuated that he was suspected of any communication with the United Irishmen, till he appeared as a leader in the Rebel army. To this criminal and dangerous pre-eminence he was, in my opinion, conducted not from a rebellious principle but from the situation into which he had imprudently suffered his filial and fraternal affections to lead him during the first days of the Insurrection. At the time when he found of a sudden the whole country around him in arms, he lived with an aged mother and two or three young women his sisters, to whom he seems to have always been much attached; these he thought in such a situation might require his protection, and he therefore attached himself to his home instead of flying for his personal security to join those loyalists who were also in arms. He is a man of some landed property to the amount of a few hundreds a-year, which made him conspicuous among those of his religious persuasion, and he found it prudent to accept of a command among the Rebels; indeed according to their maxim a refusal or evasion would have been certain death. Many were those who stood in the same predicament though loyal in their hearts.

It is also notorious that he used the influence his situation afforded him to protect and save the lives of several Protestant Loyalists, who were so unfortunate as to fall into the Rebels' hands; and that in one instance he saved the life of a man betwixt whom and himself there had existed, previously, a long personal animosity. Such acts of humanity ought to bear some weight in favour of those Leaders who had the humanity and courage to oppose the system of murder preached up and enforced by many of the wicked and desperate Leaders, who having assumed authority on the revolutionary principles of the then active conspiracy, strove, by every means in their power, to render reconciliation impossible between his Majesty's Loyal and Rebel subjects, and to impress

upon the minds of the whole Rebel army a horrid certainty that all hopes of pardon would be in vain in case of defeat.

This system was happily counteracted by the wise and humane measure of granting Protections to all those who chose to return to their homes and usual habits of industry immediately after the affair of Vinegar Hill.

Cloney, though an ostensible leader, obtained a Protection from General Hunter, through the mediation of General Grose. The well established characters of both these officers render it unnecessary for me to assure you, that in matters of this important nature they always combined individual justice with public utility, and never acted from motives of merely personal favour or partiality.

Cloney was tried on a charge of murder as well as of being a Rebel Leader. The murder, as will evidently appear on the face of the proceedings, was unsupported by creditable evidence, and it is well known that the imputation originated solely in the vindictive malice of one of his own tenants. I therefore imagine that the Court could not possibly avoid acquitting him of a deed so very inconsistent with the whole tenor of his conduct. I shall conclude with simply affirming, that I think there is no one of all those concerned in the Rebellion better entitled to the mercy of Government, in the fullest sense of the word, than Cloney—and shall only add, that I am scarcely known at the Castle, except to my friend, Mr. Marsden, to whom I beg leave to refer, as to the degree of credit that should attach to my veracity on this occasion.

I have the honor to be,

&c. &c. &c.

JAMES FOULIS.

Lieutenant Colonel M. F. Cavalry.

To the Right Honorable
The Secretary of State, Dublin Castle.

Such strong and favorable representations coming from such high and influential quarters, could not fail to induce Lord Cornwallis to examine my case more minutely, and to discover the injustice with which I was treated; more particularly when General Grose had so warmly interested himself in my favour, and was over anxious, on reference being made to him, to report most favourably in my behalf. At the same time my most kind friend and able advocate, Mr. Burrowes, lost no opportunity of calling the attention of Government to the representations of such high and disinterested characters, in opposition to those of persons actuated solely by party prejudice, or incurable bigotry. The different

memorials and letters being referred to General Grose, was an indubitable earnest of ultimate success, and my dear and ever to be lamented sister, hastened home to communicate to me the glad tidings of that joy, in which she bore more than an equal part. While those exertions were in progress in Dublin, a Rev. Mr. Eastwood, then inspector of Wexford Prison, and an active magistrate, called on and advised me to petition the magistrates of the county, at their next general meeting, praying them to interpose their influence with Government, that I might be allowed to banish myself to the United States of America, as he had good reasons to think they would comply with such a request. I apparently consented to follow his advice, but, not having been punctual in putting it into execution, the Rev. gentleman called on me again, and wished to know why I so long neglected a matter pregnant with such vast importance to myself; I represented my incapacity to draw up such a memorial as was necessary, and said that I only waited my Attorney's expected arrival from Dublin, who would execute it in a proper manner, previous to the next county meeting of the magistrates. He said they would not like to have an Attorney or Lawyer concerned in the matter, and that a simple statement of my case, drawn up by myself, would be much more acceptable to them. Well knowing that the object of the parties was by this proposal, to entrap me, and not wishing to say a word to awaken their fears, through their agent, as to any hopes I entertained, I thanked him for the anxiety he evinced for me, and promised to prepare my memorial as soon as possible; but being very averse to every thing like dissimulation, I felt rather awkward in my manner of acknowledging his services or making a shew of gratitude, where I well knew it was not merited. I had already experienced but too keenly, the virulence of those with whom I had to deal; their power and implacable hatred had been already so often exercised towards me, that I attributed this sudden display of affected kindness, to far different motives than a love of mercy or mitigated resentment; and surely if it were allowable to depart from the straight forward path, it was on this occasion, for the enemies, with whom I had to deal, had given me sufficient proofs that extreme caution was now become imperative on my part.

I did not prepare the promised memorial to this body to be presented at their next meeting, and on Mr. Eastwood's next visit to me subsequent to that meeting, rage and disappointment were visible in his countenance. He said that my inattention to his advice would be my ruin, and that it was now too late to be remedied, that the season of mercy had passed, through my own fault, as any memorial from me would now be rejected, I further learned from him that when the worthy magistrates beheld their proffered clemency treated with contempt, they had resumed their wonted hostility, and had already sent up a memorial to the Lord Lieutenant, *authoritatively* requiring that my sentence of banishment should be put into immediate execution. I expressed my resignation in cooler terms than those in which I was accustomed to speak of those gentlemen; but I consoled myself under better hopes than any which arose from the interference of that intolerant body. I was just after receiving a letter from Colonel Barry, enclosing Lord Cornwallis's reply to his application; through Colonel Littlehales. His Excellency promised to reconsider my case, and my sister having also just returned from Dublin, with the cheering news as before mentioned, of the reference made to General Grose by Government having been most favorably reported on by him, I felt that all the machinations of the Wexford magistrates, were for the present defeated. I saw that the success of my friends' exertions depended much on the secrecy with which they were conducted. For though they were powerful, the vigilance of my indefatigable enemies, the magistrates, was not lulled even to momentary repose.

Those factious men were doubtless expecting to find in my promised memorial, some advantage, which they would not fail to turn to my further injury, and this was the sole cause why they wished me not to have any legal assistance in drawing it up; I will not undertake to say that Mr. Eastwood would come to me under the mask of friendship, being at the same time privy to the designs of those who sent him; I do acquit him on this score. He was introduced to me by Captain Robinson, who requested him as inspector of the prison, to render me any civility in his power, which he promised to do. I never trespassed on him, but under such circumstances, I would not accuse him of coming to offer his

advice for purposes of deception. That he was a bigot, I believe, but his honour I do not question. It would be vain for me to attempt a description of the rage and disappointment of the Ascendancy faction, when they learned that I was making arrangements for my departure for North America, they began at once to annoy Lord Cornwallis, with remonstrances on the mighty danger that attended such indulgence or mercy, as it would leave it in my power, at a future day, to give annoyance to the state. As soon as I had obtained his Excellency's consent to go to America, I prepared with the greatest apparent anxiety, for my proposed emigration; though like a mariner after escaping death, and still amongst the raging billows, unwilling to quit his vessel, I would gladly cling to my native land, whilst I could find one foot of it on which I could stand with safety. I appeared publicly anxious to hasten the day of my departure, but I still entertained hopes that the wicked spirit that existed would soon subside; that when the anger and bad passions, engendered by party feuds, and matured by the disastrous events of the Insurrection, would have passed away, the Government of the country could adopt a more merciful conduct to the people, whose interest it was to cultivate the blessings of peace and mutual forgetfulness. I flattered myself, that through the kind interference of General Grose, and other friends, who were truly zealous in my favour, I might, at no very distant period, in the full enjoyment of my liberty, resume that station in society, which I had never forfeited by any dishonourable act, while I was incurring heavy expence, in various ways, to neutralize the unrelenting spirit of intolerance and persecution, which the Wexford Inquisitors manifested towards me; some influential friends made representations to Government that my health was fast declining, and my property wasted by long continued and unnecessary oppression; that my three sisters and an aged grandmother, the innocent sufferers by that barbarous system, under which I continued so long incarcerated, would be left in a state of utter destitution, if I did not obtain my liberty, and that in all probability a few months more of confinement would place me beyond the reach of human power, and that thus the benevolent intentions of Lord Cornwallis would be frustrated. The movements of my enemies were carefully observed by my very kind friend, Mr. Burrows, whose high credit with the most influential members of the

Government, (although not an admirer or supporter of their system of governing the country) gave him frequent opportunities of removing such prejudices as the evil reports of the Ascendancy faction had created; the pride of that party was deeply wounded, by the contempt with which I treated that dissembled friendship, which had been offered by them after they had made incessant exertions to destroy me, and as I had escaped the snares so insidiously laid, the disappointment added fresh virulence to their rancour. The services of such a friend as Mr. Burrowes, at this juncture, who had abilities to state these truths, and credit to cause them to be believed, was of the highest importance to me.

Colonel Phayre, who was my landlord for different farms in the County Wexford, had arrived about this time in Dublin from England, where he had for some time attached himself to an English Regiment of Militia during the Irish Insurrection. I wrote to him requesting that he would use his influence with Government in my favour. He and my father were particularly intimate, and I was equally familiar with him previous to the Insurrection. I therefore expected my application would have been attended to. A friend of mine delivered my letter to him at his hotel in Dublin, and another letter to Colonel Barry at his lodgings. On my friend entering Colonel Phayre's lodgings, he was met by a Mr. Christian Wilson, the then High Sheriff of the County Wexford, and a Mr. Edward Percival, who had been High Sheriff the preceding year, who were just after waiting on the Colonel. When he looked at the superscription of my letter, he at once said to my friend, "I can render no service to Cloney, the two gentlemen whom you just met departing from me have come direct from Wexford to request that I would not interfere for him, and I could not refuse a request so earnestly made." However little my heart was apt to sink under disappointments, I must confess, that I was sensibly affected by the result of this application. I never could have contemplated his refusal, or imagine that my being politically implicated, should have obliterated every kind feeling from his mind, and that the recollection of past kindnesses, received by him from my father, (and they were numerous) was banished from his recollection. My father was always an independent tenant, and never refused to contribute to the accommodation of a needy landlord; both his purse and his name were frequently at Colonel Phayre's

service ; but all ties of friendship were now severed by party spirit ; all obligations cancelled ; and every affection of honor and virtue were effaced, in those breasts, where political rancour had established its undisputed dominion. The wicked policy pursued by those persons inimicable to me, was to besiege every gentleman in the country, who was supposed to be friendly, with appeals similar to those which had been made to Colonel Phayre. The party were not, however, so successful with others. My letter to Colonel Barry met a different reception, although it was scarcely read, when Colonel Phayre entered the lodgings of the former, and acquainted him with the mission of Messrs. Wilson and Percival, the deputies of the Wexford magistrates. "I care not," said Colonel Barry, with apparent anger, "what request those gentlemen made of you ; poor Cloney served me, and I shall serve him in any way in my power ;" "tell him," said he, turning to my friend, Mr. Michael Walsh, of Wexford, (a faithful and kind man, who paid me great attention) "to send me any memorial he may wish to have laid before the Irish Government, and I shall feel great pleasure in presenting it instantly, and shall support its prayer as warmly as I can." I cannot help contrasting the conduct of those two gentlemen, for it was at the instance and particular request of Colonel Phayre, that my father and myself supported Colonel Barry, as a candidate for the representation of the county Wexford, in the year 1797.

We had no further acquaintance or intercourse with Colonel Barry during our lives, but at this time leading men of Lord Ely's party in the County Wexford, were heard to say, on many occasions, that had I interested myself for Lord Loftus at that election, or previous to it, as I had for Colonel Barry, I should never have suffered a day's imprisonment. I stated this fact in my first letter to Colonel Barry, and it had that effect on him which it would have on any high or honourable mind ; he proved his honour and his gratitude in a way that left an impression on my mind not to be removed by any part he has since taken in the affairs of Ireland. I often felt pain at not being able to wait on him in due time after my return from England, to make him personally my grateful acknowledgements ; but the very bad state of my health and spirits, added to my other embarrassments, deprived me of that

opportunity—a circumstance which I often since deeply regretted. Remarks were freely made at a subsequent period, on my not supporting Lord Valentia, the relative of Colonel Barry, as a candidate for Wexford County. To these remarks I reply, that, in the first place, I was not applied to in time, and when applied to I am sorry to say, it was in a most ungracious manner. Next, that had I been applied to ever so timely, I would not separate my interest from that of the enslaved body to which I belonged. It could not, by any honourable or conscientious man, be expected that I should discharge my private obligations at the public expence, or go up to the hustings to vote for the man who would, if returned, give his vote in Parliament to keep my country and myself in slavery. Gratitude is to be commended in every man, and I feel that I never was deficient in it: and to this hour I would gladly go to any part of Europe to serve the present Lord Farnham; but much as gratitude is to be prized, there are duties which must ever take precedence even of that exalted virtue.

In December, 1799, General Grose being called up to Dublin, and an order being sought for in his absence, to send off such prisoners in Wexford Gaol as were under sentence of transportation, to Geneva Barrack, where they were forthwith to be shipped for Cork, on their way to New South Wales, my indefatigable persecutors took care, in the absence of my friend, General Grose, either to get my name placed on the list, or to place it there themselves. I was ordered from my sick bed by the High Sheriff, Christian Wilson, who was accompanied in the discharge of this pleasing duty by the gallant Captain Boyd, so called by his friends for the heroism he displayed in the expedition with which he led the fugitives from Wexford, when we had first advanced, and the gallantry he displayed in entering it again, when the face of an enemy could no where be discovered. Doctor Jacob made up the triumvirate which came to superintend my removal and that of the wretched victims, about twelve in number, who were doomed to be the companions of my sorrowful journey. It was late in the evening when I was conducted from my bed into the gaol yard, and placed against the wall with my unhappy companions in misfortune, who looked more like spectres than men.—It could be easily seen that the iron had taken possession of

their hearts; not a pitying look, not a glance indicating sympathy, could be perceived in the faces of our inhuman reviewers. Notice was given us in a haughty and menacing tone, that to-morrow morning at day break, we should take our departure from our prison, and proceed on our sloop to Geneva barrack. The very name of the place had something horrible in it, it having been the depot for so many unfortunate people, whom the severity of the Ascendancy faction had exposed to torture, privations of every sort, and perpetual banishment.

The most gloomy ideas took possession of our minds, as the name of Geneva fell upon our ears. For my part, I felt so astonished, that the order for my going to America, should have been rescinded, even through the interference of the faction that, from the beginning, opposed my expatriation to the United States. I scarcely knew what to say, or how to act, I could not resist the mandate of the triumvirs, yet something should be immediately done. I therefore instantly sent for my eldest sister to our place of residence in the country, about thirteen miles distant from Wexford, she came with her usual expedition, and arrived at a late hour at night, when after resting some short time, she proceeded to the house of a Mr. Thomas Synnott, who was married to my father's sister, and who lived eight miles from Wexford.— To him she carried letters for my Counsel, Mr. Burrowes, and other friends in Dublin, who would be likely to interest themselves in counteracting this last treacherous and arbitrary proceeding of my merciless oppressors.

Before she left Wexford, for Mr. Synnott's residence, she waited on Mr. Sheriff Wilson, having Mr. Tench, his Sub-Sheriff, and another Gentleman to accompany her. Wilson was engaged with a club of his associates, at their usual place of meeting. He being sent in for came out, and the poor distracted female threw herself on her knees at the door before the savage, to beg, as a great favour, merely that I might be permitted to remain two days in Wexford, to have some understanding and arrangement with her about my affairs. With a degree of demoniac satisfaction, which could only be inspired by the spirit of a fiend, the tyrant, heedless of her tears and affecting appeal, turned round and said, "Tench take the girl away, I can do nothing for her." It was

in vain Mr. Tench represented to him that he was acting without proper authority, or at least by the authority of an order sent down through mistake, and that I would be brought back in spite of all the opposition he could give. However the tyrant remained inexorable. Disappointed in her attempt to obtain this trifling favour, she proceeded with my letters to Mr. Synnott, travelling by night—Mr. Synnott, on hearing her melancholy tale, lost no time in setting out for Dublin, and on his way he met General Grose who knew him, had his carriage stopped, and came out and walked some distance with him, while Mr. Synnott explained what had occurred. The General kindly urged him to use all possible expedition in his journey, and gave him such other advice as he deemed necessary for his guidance. He knew the proceeding was a base trick, and would be immediately rectified by my Counsel's remonstrance to Government.

When Mr. Tench found he could not prevail on Mr. Wilson to allow me the trifling indulgence that I required, he very humanely wrote letters to different Officers in Geneva barrack, stating that there was an unfair advantage taken of me, and representing me to him in the most favourable light. The kind manner in which he acted, on this occasion, fully removed from my mind the recollection of the violence he had displayed on the day the King's troops returned to Wexford. As I have before stated, his generous attention, however, fully atoned for his indiscreet zeal on that occasion, and I feel great pleasure in doing this act of justice to the memory of a man, who has long since paid the great debt of nature, and who I hope, 'ere now, has received the reward of his benevolent actions. On the following morning, after receiving the rout, I was hurried out of my sick bed before day, and as soon as a glimmer of light appeared, I was forced, into the gaol yard, to join my intended companions, destined for New Geneva. As I was not at all able to walk, a friend furnished me with a poney. Had it been imagined that I could be able, by using force, to oblige me to walk, my enemies would certainly have insisted on my walking. When about to mount my poney, which I was badly able to do, I handed three guineas to Joseph Gladwin the gaoler, in return for his accommodating me with a small room for a little time, and for which I had regularly paid him before, when, with

a ferocious grin, his whole face exhibiting symptoms of malignant pleasure, he furnished me with a pair of handcuffs, after pocketing my money. I was almost unmanned by such an act of gratuitous depravity, but persecution in various shapes had been so familiar to me, that I bore the cruelty of this semi-barbarian with stoical patience.

At a short distance from the town I remonstrated with a little ensign of the Sligo Militia, who commanded our guard, against the cruelty of the treatment I received, and added that I would, before a week had elapsed, have him brought before a court martial for becoming the instrument of a cruel and persecuting faction, as whenever General Grose returned I would be instantly recalled from Geneva barrack, where I was now being sent without proper authority. This threat had the desired effect; he ordered the sergeant of the guard to take off the handcuffs, and to our joy, he consigned us at Taghmon, to the care of more compassionate guards. Kindness shewn to persons accustomed to harsh treatment will be ever duly appreciated, and before he left us, he gave us cause not to lose the recollection of a day, rendered still more painful by his total want of feeling; for on his coming up to the inn at Taghmon he rushed to the door, ordering us to draw up in front of it, and exposing us to the rude gaze and mockery of a party of low ragged yeomen, and other vagabonds of the same description, whom ill nature or curiosity had drawn round us, and from whose insult and derision we had no protection, but in silent endurance. I forget this ensign's name, but a brother officer of his, Lieut. Ormsby, also of the Sligo militia, whose care we were now consigned to, witnessing this scene from the parlour window of the inn where he then was, rushed out with manifest indignation, and desired the little ensign to hold my bridle while I should alight, and then brought me into breakfast with himself. He also ordered the other prisoners into another apartment to get some refreshment. He acted with the utmost tenderness towards me, expressed his sorrow for my misfortunes, and said, "although I am aware, Sir, that you were an active leader in the rebellion, I am also well aware of your humanity to such Protestants as you met in danger, and this conduct should not be forgotten." This generous soldier conducted us to Fooke's Mill, only a few miles

from his quarters, and there we met Major Inglis, the brigade major to General Grose, who had also been some days absent from Wexford, who expressed great surprise at seeing me on my travels, and said that my removal must have arisen from mistake, but he was certain General Grose would have me immediately brought back. This news was communicated to me with much apparent satisfaction, by that worthy soldier, Lieutenant Ormsby, who now gave us in charge to a Lieutenant Jones of the same regiment, whom he earnestly requested to treat me with courtesy and attention. Lieutenant Jones proved, on our way to New Ross and there, that he was equally well disposed as his brother officer. He and I rode together in the rear of the other prisoners, conversing familiarly as we travelled along. I was somewhat cheered by having been voluntarily favoured with a very strong letter from Major Inglis to an officer of rank, at Geneva barrack, representing that my being sent there was evidently through mistake. On our way we met a countryman who knew me, and who asked in a feeling tone, if I was at length ordered off. "What," said I, jocosely, "can you mean? I am accompanying this gentleman," meaning Lieutenant Jones, "in escorting those prisoners to Ross," and Mr. Jones seemed astonished that I could assume an appearance of cheerfulness under such painful circumstances,

Having arrived at New Ross, we were consigned to the comforts of a guard room. Mr. Michael Walsh, of whose cordial attention I before made mention, rode into Ross before us, and made a request of the commanding officer, (in which Lieutenant Jones joined,) that I might be permitted to stop at the head inn to have a few hours rest and refreshment, of which I stood much in need. This indulgence was in part granted, and I was conducted to the inn, where some friends were allowed to see me, and where I remained for two hours. I felt my spirits still supported by the hope of a speedy return, and as some of those friends who supposed they were taking a last farewell, were giving vent to their sorrow, I told them not to be uneasy, for that I would, please God, meet them in the same place on that day week or sooner, which prediction was afterwards literally fulfilled. My two hours having expired, I was reconducted to the guard house, where a pallet bed was furnished to me from the inn, but on which

I took very little rest. Reflecting during the night on my misfortunes, and sometimes cheered by the jokes of my poor fellow-sufferers, some of whom were as cheerful as if they were going to a country fair. A considerable time before day my companions and myself were conducted by torch light to the quay, and put on board a gun-boat, which quickly sailed down the river, and we arrived at Geneva barrack at an early hour, where we were placed in a most damp and loathsome prison. It really exceeded any description I could give of it for filthiness and a want of every sort of comfort. Here I met several of my former acquaintances, many of whom had been in comfortable and easy circumstances. The want of cleanliness in the place, and their wretched appearance, too plainly indicated that they had quaffed the cup of misfortune to its dregs, and it was now difficult even for oppression itself to add to their misery. This gave me no prepossessing anticipations of the comforts destined for me, if I should be detained long in this disgusting place.

Our first night was one of gloomy forebodings; there might possibly be higher degrees in human misery than I had yet suffered, but I was not prepared to encounter them. The morning after our arrival my companions were all ordered out to a kind of hospital, to submit to the inspection of the garrison surgeon.—The letters I brought with me saved me from the painful ceremonies my companions had to undergo. Besides this exception from personal scrutiny, those letters procured for me the indulgence of having breakfast and dinner furnished me by the man who kept the officers' mess, but this was, of course, at my own expense. The filth every where around us, and the intolerable smell in our sleeping place baffles description, so that it was impossible to eat of the best fare with any degree of satisfaction. Among the prisoners whom chance or untoward fortune buddled together, and who walked in company during the day, were three Roman Catholic clergymen. One of them was a Rev. Mr. O'Neill, of Youghall, well known to some officers of the Wexford Militia. An account of his sufferings would be calculated to soften the most obdurate heart. There was also a Rev. Mr. Gannon, from the county Mayo, who had surrendered himself to one of the Marquis of Sligo's family, on the express condition of being sent to North America, but faith

it is said was broken with him, and to Geneva was he sent, to swell the list of those victims of tyranny which were offered as a propitiatory sacrifice to the Moloch of Orange Ascendancy. He seemed to be a man of profound learning, and was of extraordinary stature and fine appearance in every sense. I afterwards learned that he got off in some way to Spain, where he waited on Lucien Buonaparte, then ambassador at Madrid, who furnished him with ample means to take him to Paris, and that in some time after he got a cure or parish near Versailles, where he has supported the true Irish character, for hospitality and kindness to his countrymen in particular, whom he considered worthy, and many of whom required it at his hands.

I must now return to Mr. Synnot's embassy to Dublin, where, on arriving, he presented my letter without delay to Mr. Burrowes, who wrote instantaneously to Mr. Secretary Marsden, explaining what had occurred, requesting the mistake of my being sent to Geneva should be rectified, and my recall forthwith ordered, as delay might be ruinous; the object of my enemies being, as he apprehended, to have me put on board a transport vessel at Cork, and sent off to New South Wales without delay.

Mr. Marsden, on receiving his letter, expressed his astonishment at the transaction, and rode out promptly from the Castle to the Phoenix Park, for the purpose of communicating the matter to Lord Cornwallis. His Excellency was quite indignant at what had happened, and ordered Colonel Littlehales to attend at the Castle, that he should previously write to request Mr. Burrowes might meet him there, and that any request Mr. Burrowes should make with regard to me, was to be complied with. Mr. Burrowes being at the time particularly engaged, he sent for my Attorney, Mr. Anthony Hawkins, and deputed him to go to the Castle in his place. Colonel Littlehales there gave him a letter to General Johnson, desiring that he should, without delay, send me back with an escort of cavalry to Wexford, to be placed under the care of General Grose—Colonel Littlehales declared to Mr. Hawkins, that Lord Cornwallis was so indignant at the treatment I had received, that he was fully disposed to have every satisfaction rendered to me, and Colonel Littlehales himself seemed equally well disposed to forward his Excellency's honorable intentions. Mili-

tary governments are not desirable in any country, but in Ireland they were preferable to the Government of an atrocious faction, and, in this instance, it was to high military characters I owed my life and liberty. Mr. Hawkins was well aware of the necessity of expedition. He, therefore, immediately engaged a chaise and four horses, and posted day and night, without intermission, until he arrived at Geneva barrack. On his arrival at Enniscorthy, the chaise was immediately surrounded by many of my orange enemies, wishing to know why Mr. Hawkins, who had so recently left that town, should return with so much expedition, and by such an expensive mode of travelling. He answered that he was going with an order from the Lord Lieutenant to have me restored to liberty. He could not have communicated less gratifying intelligence to those gentry, and they did not forbear expressing their astonishment, and manifesting their sorrow at so unexpected an announcement. On the morning of the day after he left Dublin, Mr. Hawkins was with me at Geneva barrack, as the fear of my being put on board a convict ship, made him consider such expedition necessary. On this occasion, as well as during my trial, Mr. Hawkins acted a warm and friendly part, and he, I am sure has been, and will be always ready to allow that I was not ungrateful for or unmindful of the value of his services. He met General Johnson in Waterford, and delivered him Colonel Littlehale's letter, on his way to me, and was furnished with an order from the General to have me transmitted to Waterford on the following day on my route to Wexford.—The only mode of conveyance offered me at Geneva, was a common car, and feeling so indignant at this insult, I struggled with great difficulty and pain to walk to Waterford.

CHAPTER XVII.

The author is sent back from New Geneva to Wexford, under an escort of the Dumfrieshire Cavalry, by order of Lord Cornwallis, after remaining in Wexford Gaol at this time, for more than twelve months, he is liberated.

In that City I was brought before General Johnson, who inquired how I wished to travel to New Ross? I told him that be-

ing, as I conceived, a state prisoner, I thought it rested with him to furnish me with a respectable mode of travelling, but as he did not shew any inclination to accommodate me, I had a chaise and four horses provided to convey me back as the roads were very bad. I set out from Waterford with an escort of the Dumfrieshire Fencible Cavalry, consisting of a corporal's guard under the command of a serjeant, who appeared to be a very proper and well disposed man. I reminded General Johnson in a high tone that I told him on my arrival at Geneva barrack, that he should avoid any insulting ceremony of placing me in a standard, at which he appeared unky and displeas'd. When we had arriv'd near Ross, I requested the serjeant to ride in before me to the town, and to inform the Commanding Officer that General Johnson desired I might be permitted to stop at the Inn, which was an indulgence I forebore to ask of the gallant General himself, and one I am pretty sure that he would have refused. However, as I arriv'd at the bridge of Ross, the driver, to save expense, propos'd to stop, but I was indignant at the idea of walking into town at such a moment to save a trifle. The triumph I felt in disappointing a faction there should be indulg'd in a little. I order'd the postillion to drive in full speed to the head Inn, which he perform'd in good stile, taking chance of the serjeant's success with the Commanding Officer to allow me to stop there. He was a Captain Lyon of the same Regiment. I was comfortably seated at the Inn, when the Commanding Officer came in, follow'd immediately by the far-fam'd Bigot, the late Henry Tottenham, long the scourge of Ross, who was well dispos'd to interpose his influence to have me removed to the Guard House, but I assum'd such an air of confidence and independence, as if I had real authority for stopping at the Inn, that the tyrant was afraid to interfere. Much was due to the worthy serjeant, who made a report for which he might have been himself afterwards injur'd. The Commanding Officer, Captain Lyon, acted with great courtesy and politeness to me in the presence of Tottenham, which seem'd to give the latter great annoyance. Wherever I met Scotchmen, either officers or privates, I met friends—at least I met men of humanity and good manners. Captain Lyon order'd a guard, consisting of a serjeant and two privates of the Sligo Militia, to be plac'd over me for the evening and night. The serjeant sat in the parlour while the privates pa-

raded the hall. The first serjeant, under whose care I was placed conducted himself very properly, but when his time was out, he was replaced by one of a very different description, for he was an Orangeman of the deepest hue. Though the Commanding Officer had ordered that my friends and none others should be admitted to my room, and but one at a time, the serjeant being resolved to gratify his orange friends with a sight of me, brought in a Captain of a Welch sloop, decorated with a profusion of orange ribbons, made up in roses enormously large, and fastened to the breast of his coat. This fellow made a vulgar display of his principles and loyalty, by giving violent toasts, and making declarations of his exclusive allegiance, in which fury and enthusiasm were ludicrously blended; I could scarcely have been cursed with the society of a more vulgar and offensive intruder. It was in vain that I remonstrated with the serjeant on the unbecoming behaviour of this furious bigot, whom he had so unceremoniously introduced, for the fellow still persisted in detaining him to annoy me. I sent for the officer of the guard, and in the mean time retired to my bed-room, but the orange serjeant brought his brother orangemen even there to annoy me. The officer of the guard having received information of what was passing, came up to my bed-room in a violent rage, and had the two ruffians dragged down stairs, and the serjeant committed to his guard-house. The ruffian serjeant was then replaced by a proper man, and I laid myself down quietly to rest. A Mr. Quigley, a relative of mine, whom I had met in Waterford, accompanied me to Ross, and lay in the same room with me, but he was so terrified at what had happened, and at having a military guard placed in his bed-room, that he could not sleep during the night, yet I slept as composed as if I was at perfect liberty, and free from all earthly restraint. The orange serjeant was kept in confinement, as I afterwards heard, for several days, and were it not for the powerful influence of his party, he would have been cashiered. The Welch hero got a good kicking from the officer before he left the Inn, and was then dismissed with all his orange honours. Early on the following morning Captain Lyon called to see me, and intimated that, at my own convenience, I would prepare for my departure. After breakfast I ordered a chaise, and set out with an escort of the Dumfrieshire Cavalry. Had I been returning under a guard of honour, as a

freeman to my country residence, my spirits could not be more lively than they were now, returning to a close prison, where I had already been so long immured, and in which I could not then imagine how long I was yet to be confined. So signal a triumph over an intolerant faction, though still a prisoner, was to me most gratifying. When I arrived at Wexford, we drove through the town to General Grose's residence at Cromwell's fort. He was then from home on very serious duty, it being nothing less than in pursuit of a Captain of yeomanry and his corps, who had, it was said, the night before committed some depredations in the neighbourhood of Wexford, under pretence of searching for suspected persons. Whatever excesses they had committed, provoked resistance on the part of the country people, and this was too much for those loyal men to bear at a time, when they imagined that any sort of vile treatment might be given to unfortunate Catholics with perfect impunity. Though disappointed at not finding the General at home, I felt much gratified to perceive that he had the energy to hunt these persecutors in the immediate scene of their violence, and at the critical moment when a proper check should be given to a system that still continued to outrage the laws of God and man. From the General's residence, I was conveyed to the lodgings of Colonel King, of the Sligo militia, then commanding in the General's absence. He was, on inquiry, found at the Post Office, which was in the most public part of the town, and where a number of the Ascendancy party were with him. On arriving there I was at once surrounded by a group, whom curiosity in the first instance had collected. The appearance of a chaise guarded by a party of cavalry with drawn swords, was in itself enough to set people in motion, and Colonel King evinced much hesitation in taking upon himself to have any concern with me at all. My case had now become one of interest and importance, when it was seen, that, in opposition to nearly the entire body of the Magistracy of such a great County, with Lord Ely and George Ogle at their head, I was brought back so speedily to Wexford, from whence they felt such a triumph in banishing me in so humiliating a manner. I was kept near an hour exposed to the gaze of high and low Orangemen in the public street, who were at this moment most outrageous at General Grose's bringing out the military to pursue their brothers. Colonel King, seeing

the crowd still increasing about me, and General Grose not returning, ordered me to the gaol. I had not been many minutes consigned to the care of the ungrateful goaler, when my old friend Wilson, the Sheriff, came to rebuke his faithful deputy for receiving me without a committal. When General Grose returned, he expressed his regret that I had been sent to the prison. I never learned his reason for permitting me to remain there, but I do suppose, he would have favoured me with more respectable quarters, if he had not good and sufficient reasons for acting as he did, but I did not regret the disappointment in this case, as any attention of this kind would, if possible, still further excite the rage of the Ascendancy faction against me.

The General did not return without bringing the ultra-loyal Captain and his gallant yeomen prisoners into Wexford, and this in the most humiliating way possible. The brave Captain himself was obliged to walk into town at the tail of the General's horse, and both himself and his privates were confined for some days when it was ardently expected, that, at least, the gallant officer who was also a Magistrate, would be deprived of both his commissions. The General, however, though a lover of justice, and a true friend to humanity, had a tenderness of feeling that was easily wrought on. He did not follow the matter up with that decision that was absolutely necessary to strike terror into the hearts of the faction. As to any hope for gratitude from the party for his forbearance, it was out of the question. All his lenity was imputed to fear, and to the well known power of their leaders. The two occurrences, first that of the gallant Captain, (who was my inveterate enemy,) being led into Wexford captive; and, secondly, my return in proud defiance of the utmost power of the party, were to them most mortifying. Not a man of the inquisitorial Committee of Magistrates (called the Committee of public safety) would approach or speak to General Grose for several days. The confusion which prevailed on the day before mentioned was indescribable. Some of Ogle's Blues ran riot through the town on seeing their brother Orangemen led in captive. They broke the windows of the Roman Catholic Chapel and attacked the Pariah Priests' house. What a difficult part a mild and humane Gentleman, such as General Grose was, had to act, thus beset by a horde of semi-barba-

rians, may be easily conjectured, but he did not possess the same decision of character which belonged to General Hunter.

It was at the time a question with those who knew General Hunter well, that if he had found those yomanry alluded to at the scene of their depredations, with the flames still ascending from the houses they had set fire to, whether he would not immediately have subjected them to military execution. His conduct to that firebrand and alarmist, old Captain Hawtrey White, as related by Mr. Edward Hay, fully proved the little respect he entertained for such petty tyrants. On the contrary, he had a wholesome horror of them, and delighted in striking terror to their very heart's core. The news of my return spread quickly through the country, and many of my friends hastened to congratulate me on the event. I told every visitor that my stay in the country would be very short, and that I should use every possible expedition in my preparations for removing to a free and a happier land. No one doubted the truth of this statement, even the Orange Magistrates, neutralized in some degree by the hope of my removal, awaited my departure with feverish anxiety. My friends renewed their applications to Government, and the recent advantage which had been taken of me, strengthened their former representations of the inveterate prejudice that the Magistrates entertained, and of course tended to weaken any fresh remonstrance of theirs against me. My enemies having at length learned that new efforts were making for me, called a general meeting of their body, at which it was resolved, that the High Sheriff, as their organ, should write, in their name, to Government, to demand that my sentence of banishment should be put into immediate execution, adding a strong and intelligible hint, that, unless their wishes were complied with, *they would not support the Legislative Union*. It will be recollected that the very head of their party, Lord Ely, was one of the main props of that nefarious measure, and how could he, in such a case, meet a refusal. Here was the honor of Lord Cornwallis's Government put completely to the test, while the honor of two of his most respectable Generals was pledged to me, and additional testimonies of a most convincing nature of the injustice of those charges of violence which were made against me daily coming before him, as well as of the cruel and unchristian feelings of my enemies.

I do now, at the end of thirty-four years, declare, that I believe my case was one of the most trying to Lord Cornwallis's feelings which he encountered during his Vice Royalty in Ireland; and I further believe, that, were it not for the anxiety of Government to carry that most favorite of all their measures, the Legislative Union, I would not have suffered a longer imprisonment than during the time required for a complete investigation of my case.— It may appear strange that Lord Cornwallis, under a strong feeling of indignation at the violent opposition his desire to be just to me experienced from the Wexford Magistrates, was heard to declare himself to that effect. Here there is an indubitable proof of the baneful influence the Orange Ascendancy possessed at this time in Ireland, and of the difficulty a well-disposed Chief Governor must have often found in protecting the weak and oppressed from the tyranny of this powerful and unmerciful faction. What infatuation that the Government of England does not govern Ireland, at all times, through the agency of a man possessing inflexible firmness, undoubted experience, and strict impartiality, accompanied by, or selecting for himself Officers having congenial feelings and principles,

The last letter from the organ of the Magistrates, was handed to a friend of mine, who happened to wait on one of the Castle Secretaries on business of his own, but who was still anxious for information respecting my case. The Secretary declared that he thought those repeated proofs of the violent prejudice that existed against me must eventually serve me, yet by continually annoying the Government with those epistolary complaints, a letter was procured to be written from the Castle to General Grose, saying, that if I did not immediately prepare to depart for America, the banishment act would be enforced against me. General Grose communicated this painful intelligence to my sisters, who lost no time in conveying it to me. I desired them to wait on him the following day, to entreat his advice how I should act, as I committed my fate in a great degree to his hands. When they were ushered into the General's drawing-room, one of my most inveterate enemies (the arch-enemy of every Catholic) Counsellor Lyster, the Judge-Advocate of the Court-martial that tried me, and first Lieutenant of Ogle's Blues, was in the apartment. The

General introduced my sisters to him ; he then, in order to try Lyster's pulse, and through him that of the Magistrates of which body he was a very influential member, asked him what he thought of my now applying to the Magistrates for their approbation of my receiving further indulgence from Government ? Lyster hastily replied that he thought I had already been treated with great consideration and forbearance, and that the Magistrates never would assent to my remaining *a day* at large in Ireland.— This haughty answer was delivered in the tone of an unfeeling tyrant, who was perfectly indifferent to the distress and affliction of two unhappy females.

The good General made a strong and forcible appeal to Lyster's feelings, with regard to the distress my exile must bring on those creatures, who he saw before him bathed in tears. "Lyster," said he, "you yourself have children, and how would they be circumstanced if they were deprived of their father ? and can you not feel for those poor girls who are now about to be left unprotected ?" After using every argument to soften Lyster, the latter at length said if a memorial was prepared by me, proposing to give £10,000 bail to quit the country for life, on the condition of my being permitted to remain at large, for a very limited period to arrange my affairs, the Magistrates might possibly be induced to take it into consideration. The General then asked him would he promise to present and support the memorial ? He, to get rid of the importunities of the humane and generous English Gentleman and soldier, reluctantly acquiesced. When my sisters returned and informed me of what had passed, my chagrin was inconceivable.— I had experienced very much of General Grose's kindness, and justly entertained for him as unbounded respect and esteem, as I felt a sovereign contempt for Lyster and his confreres, men whom I well knew no concession would soften or propitiate, and it was to me next to death to negotiate with either. I felt deeply mortified by the alternative to which I was reduced, as I should either reject the General's advice, given with the kindest intention, or submit to the humiliation of asking a favour from men whom I had every reason to detest, and to whose breasts mercy was an utter stranger. The memorial, however, being prepared to be laid before a meeting of Magistrates, which was a few days afterwards held in Wexford, where my afflicted sisters waited on the haughty

Lyster, to have it presented ; he, with an imperious frown, and in a loud tone, told them that the meeting was too thinly attended on that day, to discuss a matter of such importance—that they should wait for some time longer, when a fuller and more general meeting was expected to take place at Enniscorthy, where they might attend ; and he would there take charge of their memorial. Their disappointment, added to the mortification they felt in being obliged to wait like culprits or paupers, in a distant corner of the room, until the breaking up of the meeting, gave them but poor hopes of any success from the promised interference of the stern judge advocate of Wexford courts-martial :—My sisters and I impatiently waited the coming of the promised day, which was only to expose us to aggravated insult.

The poor girls repaired in due time to Enniscorthy, and watched Lyster's motions very anxiously, and were at length informed by him, with insulting triumph, that the Magistrates had unanimously rejected the memorial, after some deliberation, and declared that they would *never* acquiesce in any order for my being permitted to remain at large for a single day in Ireland. I predicted, said the honorable and humane advocate, the issue of your application. Yes, he not only predicted it, but, as I heard afterwards from undoubted authority, he used all the influence that bigotry and unchristian feeling could dictate, to fulfil his own prediction. What a triumph to my implacable enemies, to have an opportunity of giving a peremptory refusal to his application, and what a mortification to my feelings to be obliged to apply to persons of their description. During all my trials, up to the hour of this rejection of my memorial, I maintained a proud independence of mind, and a perfect scorn of the power of this intolerant faction ; and no hope of relief from suffering could ever have induced me to seek it at such hands, but my unbounded respect for my friend, and the friend to mankind, General Grose, superseded every other consideration at the time, and induced me to acquiesce in his wishes.

General Grose, I have reason to believe, foresaw the issue, and expected that their implacable hostility to me, would further contribute to open the eyes of the Irish Government. I will here give an instance of Lyster's arbitrary and overbearing conduct, and his idea of that authority, which every little petty tyrant should

assume and exercise, and which should in itself have taught me to hope for nothing good from him. During my trial he had some conversation with a friend of mine about me, when he asked my friend what could be expected from me, who, at a public dinner, at Enniscorthy, some little time previous to the insurrection, refused to drink the health of Mr. Ogle, "and what think you, Sir," said he, "of the forbearance and forgiving disposition of that good and great man that would not now prosecute him for it." It cannot now be forgotten by the surviving sufferers of 1798, who have read the debates in the Parliament, after the Insurrection terminated, that this distinguished champion of Orange Ascendancy proposes in the Irish Commons, that the property of every man who had been implicated in the rebellion down to 100*l.* per annum, should be confiscated. His unchristian declaration with regard to Roman Catholics, during his canvass for the representation of the City of Dublin, at a subsequent period, "that Catholics would swallow false oaths as they would poached eggs" which brought on the duel between him and the manly and patriotic Mr. Bernard Coyle, will not be forgotten for ages.

General Grose was now well aware that the Magistrates would redouble their exertions against me; and he advised that all my influential friends should unite their best endeavours for my freedom. The venerable Doctor Troy exerted his weighty influence throughout my confinement, and that kind and benevolent Prelate was mainly instrumental in obtaining the last favour granted to me. The renewed efforts of my friends, the change in the temper of the times, the powerful impression made on Lord Cornwallis's mind, that my long and severe suffering had been unjust, induced him at length to commute my sentence to an exile of two years, in any country out of Ireland, and not at war with Great Britain, on the following conditions:—First, that no new charge should appear against me; secondly, that my conduct, during my confinement, had been becoming and proper; and finally, that I should give two thousand pounds security to leave Ireland in fourteen days after my liberation, and not return to it until after the expiration of two years, under pain of forfeiting my recognizance. A reference such as was usual being made to general Grose, he was delighted to have it in his power to make a most favorable

report of my conduct. But every effort was used by my enemies to discover something that might further implicate me. A search was made at a farmer's house who had been a good deal engaged in attending private affairs of mine, for letters, and they found some but they were all on my private affairs regarding rents, and from which nothing criminal could be gleaned. The necessary bonds were sent down by the Attorney-General, early in February, 1801, and on the 12th of that month, after executing those bonds, I was liberated.

CHAP. XVIII.

Permission given by Government to the Author to remain in Ireland fourteen days to settle his affairs. This indulgence extended to a period of one month longer, in consequence of a further application. He proceeds to England. An insidious application made by the Wexford Ascendancy-men to the British Government to have the author banished from England. The Duke of Portland writes in consequence to the Irish Executive, The Author returns to Ireland.

The event now proved that the opinions of my steady friend, Mr. Burrowes, were strictly correct. The great measure of a Legislative Union had been carried, and as he predicted that that measure once carried, the faction would have their sting extracted, and cease, in a great degree, to retain either power or influence in the country. My only chance was to suffer in silence until this favourable moment should arrive; and although I was still to suffer as an exile from Ireland for two years, this removal, as will appear by Mr. Burrowes' letter, of the 31st May, 1824, a copy of which is here inserted, was adopted by Lord Cornwallis, as a measure of safety for me rather than as a measure of punishment:

May 31, 1824.

MY DEAR SIR—I am not surprised that you should feel regret at not being able to procure minutes of the evidence upon your trial before the Court-martial in Wexford, in 1799, and am sorry that I cannot find my notes taken while I acted as Counsel upon the occasion, because every such document must establish, that notwithstanding your conviction by the mere casting vote of the President, nothing was proved beyond taking an active part in

the Rebellion, that could, in the slightest degree, tarnish your character. On the contrary, your conduct was marked by several instances of hazardous humanity, which I have often related as proof that the moral feeling of the deluded men who engaged in that criminal enterprize was not universally depraved. It appeared that at the hazard of your own life you protected men with whom before the Rebellion broke out you were in a state of deadly animosity, and I recollect that one of the King's soldiers swore that you singly forced your way amongst a crowd of armed Rebels, and rescued him from otherwise inevitable destruction. Indeed those acts and similar acts appeared to me to operate with some of the Court-martial to your conviction, as tending to deprive you of the benefit of the Amnesty Act, by affording evidence that you were a leader. Yet I felt at the time that I ought not to advise you to withhold them. I have only further to add, that Lord Cornwallis, upon reading the minutes of the Court-martial, instantly reversed the sentence of death, and that the order that you should remain in England, for, I believe, two years, was, I conceived, at the time a measure ultimately adopted in compliance as far as justice would allow, with the naturally enraged feelings of the loyalists—and perhaps in some degree with a view to your own safety.

I am, truly, your's,

PETER BURROWES.

To T. Cloney, Esq.

Can any one, even the most incredulous, after reflecting on the contest between Lord Cornwallis and General Grose on one side and the great body of the Wexford Magistracy and their vicious retainers on the other, doubt that I was one victim among the many thousands sacrificed to the accursed measure of a Legislative Union? If the faction did not succeed, as they had promised themselves, in effecting my destruction, they succeeded in advancing the interests of those agents which they employed to effect their own private purpose. My principal prosecutors were amply rewarded at the public expense; one in particular had twenty pounds granted to him yearly by the Wexford Grand Jury while he lived, but his days were shortly numbered. During a rigorous confinement of twenty-one months and four days in Wexford gaol, many were the melancholy and afflicting scenes I witnessed—many were the victims I saw going out to execution, many of whom were attended by their wives and children in a few moments to be widows and orphans. Some of them might have deserved punishment, but the greater number suffered upon the evidence of the basest and most profligate wretches that Ireland could produce. The wretched

victims, when executed on Wexford bridge, were uniformly thrown into the water. To behold the midnight watchings of their unfortunate and afflicted widows at the water's edge at the coming in of each tide, hoping to recover the naked and mutilated remains of their husbands was most appalling. Some succeeded in recovering the remains of their fathers or husbands for interment in this way; others spent many long and dreary nights in vain, whilst others, when they had recovered them, had to leave their naked remains in some miserable shed, while they begged through Wexford for the price of shrouds and coffins.

The inhabitants were, during part of this time, in such terror, that they actually dreaded opening their doors to hear a tale of woe from any of those afflicted females. Hearing this, I desired that any one of them who was destitute of necessaries for the interment of their husbands or friends to come to me and I would supply them, and I am sure there are several still living who would gladly bear testimony to those facts. I cared not how petty men in power felt on the occasion. The unfortunate husbands had expiated their imputed crimes on the scaffold, and their errors should not have been visited on the unhappy widows and orphans, or other friends.

The arrangements with regard to bail being completed, I bid farewell to my dreary habitation, and retired to my sister's lodgings where I spent some days, and a few more regulating matters with my tenants in the country. A week of my fourteen days having expired, I set out for Dublin although badly able to travel. Before the fourteen days elapsed I had an application made to Government to grant me a month to settle some complicated derangements in my private affairs. This indulgence was granted, and when it expired, finding my health still very bad and my affairs requiring constant attention, I ventured to remain in Dublin, without any permission, until the middle of August following, but rather in private. At this time I had a memorial presented at the Castle praying that I might be permitted to return from Wales to settle some urgent affairs. Mr. Secretary Cooke wrote to my Counsel, Mr. Burrowes, in reply, saying that I would be *permitted to remain in this country* until the first of September following, on the special condition that I would, on that day, quit it,

and not apply for any further extension of the indulgence so often granted. At this critical period much apprehension was entertained of a French invasion. The Boulogne flotilla appeared very formidable, and were expected daily to sail. From the tenour of Mr. Cooke's letter to Mr. Burrowes, it was evident the Government had information of my remaining in Ireland beyond the time allowed. I was frequently cautioned by my friends of the risque I ran, yet I persisted, and, as fortune would have it, I escaped without injury.

I made up my mind and prepared, as the first of September approached, to sail for Liverpool, and lodged on the quays on the eve of my departure, the first of September, to be ready for the packet. Here, however, I was detained by contrary winds until the seventh of that month, and on that day we sailed with a favorable wind for Liverpool, and arrived there safe and well on the 9th following. Informations having been lodged at the Castle, on the 15th of September, that I had not quit Dublin, that well-known officer, Major Sirr, was on the alert to arrest me, and Mr. Secretary Cooke wrote to Doctor Troy to acquaint him of the recent informations he had received, and the order in consequence given to Major Sirr. This letter Doctor Troy forwarded with all possible expedition to a particular friend of mine, Mr. Patrick Kavanagh, of Exchequer-street, then a highly respectable sugar baker. Mr. Kavanagh had fortunately on that very morning received a letter from me, dated the 13th of September, from Liverpool, which came to him by hand. Mr. Kavanagh ingeniously took away the figure 3, and the letters t and h over it, and made the letter appear to be dated the 1st September, and then dispatched it to Dr. Troy, who had it instantly forwarded to the Castle, to Mr. Cooke. Major Sirr in the mean time went to Mr. Kavanagh's house, and said he had information that I was there, and if he found me he should conduct Mr. Kavanagh with me to prison. Mr. Kavanagh answered his threats very coolly, by saying, "that it was likely that the Major should, on his return to the Castle, be informed where I really was. When my letter came to Mr. Cooke's hands, he was so astonished at the persevering malignity with which my persecutors continued to misrepresent me, that he declared he would thenceforward take care how he attended to any informations from my enemies.

At Liverpool I soon became acquainted with some of my countrymen, who had, like myself, drank deeply of the cup of persecution. The similarity of our fortunes and situations created a sympathy which was cemented into warm friendship; we endeavoured, in each other's society, to soften the bitterness of exile, and forget as much as we could those evils that derive additional weight from endearing recollections, and increase in apparent magnitude, in proportion as they are brooded over in a state of personal exclusion from our dearest connexions.

My Wexford enemies, ever indefatigable, were not idle after my departure from Ireland. Finding themselves defeated in Dublin they had their lynx-eyed spies crossing my paths in Liverpool. Their fears, or rather wickedness, or both, magnified our little band of exiles into a dangerous knot of conspirators, and they soon made one more powerful effort to induce the Irish Government to violate its faith, and to have me arrested and sent out of the country. The principal official documents, guaranteeing my liberty, remained in Mr. Burrowes' hands, which proved an effectual bar to such an act of perfidy. The English Government was now warmly solicited to do that which had been so long vainly sought at the hands of the Irish Executive. The danger of permitting such a desperate Rebel as they represented me to be, to remain in any part of his Majesty's European dominions was strongly depicted, and, strange to say, this monstrous representation was supported by the most powerful interest.

How mean and contemptible does elevated falsehood appear when put properly to the test! Can it be supposed for a moment, that any Government could be so weak or so ignorant of the real state of a nation over which it presided, as to credit such representations as were then made, or could it be possible that the fears of those loyal heroes, who were continually annoying that Government with such groundless reports, could have been so easily excited? However, it was their pretended alarm that made me imagine I was of any consequence. Hitherto I conceived that a man without rank, talent, much property, or high connexions, could never be esteemed so dangerous to the state, as to make it necessary for the Government to resort to unprecedented acts of oppression to banish him from his native country. The faction in

Wexford well knew that I was completely incapacitated from injuring the Government, but their conduct was all along marked by wicked hypocrisy and deep dissimulation. They were convinced that my presence in Ireland could be attended with no danger to the public peace; but I was supposed to have influence, and they pretended to dread that that influence, whatever it was, would be exerted to unite and not to divide my countrymen. In this they saw danger, and when it is well known that to divide the people of Ireland into factions has ever been the policy of England, it is not so much to be wondered at that a ready ear was lent to the representations of the Wexford orangists against me at the other side of the water.

The Duke of Portland, then Secretary for the Home Department, had been induced to write to the Irish Government, desiring that my case should be re-considered, and if possible, that the wishes of his Majesty's loyal subjects in Wexford might be complied with. My situation once more, it will be perceived, was apparently becoming perilous, for on the preservation of the documents given to me, through General Grose, by the Irish Government, at the time of my enlargement, mainly depended my safety.

The Irish Secretary wrote to Mr. Burrowes to know if he had any documents connected with my case, as the terms of my liberation were neglected to be recorded, or words to that effect. Mr. Burrowes informed him that he had in his hands such documents as must ensure my safety, and that if any attempt was made to violate the terms of the engagement, the transaction should receive all that publicity which the infraction of a solemn compact would merit in the face of Europe. Thus the matter ended, and for the remainder of my exile in England, I was permitted to live in quiet. Had I, however, been in the hands of a less benevolent, persevering, and active guardian than Mr. Burrowes, I would not at that time have to congratulate myself on the last signal defeat of the Wexford Ascendancy faction. I was now at liberty to indulge my desire of becoming acquainted with the habits and manners of the English people, within a narrow circle, and so far as my poor state of health and low finances would allow, I made excursions to some of the manufacturing towns of Lancashire and

Cheshire, and attended some of the Chester meetings, which are generally very grand ; but, alas ! amidst all the pleasures which at ordinary seasons of life, or under other circumstances, would have gratified my mind ; bowed down by oppression, brooding over the miseries of my unfortunate native land, I could take little interest in the proceedings of a meeting of English Nobility, when their appearance served only to remind me that Nobility was banished from my native shores, where for centuries it had been fostered. My best and sweetest hours of recreation were alloyed by those painful comparisons which I could not fail to make between what I saw here and what I had witnessed in Ireland.— That apparent happiness and freedom which I on every side beheld in the possession of Englishmen, proved clearly that the existence of an unjust and wicked monopoly, and the operation of an accursed code of penal laws, had torn from Irishmen their national prosperity, and replaced it by beggary, wretchedness, and oppression.

The Wexford terrorists, from whose deadly gripe my person was now safe, exerted themselves strenuously to effect my ruin in another way. Money was a necessary ingredient to prolong a man's comforts even in England. The heavy expences I had incurred by a series of persecutions, was a great draw-back on my limited income, but now being at a considerable distance from my little property, and my agent in Ireland not being as active as was necessary, arrears of rents were allowed to accumulate while I was myself beginning to feel the want of necessary supplies. It is always felt in those countries (as I believe it is felt throughout the world) that loss of influence soon follows the loss of property, and on this principle the Wexford gentry endeavoured to destroy mine, to save themselves further annoyance, as they failed in their attacks on my life. It was my misfortune by my father having joined in securities for the debts of needy landlords, to have this property involved, and now exposed to law proceedings for the payment of those securities. Wherever any secret influence could be used with the holders of such securities, or with attorneys in whose hands they were placed to receive them, no effort was wanting to have payments enforced with every sort of rigour. Yet, notwithstanding the furious zeal of the party, they

were in general disappointed, for I had some good friends who stood by me in the hour of need.

Among the Irish gentlemen with whom I contracted an acquaintance in Liverpool, was that high and distinguished patriot, Mr. William Todd Jones. In the society of this esteemed friend, I enjoyed many hours of pleasure and improvement. The details of his sufferings for his country, which he bore with more than Roman virtue, are too well known to require a place in this narrative, and that character which has been so often, and so warmly eulogised by English and Irish talent and virtue, stands already too high in the regards of his country, to derive any additional celebrity from the humble tribute of one whose profound admiration of his exalted patriotism, is only equalled by that fervour with which he shall ever cherish his memory. Exile in the society of such a man was deprived of the sharpest of its afflictions. We had several other good and suffering Irishmen, of whom Mr. Robert Meyer, of Wexford, was not the least agreeable. He was a generous kind-hearted man, and a true patriot; and although he was removed by the powerful influence of a vile party from the best of women, his wife, and a most amiable family, he bore his temporary exile with true Irish spirit and cheerfulness. He was permitted to return home before my time of probation had expired, and I felt in consequence a great drawback on my comforts by losing his society.

The English, during our sojourn were very reserved and distant towards the Irish, and neither myself nor my associates took much pains to cultivate an acquaintance. As the termination of my exile approached, my desire of visiting Ireland increased, and on the 12th of February 1803, I fancied that the Sun rose with brighter beams than usual, for it was the morning of my deliverance. My heart became light, altho' having so long drank of the bitter cup of tyranny, and on the 15th of the same month I set out for Dublin by way of Holyhead. The weather was very boisterous, and, in crossing the ferries at Liverpool and Conway, I encountered much danger; when after sailing from Holyhead and being at sea for several hours, the Captain of the Packet, with great difficulty, made his way back to the Head. The storm continuing the next day, the Captain would not venture out, but a Mr. Hyde, a

king's messenger, being necessitated to risk every danger, got a wherry, and having challenged me to encounter the storm with him, I did so, notwithstanding the dangerous auspices under which we embarked. The wherry soon got under the wind ; by good management we had a favourable passage, and on the 19th day of February we arrived in Dublin.

CHAP. XIX.

The Author after being engaged arranging his affairs, for six months in Dublin and in the Country, is arrested in the County of Carlow, and transmitted to Dublin as a state prisoner.

Business detained me in Dublin until the month of April, and during my stay there, I received a communication from the agent of Colonel Phayre, whom I have before mentioned, requesting I would call on the Colonel. I did call on him, and his reception was very uncourteous. He asked me where I lodged ? and I at once gave him my address, notwithstanding which, he followed me at some distance through the streets, until I stopped at a friend's house, and he then went on to my lodgings to ascertain if I had given him a correct address. On the following morning two gentlemen called at my lodgings, obtained admittance, and requested to see me. I was at breakfast, and ordered that they should be ushered up to the drawing-room, where I would wait on them in a few minutes. One of the ladies of the house came in and told me that one of the gentlemen was Alderman Alexander, chief magistrate of the police, and the other, Justice Wilson, another active police magistrate. After breakfast I waited on these gentlemen, when they introduced themselves with becoming delicacy. Alderman Alexander informed me that they came by order of the government, to know by what authority I returned to Ireland ? I presented him with a letter from Mr. Secretary Cooke, to Mr. Burrowes, setting forth the terms and conditions I had been subjected to by the Government, and observing that I had fully complied with those terms. Having read the letter, the Alderman begged leave, very politely, to take it to the castle, promising to return it in an hour. I answered that I should furnish him with pen, ink and paper to take a copy, which he did, and

on retiring, these gentlemen made an apology for themselves and the Government, and declared that their visit was caused by the importunities of my own countrymen. When departing, they said, that if they had any farther occasion to call upon me, I might expect them in an hour. I remained at home for two hours, and heard no more of the gentlemen. I could never account for this extraordinary inquiry, or for that made of Mr. Burrowes soon after I went to England, not imagining that the Government could be so forgetful of their own acts, as to leave the liberty of the subject at the mercy of any new man in office, who might not be able, by written records, to trace the acts of his predecessors.

In the latter end of April I visited my sisters, and many other friends in the counties of Wexford and Carlow, where I had much to do among my tenants for one month, at the expiration of which, I returned to Dublin to attend to law and other business. Although I well knew, that from the day the police magistrates visited me, my lodgings were closely watched, this did not induce me to change them. In the same street, and nearly opposite to my lodgings, a county Wexford attorney of the ascendancy party, had his lodgings; those lodgings were a complete rendezvous for Wexford folk of his party, and some of those gentlemen seemed so observant of my motions, that I might well imagine they visited in that quarter of Dublin principally to bestow on me a great portion of their attention. A close watch was, of course, kept on my visitors, and as I still continued to observe perfect openness and freedom from all disguise, in my intercourse with society, neither myself nor those gentlemen I associated with paid the least regard to the vigilance of those loyalists, who, either from their fears, or their prejudices, had lent themselves to such a low and despicable system of espionage. My good landlord, Colonel Phayre, made one among the rest of those active and vigilant gentlemen, and in the course of the ensuing month of June, the gallant Colonel's agent met me, and after some conversation, he requested me to meet that gentleman at his house, to treat for the renewal of two farms, out of four, which I held from him, and the leases of which were then nearly expired. Mr. John Blennerhassett, of Kildare-street, who was the agent, and to whose house I went at the appointed time, advised me in a kind and friendly

manner, to pass over any hasty sallies of the Colonel's, and to meet him in a milder and more conciliating way than I usually did before; that I should consider my private interest, and endeavour to place my property on a better and more permanent footing. I gave this gentleman full credit for good intentions, but I could not think of submitting to personal insult to secure any property. Soon after this conversation the Colonel arrived, and on seeing him approach the door, Mr. Blennerhassett requested me to retire to another room, while he should endeavour to reason his friend and brother-in-law into good temper, before we came in collision. He shewed himself a friend to both parties, and after he and the Colonel had some conversation, I was sent for, and Mr. Blennerhassett asked me if I wished to renew the leases of those farms I held from Colonel Phayre, which were nearly out of lease? I replied, that if I got encouraging terms I could feel no objection, if not, I should decline it, as my profits were small and my risques so great, and that I had already suffered considerable losses, from the wickedness and ingratitude of fellows that lived some time on one of those farms, who volunteered to swear away my life, because I sought to recover my rent, and that my good landlord took no pains to protect me, although I conceived I had strong claims on his regard. Enraged at this sharp reply, he said that my conduct drew on me my well merited sufferings, and that the Catholics had been at that time binding themselves by solemn oaths, to murder all the Protestants indiscriminately. That in the rebellion of 1798, some had been spared through policy, but now the murder of at least every loyal Protestant was deliberately meditated; you, said he to me, know it, and I tell you, said he, raising his voice to a furious pitch, and menacing tone, that if any disturbance takes place, you will be one of the first victims to the offended laws. These threats he repeated again and again, with redoubled fury, and said he had good reason to know this would be the case; I answered promptly and with great warmth, that the charge he made against the Catholics was utterly unfounded; that I was a Catholic, and if I had reason to know they entertained such unchristian-like sentiments, I would be ashamed to acknowledge myself a member of that body. You, sir, said I, have said, that if any disturbance should take place, I will be one of the first victims, and you know it; I cannot suppose you to be privy

to any plan of assassination, and how then can you so confidently anticipate my untimely fate ? This retort increased his rage, until Mr. Blennerhassett interposed, and said it was better to enter on the business we had met about, at the same time expressing a hope, that a good understanding might take place as to our future dealings. After the fiery fit had subsided, the gallant Colonel said if I would promise to abandon all political pursuits, and to use my influence and best endeavours to keep the people quiet, in that quarter where I held lands from him, he would renew for me on reasonable terms; and that if I built on one of my farms, and resided there, he would, on the fore-mentioned conditions, insure me the forgiveness and friendship of the magistrates of the county Wexford. To one, whose feelings of interest could alone influence his conduct, nothing objectionable will appear in his last proposal, but I scorned to dissemble as to my sentiments, and said that as to the magistrates of the county Wexford, I should enter into no compact or compromise with persons, who had already put in requisition all the auxiliaries, which force, fraud, and oppression could combine, to effect my destruction. That my thanks were due to the heads of his Majesty's Government, and to some good friends, who made the merits of my case truly known to them, for shielding my person, and saving my life from the vindictive fury of the Wexford magistrates. He then spoke of terms I did not like, as to the farms, and we immediately parted mutually displeased. Regardless of my private interest, where my feelings should be compromised, I never again entered into a negotiation with him for the renewal of any of the four farms, on one of which my family had lived for upwards of a century. Indifferent to that state of espionage, in which I felt myself placed, I continued to attend to my affairs in Dublin, lodging in the same place, receiving the same associates, and visiting them openly in return until the latter end of July. On the 21st, I left Dublin for the county of Carlow, having rested the 22d at the house of a relative, Mr. Edmond Kavanagh of Turra, near Borris, who was first Lieutenant of Captain Kavanagh's yeoman cavalry. I rode on the following day to the house of a Mr. Quigley of Donard, near Ross, also a relative of mine, with whom I had business.

On the 24th Mr. Henry Hughes, whose name appears among

the sufferers at Kilmainham gaol, in that and the following year, called at Mr. Quigley's, on his way to the barony of Forth, in that county, where he had property. We prevailed on him to spend that day and night with us; and on Monday, as he was about to proceed on his journey, a person from Ross called and informed us that all was alarm and confusion there, that an insurrection had taken place in Dublin the preceding Saturday night, the 23d instant. Mr. Hughes, in consequence of this information, returned to his brother-in-law, Mr. Nicholas Gray's place, near Athy, without delay. As Mr. Hughes had lately received a fall from his horse, by which one of his arms was severely injured, and this was tied up in a sling, his appearance coming down through the country at such a moment, set busy people gossiping. Conjectures arose in some minds, that he was wounded in Dublin, and had fled from the scene of action. Many persons were busy conveying their own surmises to Mr. Kavanagh of Borris, and some were known to have been employed to watch my movements. Mr. Hughes and I being countrymen, and engaged together in the Wexford Insurrection, gave some colour of probability to the report of our again engaging in fresh operations. Mr. Hughes got safe to Athy, or near it, where, in August or September following, he and his brother-in-law, Mr. Gray, were both placed under arrest, and lodged in Athy gaol; and, in some short time after, removed from thence to Kilmainham prison, near Dublin. At this time I had no house, nor had I leisure since my return from England, to provide a suitable place of residence, as I had let the place I formerly lived at in the county Wexford, on my going there. Shortly after some friends persuaded me to take a lodge in Graig, which by the help of repairs, I might convert into a temporary residence, until I could meet an eligible place. I yielded to their advice, and took a small house, where I commenced building offices, and putting the house itself in repair, merely, as I thought, for the temporary residence of my sisters and myself, from whom I had been so long and so painfully separated.

Now for the first moment since May, 1798, could I consider our prospects unclouded; but what stability is there in our most cheering enjoyments at this side the grave. Fortune did not count me in the list of her favourites, and if she deigned to fling one

faint ray of sunshine over the darkness of my dreary way, it was transient in its comforts, and short in its duration. I was busily engaged improving the spot chosen for a temporary retreat, when Mr. Kavanagh of Borris, my principal landlord, in the county of Carlow, came to Graig, and made particular inquiries of Mr. Peter Burtchall, Lord Clifden's agent, and their Chief Magistrate or Portrieve of that town, as to my conduct there. He concluded his inquiries by requesting Mr. Burtchall to arrest me on my return from the county Wexford, where business had just then brought me, but Mr. Burtchall declined this disagreeable office, and immediately after Mr. Kavanagh visited Edward Kavanagh's house, whom I have before mentioned, and where I frequently stopped while preparing my residence in Graig.— The gentleman of the house being ill, had lately gone to Cheltenham, in hopes of recruiting his health. Captain Kavanagh left a party of his yeomanry at some distance, while he rode himself to the house, and after many inquiries from Mrs. Kavanagh about me, he requested that she would, on my next visit to her, say that he wished to see me at his house, at Borris, as soon as possible. When I called to visit the lady, in two or three days after, she delivered me the message, and she had no reason to suspect that Mr. Kavanagh entertained any hostile feeling towards me, nor did she then hear of his being accompanied by his yeomen; neither could she conjecture what his object was, in requesting me to go to him. I proceeded to Graig, being entirely ignorant of Mr. Kavanagh's inquiries about me there, nor did I hear a word of the matter until I returned home, after a long confinement in Dublin.

I consulted some friends on the prudence or propriety of going to Borris, and some whose opinions I considered worthy of attention contended that I should go. Having submitted to their advice, contrary to my own judgment and inclination, I felt awkwardly enough when approaching Mr. Kavanagh's house, from whom and his ancestors, who were kind friends and good landlords, myself and my ancestors held some valuable interests in land. My embarrassment was not a little increased when I reflected that he must be aware I was one of those actually in command, when the attack was made on his house in June 1798. When I arrived I found him at home, and, after the customary salutations, he ad-

dressed me, expressing his regret that he had an order from Government for my arrest. I replied that the matter was easily accomplished as I was ready to submit to the order. He then expressed his great unwillingness to put the order into execution, and said, that if there were any possible means by which it could be avoided, it would give him great pleasure to adopt such, and concluded by asking me why I settled at Graig rather than at Borris? I told him it happened rather by accident than design, yet that I preferred Graig. "Well but," said he, "if the Government could be induced to take bail for your good conduct, would you settle in Borris, where I would be enabled to judge how you stood affected to that Government." If I am to be placed under any restraint, said I, let me be sent at once to prison, for it would be less painful to me to suffer imprisonment than to be at large under any personal restraint. He then asked if I would remain a few days in the town and appear to him every morning, while, in the mean time, he endeavoured to get the order for my arrest rescinded, for which he would make immediate application. This proposal I also declined acceding to. He then asked me would I remain at his own house for this required time, and I also declined accepting his invitation. He felt annoyed at my rejecting so many offers, as he seemed by his manner to tender in a spirit of kindness, but which I looked on with suspicion, although I had always reason to entertain a high opinion of his honour. He paused a few moments and then addressed me, asking did I know any thing of the conspiracy which was formed to bring about the late Insurrection, as also what was Mr. Hughes's business to his neighbourhood I told him I knew nothing of any conspiracy, and that Mr. Hughes was on his way to the Barony of Forth, in the County of Wexford, about the sale of some property, and that when he heard of the Insurrection, he returned home. The last proposal Mr. Kavanagh made to me was, that I should pledge my honour to be with him on the second day after, when he would be able to have an answer to his application in my favour. I acceded to his proposal, and accordingly went to Borris on the evening of the day proposed. Not having been there in the morning, he manifested, as I afterwards heard, the greatest anger and dissatisfaction at my morning absence, and said if I had fled he would be severely censured. Having heard late at night that I was in bed

at the inn, he ordered a sergeant of his yeomen infantry to watch close for the night, and to arrest me at day light. The sergeant came very early to my bedside and communicated his orders, when I got up quickly after a night of painful anxiety, having not even undressed myself, as I had lain down very late. I accompanied the sergeant to Mr. Kavanagh, who expressed his anxiety for me, and said he feared that I was implicated in the late conspiracy which, whether I was or not, I then took no further pains to explain. He said I must go to Carlow prison, and I told him I was ready. He immediately sent for the first Lieutenant of his yeoman infantry, Mr. T. Bishop, to whom he gave orders to a party of his men to escort me to Carlow. He then consigned me to Mr. Bishop's care with whom I retired, and when we arrived at his lodgings, he proposed that I should return with him to Mr. Kavanagh, to ask permission for him (Mr. Bishop) to take charge of me to Carlow. I replied that I should not, on any account, ask a favour of Mr. Kavanagh, and Mr. Bishop then giving me in charge to a sergeant of the yeomen, kindly went to Mr. Kavanagh, and asked, as a particular favour, that he would allow him to take the responsibility on himself of lodging me in Carlow prison, without resorting to the painful alternative of sending a guard of yeomen infantry to escort me. The reader is informed that they had no corps of yeomen cavalry at this time in Borris. Mr. Kavanagh made many objections to Mr. Bishop's proposal, as he said that a gentleman had just been with him who cautioned him to send a strong guard. By perseverance Mr. Bishop succeeded, but not without Mr. Kavanagh's warning him again of the weighty responsibility he (Mr. Bishop) took on himself. Mr. Kavanagh then furnished him with a pair of large pistols, peremptorily ordering him to shoot me if any attempt was made to rescue me either by myself or others. A chaise being sent for early the following day to the Royal Oak, Mr. Bishop, another gentleman, and I set out for Carlow, and when we had arrived there, Mr. Bishop still wishing to afford me every possible indulgence, stopped at the principal inn, where we dined, from which I was conveyed to the County prison, where I remained that night. I was unable to get out of bed until the following evening, and even then with difficulty, in consequence of a cold I caught by sleeping in my clothes. The second morning of my confinement, I was sent off to Dublin,

under an escort of Dragoons, and accompanied by the gaoler of Carlow, well armed in a post chaise.

CHAP. XX.

The Author is, on his arrival in Dublin, detained for two days in the Castle guard-room. On the third day he is examined by the Law Officers of the Crown in the Council Chamber, and from thence committed to the Tower. His rigorous treatment and consequent sufferings in that prison. Is visited there by his friend, General Grose. Is removed to the prison at Kilmainham, near Dublin.— His sufferings aggravated by his removal to the Dungeon of that prison. Lord Clifden arrives in Ireland, and applies to the Irish Government for the Author's release from imprisonment; Is refused, and makes a second application. A medical consultation is, in consequence, held on the Prisoner's state of health by order of the Government. The report of the physicians induces the Government to liberate the Author.

On our arrival at Dublin Castle, I was placed in the Castle guard-room, and here I was allowed neither bed or bed-clothes, nothing being provided for me but an old pallias and an old quilt. With such accommodation I lay two nights in my clothes, and with a fever still increasing on me. After those six nights of great mental and bodily suffering between Borris, Carlow and the Castle guard-room, I was brought on the following morning, I think it was the 1st of October, 1803, before the Attorney-General, the late Chief Baron O'Grady, and the Secretary of State, Mr. Wickham. Several persons, whom I supposed to be clerks, were writing at one side of the room.

Before I attempt to relate what passed this day, which relation, from the state of body and mind I was in, could not at any time be well expected to be perfect, yet I am sure nothing material has escaped my memory, I must beg to recal my reader's recollection to the facts I have before stated, as to the complete want of reserve or caution observed by me while in Dublin, while I held an open and undisguised intercourse with society, and the consequent knowledge of the police and Government of such inter-

course. Added to this, I got an intimation from a true friend, previous to my arrest, that the Government had a perfect knowledge of the circle I moved in, and that suspicion attached to some particular parties, where I made one of the number.— The knowledge of all this induced me to think that openness and candour, so far as related to the company I mixed with, would be the most prudent course, and that denying my acquaintance with such persons would only attach further suspicion to all.

The Attorney-General asked me a few questions of little interest, before he touched on the society I mixed with, and as I said before, on this point, I was determined to answer him with openness and candour, and would not admit it to be criminal to keep such company. The only questions of serious tendency put to me, were first, as to the conversations I held in certain companies? I hope it is unnecessary for me to state here, that such a question I considered should not be tolerated nor answered. The next was as to my meeting Mr. Emmett or Captain Russell in company? To this I answered that I had not any acquaintance with either. The third question was one leaving the strongest impression on my mind, which was, if I had not received a check from a certain merchant on his banker for a sum of money, which check I was said to have taken to a third person, and obtained gold for it, and conveyed that gold to Captain Russell, who was at the time prepared to set out to raise the people of the North of Ireland in rebellion? This transaction I fully disclaimed all knowledge of. It was now proposed by the Attorney-General to have the person brought forward who was said to have given the gold for the check, and Captain Russell, who also was said to have received it, (they being both prisoners in Dublin at the time) for the purpose of confronting them with me. The Secretary, Mr. Wickham, fixed his eyes steadily on me for some minutes, and then declared he considered it useless to bring them forward, as it was plain I would merely acknowledge what I thought convenient, and nothing else.

I was immediately after this examination ordered to the Tower, a most dismal and gloomy prison, and on the following morning, when breakfast was brought to me, I asked could I get a morning newspaper? Being answered in the affirmative, I gave change to purchase one, and the Dublin Journal, the Government paper of

the day, was brought to me. The date, I think, was the 2nd of October, and the first thing that attracted my notice in the paper was my own name in large characters. My committal being triumphantly announced in the following words:—“*Cloney, a Rebel General, who signalised himself in the atrocities of Vinegar Hill, has been arrested and committed to the Tower.*”!!! This paragraph gave me a foretaste of what I had to expect. The room I was placed in seemed to have been long unoccupied, and was consequently damp and very cold. A recess which had been stopped up with brick was behind my bed, and as it had never been plastered, the wind and cold came freely in, and as there was no fireplace in the room, nor fire allowed to me in any shape, my situation soon became most distressing.

My eldest sister, who was always too sensitive to my sufferings, soon repaired to Dublin, and laboured anxiously and incessantly to obtain liberty to see me; but six weeks elapsed before a human being would be permitted to come into my dungeon, except the persons attendant on the prison. The Surgeon General Stewart, a venerable gentleman, bent down by years, came sometimes into my room, and when he did I experienced nothing from him but kindness. He gave me every proof that he sympathized in my sufferings, and assured me, he represented to the Government that I could not exist long in my present situation without a fire, and this assurance he reiterated in his different visits. I have seen the tears flow from his venerable eyes when recounting to me the representations he had made in my behalf, but he told me that the hostility of the Government was so great to me that no representations could have any weight. When the excellent and humane General Grose arrived in Dublin, he came to see me, accompanied by the prison-keeper, who watched him closely. The General said he hoped I was not implicated in the late conspiracy, yet that he understood there was a person whom he named to prosecute me. My answer was, that this prosecutor must damn himself, as no man could truly swear I was therein concerned. As the keeper opened the door the General turned on his heel and said, in a whisper, “he will not prosecute you or Gray, as he says that you both at different periods saved his life.” What a noble heart this generous English soldier and gen-

tleman ; he had feared his first observations would have given me uneasiness, and he took care, on departing, to remove any unfavourable impression. He is dead—peace be to his soul. I hope he is Heaven, in company with the benevolent Caledonian hero, Sir James Broulis ; and if the prayers of a sinner could have been useful to them, mine have been frequently offered to Heaven for their eternal happiness.

I shall in the proper place relate the attempt I made to meet Sir James Broulis and its result. My poor sister hearing that the good General was in town, waited on him to entreat that he might obtain permission for her to see me, which permission he with difficulty obtained. She came to me attended closely by the tower-keeper, who watched her hand as she extended it, lest it should convey any written communication. She was, of course, shocked to see the state of misery to which I was reduced, and lost not a moment in striving to alleviate it by procuring the necessary comfort of a fire. She had again to trouble the good General Grose, who never refused her or me any favour which his humanity could bestow. He dwelt on the opinion of the Surgeon-General, who had stated that my life was in imminent danger, and after much pains and expostulation with some members of the Government, this second indulgence was granted. It however took up some further time to prepare a stove, and to have it put up and furnished with fire.

It would be quite impossible for me to describe the change I soon felt in my constitution after obtaining a fire in my room, for I had been so benumbed with cold that I could not remain long out of bed at any time, in consequence I became very weak in my body, and depressed in my spirits.—The sudden transition from cold to heat, although affording inexpressible comfort, for some time overpowered me, and brought on frequent weaknesses. However, after some days, I began to recover my strength, and enjoyed my fire in a way that one not placed in a similar situation, could possibly imagine. I should have stated, that before I obtained this comfort, my old friend, Colonel Phayre, came to visit me, *unaccompanied*, for it appeared that he, being one of the high Ascendancy party, was to be trusted where a brave and generous General Officer would not. He pretended to have great feeling for me, and asked some questions in a seem-

ingly careless way, to which I gave very laconic replies. My sister having written before she was permitted to visit me, asking should she apply to Colonel Phayre to interfere in my behalf, I wrote to her through the same channel, by which I received her letter, (the Chief Secretary's office, where our letters were regularly read and then sealed and forwarded) not to apply to a man who had stated, as I have before-mentioned, that the Catholics were sworn to murder all the Protestants preparatory to the late Insurrection. On her calling for that letter, one of the Under-Secretaries told her that I should write about nothing but my private affairs. After I had got up the stove and was enjoying its comforts for a very short time, a Reverend Magistrate of the County Wexford came to visit me, his conversation was by no means agreeable, although he affected to feel the strongest sympathy for my situation. I called the Tower-keeper and ordered him out, for this was the worthy man who denounced me at Enniscorthy before my enemies, and it was he also who insulted me on my receiving a protection. I should not have mentioned the facts relating to the two latter visitors here, were it not for the remarkable distinction before-mentioned, which was made between General Grose and Colonel Phayre, and the same distinction being also observed in the case of this Reverend gentleman. My comforts were too great to be of long duration, for after ten days or a fortnight the flue of the stove became choaked with soot, and it was therefore taken down to clean it, when I was told I might expect it to be put up immediately, but I never saw it more. I was then briefly allowed to taste the sweets of a genial climate for a few days, to make the removal of it the more poignant. The ensuing two or three months were as cold and severe weather as I believe came since; about once a week an old woman, who attended my room, used, in the absence of the Tower-keeper and his daughter, to steal up a few coals in a pan, and over those coals I placed myself in a bending posture, until the room became filled with smoak, and I then was as anxious to be relieved from the danger of suffocation as I was before to be released from the pains of benumbing cold. Indeed it is impossible for me to depict in adequate colours what I suffered in this dreary dungeon. I would often rap for half an hour to have the embers removed, while the woman on coming up stood at the room door leaving it open for some

minutes to let the smoke out. Sometimes I would apply for a pipe, tobacco and candle, in the middle of the day, and smoke tobacco until I got nearly into a state of stupefaction, still endeavouring to excite heat in my frame, to alleviate the keenness of my suffering by cold. I have often been obliged in this state to get into bed for a while to recover myself from the distressing effects of inanition. Nothing on earth could have added so much to my pain of mind during this time, as to have some savages brought in under the character of tradesmen, to recognize me, and, of course, if possible, to swear my life away. One day two fellows were brought in as carpenters to repair windows—another time some fellows were brought in by Major Sirr, the only time he visited me, under the name of glaziers, when I was seated reading. I never pretended to mind them while they walked round me and viewed me closely; nor was I interrupted by a word from any of the parties, although I had not the slightest fear of being recognized as a partizan or auxiliary of Mr. Emmett's. I nevertheless had such a horror of those wretches, prostituting themselves to such a vile purpose, that I could not bear to look at them. I told the Tower-keeper next day to bring in the infamous wretches that were about him all together, that one might be able to refresh the memory of another, and then to put an end to the cruel tortures such repeated visits subjected me to.—After this observation there was a truce to the labours of those spies, in striving to identify me.

Prisoners were now coming in from all quarters, and still as they arrived, reports were circulated that they were giving information, that all the leaders were well known, and that their trials would go on forthwith. The old woman who attended me, was trained to appear every morning in great alarm for my safety. So far was this kind of scheming carried on, that one of the most noted and active partisans of the famous Dwyer, of the Wicklow mountains, on surrendering himself with Dwyer and others to Mr. Hume, of the county Wicklow, was brought to the Tower, and ordered to walk about the Castle-yard for several days, with some well-trained agents in infamy there, in order that I might see him, and that another gentleman who was confined in a room in the second floor, should, as I supposed, also be apprised of his arrival. This man, whose name was Arthur Develin, and who

was well known to be one of Mr. Emmett's confidential agents, was there made to appear to us in the character of an informer against the state prisoners. After keeping Develin, who proved himself to be a firm and decided character, among a gang of unprincipled vagabonds for several days to no purpose, they then sent him to Kilmainham prison.

I lingered on in misery; becoming daily weaker and weaker in body and mind, and nothing better to cheer me in my gloomy dungeon, than the noise of troops, both horse and foot, dashing into the lower Castle-yard with prisoners, or removing them from one prison to another. In my correspondence with my sister, through the Secretary's office, I dare not complain of my situation, if I did, the correspondence would be stopped, so that after she left town, she could not well judge what my situation continued to be, except what she had before witnessed. Instead of any alleviation of my miseries being afforded, every day brought something new to aggravate my sufferings. No ordinary sufferings could ever have reduced my mind, which was naturally strong, to a state which even now it is most painful for me to reflect on.

When it was represented by the venerable Surgeon-General Stewart, that I could not survive these trials much longer, I was, at the close of the month of February, 1804, removed to Kilmainham prison. My diet in the Tower had been very indifferent, and I was allowed no wine, as had been given to the state prisoners in 1796. I merely got a bottle of porter and one glass of whiskey to make punch every day. When I was brought to Kilmainham prison, I was placed in a close room with three other prisoners, in which there was constantly kept up a very strong coal fire. If the sudden transition from cold to heat, at an early period of my imprisonment in the Castle, had for a time its dangerous effects, what must the effect now be, when my body and mind were both reduced to the greatest debility. It is to me most painful to reflect on it.

I was removed to a cell on the ground floor, in a few weeks after my arrival at Kilmainham, where I remained in bed for some time in a most melancholy situation. After long and cruel suffering, in this dungeon, my eldest and youngest sisters came to town. Their first effort was to obtain me a room, that I should

be released from the damp and gloomy dungeon in which I had suffered so much. Mr. Bernard Coyle, who was a prisoner at the time, told them he would gladly give me room in his apartment, if I was permitted to come to him, but he said that in order to ensure me this accommodation, he should in the first instance, affect to refuse when applied to. My constant friend, Mr. Peter Burrows, succeeded in obtaining an order for conveying me to a convenient room, and by Mr. Coyle's kind management, I had the good fortune to get into his apartment, where he paid me every attention that was in his power to bestow; his kindness and the unrestricted visits of my poor sisters, had soon a visible effect on my mind, but I still continued very weak in my constitution. Mr. Kavanagh, of Borris, having about this time come to Dublin, my eldest sister waited on him to represent the miserable state of my health, at the same time expressing a hope that he would interfere with the Government for my liberation. He promised to do so, and desired that she would call on him again in two or three days. She did call on him, and he assured her he had offered 5000*l.* bail for my peaceable and good conduct, if Government would consent to grant me my liberty, and their answer was, that such a thing could not be listened to, for I was too great an enemy to the State to merit any indulgence.

About this time two Judges with some other persons attended, to investigate complaints made by the prisoners of ill treatment. I was quite unable to attend this enquiry; but in 1808, I joined in a protest against a Parliamentary Commission holding a private investigation, as appears in Mr. S. John Mason's book on that subject.

Lord Clifden having come over from England soon after, to his seat at Gowran, in the county Kilkenny, Mr. Kavanagh, as Lord Clifden informed me, applied to him for his interest in my behalf. His Lordship humanely acceded to the request, and wrote to Government in my behalf, and to his application for my discharge, his Lordship received a peremptory refusal. He said, on coming to Graig, to such people as expressed anxiety about me, that although his first application was unsuccessful, he would make another, and if this second application failed, he should, on returning to England, apply to the English Government in my favour.— On the second application being made, my sister received notice

to call in a physician on a certain day, and that the Government would engage another to hold a consultation on my case. Doctor Collis attended on the part of Government, and Doctor Adrien on my part. On seeing me and asking several questions, they agreed that my health was in a most precarious state, and that much longer confinement must put a period to my sufferings in this world. Soon after this an order was granted for my liberation. It was then at the very close of October or beginning of November, 1804, leaving me some weeks more than a year suffering under as cruel and unjust a confinement as could possibly be borne by a human being. My Lord Clifden, to whose humane and kind interference I owed my liberty on this occasion, influenced, no doubt, by Mr. Kavanagh's representation, was before that a perfect stranger to my character. I had also to acknowledge the kind interference of Mr. Peter Burtchell, Lord Clifden's agent, whom I found after a good neighbour and a sincere friend. From that time up to the present period, I have experienced uniform kindness and attention from Lord Clifden, which those sentiments of gratitude, congenial to Christian and moral feeling, call upon me to acknowledge.

CHAP. XXI.

The Author consults Mr. Burrowes relative to a meditated attack on him, as a member of the Catholic Board. Mr. Burrowes's letters here follow to explain this. Author's persevering exertions in the Catholic Cause—revives the ire of his old enemies.—They threaten to impeach him before Parliament. Mr. Burrowes's letters on the subject.

I returned in November, 1804, to Graig, and as it was necessary for me, in the commencement of my Narrative, to account for my long silence, the sad consequences of this last confinement, will, in itself, be a sufficient apology, and the reader will consider it unnecessary for me to recapitulate what I have before stated.

The part which I have taken in forwarding the interests of the long enslaved body, of which I am an humble member, is pretty

well known, and if I had not the power to do much good, I was, at least, not deficient in zeal and activity. As soon as the Irish Catholics began to petition, after a long silence, which was in the year 1805, though still very weak and infirm, I made every possible exertion to rouse my Catholic countrymen in Wexford to do their duty. I encountered many obstacles in the beginning, arising from the timidity and servility of parties; but I persevered with the aid of the great body of the people. At the Catholic Board, and at county meetings in Wexford, Carlow, and Kilkenny, I took so decided a part, as to excite the fury of my enemies once more, for so late as 1814 the Catholic Board was threatened to be attacked in Parliament, through the leaders of some of its most obnoxious members. The late Mr. Edward Hay and myself were particularly levelled at. We sought the advice of our constant and steady friend, Mr. Peter Burrowes, and he gave a statement of our cases, as to our conduct in 1798, to Mr. Grattan, and advised us to make as many friends in the House of Commons as we could.

I beg here to refer to Mr. Burrowes's accompanying letters on the subject:—

7th March, 1814.

DEAR CLONEY,

I have often named you as a man distinguished for humanity in the Rebellion, and upon whose word, if you pledged it, I would hazard my life. I also said I considered your conviction by a mere majority of One, during the influence of prejudice, *as most unfounded*, I shall always say the same; but you much overrate my power of serving you, if you conceive I could procure a party in the House of Commons to take up your defence. I will not only do you justice, but every act which can be reasonably expected from me, whenever you require it. The incurable evil of your case is, that no man can deny that you were actively concerned in the Rebellion of 1798, and that single fact will have great weight.

Truly your's,

PETER BURROWES.

To THOMAS CLONEY, Esq.

30th March, 1814.

DEAR CLONEY,

I received your letter. I shall most readily confer with Hay upon the subject of it, and if I am satisfied that any man of my acquaintance shall have declared an intention to use either of your names improperly in Parliament, I shall endeavour to prevent it; but if it cannot be so prevented, I do not know of any other mode of prevention. It will depend upon what shall be said, whether he or you should take any measure upon it.

Your's truly,

PETER BURROWES.**To THOMAS CLONEY, Esq.**

27th April, 1814.

DEAR CLONEY,

I wrote a letter to Grattan at his own desire, stating all the circumstances in Hay's case, to this I added a statement of your case. I cannot do more with him. I may have an opportunity of mentioning you to others, and I recommend it strongly to you, to lose no time in interesting all you can in your behalf.

Your's truly,

PETER BURROWES.**To THOMAS CLONEY, Esq.**

31th September, 1823.

DEAR CLONEY,

I delayed writing, in hopes of being able to find some papers useful to the object of your inquiry. I have not succeeded; but I do not despair. At all events, I shall, from recollection, make such a statement of what came to my knowledge respecting your conduct in 1798, as may, in some degree, answer your purpose. Waving the guilt of embarking in the Rebellion at all, I could not, with truth, say anything that would not highly redound to your credit.

Your's truly,

PETER BURROWES.**To THOMAS CLONEY, Esq.**

Our enemies did not, however, at that period attempt to assail us. At the different contested elections in Wexford and Carlow, from 1806 to this time, I stood forward for the independent int-

rests, regardless of ——— and often (as is well known) to the great prejudice of my own. My property was often in danger from the hostility of landlords; yet they could have no influence on my conduct; nor did I on the other hand, (as was too commonly the practice) trespass on independent candidates, who stood boldly and disinterestedly forward at their own expense, to serve the country, in the way of seeking from them pecuniary accommodation, to ward off hostile demands. I always considered that the people should be very tender of the purses of such men, for if a candidate is too lavish of his private means to obtain a seat in Parliament, it is not unlikely that necessity may soon drive him to barter his independence to obtain remuneration.

CHAP. XXII.

Wexford Election Politics, in which the Author takes a very leading part. Success of the friends of Freedom, in the triumphant return of Cæsar Colclough and Robert S. Carew, Esqrs. as representatives to Parliament. Dissolution of Parliament. Change of Ministry. New Election in 1807. Mr. John Colclough and Mr. Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Candidates for Wexford. Mr. William Alcock and Mr. Abel Ram on the Ascendancy side. Duel between Mr. Colclough and Mr. Alcock. Lamented death of the former. Mr. Alcock and Mr. Ram returned. Mr. Alcock's mind immediately affected by taking the life of an early and constant friend—soon dies in a melancholy state. Extraordinary assemblage at Mr. Colclough's Funeral. Great sorrow evinced.

In 1806, a new era opened on Wexford. That county had long been enslaved by the Loftus's, the Rams, and the celebrated George Ogle. No county in the south of Ireland, was, I do believe, more bent down under the yoke of the all monopolizing Ascendancy for a series of years. John Colclough, the younger brother of Cæsar Colclough, the heir to the Tintern estates, and the descendant of Colonel Cæsar Colclough, of Duffrey-hall, who had for many years, long before this time, represented the County Wexford in Parliament, and his grandson, Sir Vesey Colclough, and

the father of John Colclough, had also that honor for several years, now came forward to claim that honour for his brother, in conjunction with the late Mr. Robert S. Carew. John Colclough was a true friend to liberty, a friend to charity, an excellent landlord, a good private friend, and a good man in every sense of the word. His ancestors were looked up to at all times as the friends of liberty and peace, and the people were delighted to see him come forward in conjunction with a colleague, who was also well worthy in every sense of the word of the support of the people. Orange oppression so long hanging over the county like a night mare, was soon checked by those worthy men, supported by a bold and warm-hearted people. Messrs. Colclough and Carew, supported by the Catholics and liberal Protestants, were opposed this year by Lord Loftus and Mr. Abel Ram, powerful antagonists it must be admitted, being supported by the Ascendancy party both in Church and State, with a zeal bordering on fury. The contest was violent, and continued a good many days, but ended in the triumphant return of the patriotic candidates. There was much acrimony evinced on both sides during this contest. The election squibs were generally very personal and insulting; one which was sent about by our party was shewn to me before it was printed, and I used my humble endeavours to have it suppressed, it conveyed a severe censure on the Loftus family, in which it was stated that they were a family in whom political corruption was hereditary. Lord Loftus on seeing this placard, sent to Mr. Colclough to demand an explanation, and Mr. Colclough by the advice of his friends, declared he meant *nothing personal to his Lordship*, and here the matter ended. Such was the version I heard of the arrangement at the time, and from the source most likely to know the facts. Indeed the thing was handed about in writing publicly. It was afterwards alledged that this concession, however qualified, laid, in some degree, the ground work for the duel which followed the ensuing year, and terminated in the lamented fall of Mr. Colclough. The concession it is said encouraged the opposite party to triumph unbecomingly, which made Mr. Colclough feel there was something like an imputation cast upon his courage, so that when he was attacked on the last occasion, he or his friends would listen to no equivocal compromise.

A change of Administration took place in 1807, and a dissolution of Parliament, with a new election, soon followed. The late Mr. Carew, to the great disappointment of the Wexford independents, declined standing the contest with Mr. Colclough, now acting in his own name; Mr. Carew's health was bad, and he was of course badly calculated to bear the fatigues and annoyances of a second contest within about twelve months. Mr. Abel Ram and Mr. William Alcock were now the Ascendancy candidates. Mr. Alcock had hitherto been considered a very liberal man, but he now placed himself under the Loftus banners, which were never raised in the cause of freedom. The manly, the intrepid John Colclough being unable to find an independent colleague in Wexford or at this side the of British Channel, prevailed on the people to put up the honest and truly patriotic Richard Brinsley Sheridan. This was indeed too much for the Orange Ascendancy to tolerate, and they became really frantic. The honest forty-shilling freeholders for the first time attempted to burst the chains in which they had been hitherto held by their aristocratic Landlords, and some tenants of an English Lady, a Mrs. Cholmondely, came over to Mr. Colclough, contrary to a letter written by her ordering them to vote at the other side. Mr. Alcock hearing of this, lost not a moment in seeking out Mr. Colclough, to demand an explanation. I was at the moment in search of Mr. Colclough, when it so happened, that Mr. Alcock and I came up to him at the same time from opposite directions. A gentleman, who had been with Mr. Colclough quickly retired, and I was the only witness to the short dialogue which took place. Mr. Alcock held a letter open in his hand, when he accosted Mr. Colclough very abruptly, and Mr. Colclough repelled his rudeness with the most dignified contempt, never deigning to alter his pace or look at Mr. Alcock. The latter said, this is a letter from Mrs. Cholmondely, desiring her tenants to vote for me, and you have brought them in. "I did not bring them in," replied Mr. Colclough. "Then your agents did," said Mr. Alcock. "I can't account for my agents," said Mr. Colclough. "Well," said Mr. Alcock, "I call on you to give up the freeholders." "I'll give up no man," said Mr. Colclough, in a most indignant tone. "Then," said Mr. Alcock, "you must meet me in half-an-hour." "Very well," said Mr. Colclough, "I will do so," Mr. Colclough repaired immediately

to his house, and requested I should bring in all haste his friends, the Rev. William Sutton and Mr. Thomas M'Cord to him, which I did. Two or three leading members of Mr. Alcock's committee, among whom was the present Lord Mount Norris, (then Lord Valentia) immediately followed, and solicited an interview with Mr. Colclough or some of his friends then in his house. Mr. M'Cord, Mr. Colclough's land agent, a steady and confidential friend, was, as I understood, the only, or at least the principal person with whom they communicated. Those gentlemen proposed that the intended hostile meeting should be deferred until the election was over. They were asked if they were authorized by Mr. Alcock to make this proposal, or would he withdraw his challenge, they said they had no authority from Mr. Alcock, but that they took upon themselves to go so far as they did as members of Mr. Alcock's committee. Mr. M'Cord said, that Mr. Colclough could not listen to any *unauthorised* proposal from them, under the circumstances. Much blame has been attached to Mr. M'Cord for acting thus, but I cannot see how he could have acted otherwise.

The great object of the faction was to lower Mr. Colclough in public estimation, and as the matter with Lord Loftus was talked of freely, it might be considered that if any opportunity was now given, they would be louder and fiercer in their animadversions.

Not a moment was now lost in preparing for a hostile meeting. A number of friends on both sides repaired to the scene of action at Ardarrisk, within about four miles of Wexford. When the parties came to the ground, it was remarked that Mr. Alcock wore glasses, and that although he was near-sighted, yet as Mr. Colclough laboured under the same disadvantage, Mr. Alcock should be called upon to take off his glasses. Mr. Colclough's friend, Mr. Henry Colclough, whose trouble and confusion as a near relative, rendered him unfit for his situation, made an effort to prevail on Mr. Alcock to take off his glasses, but he did not press the matter as he should, and as it was well known that Mr. Alcock was one of the first shots in the country, when furnished with glasses, Mr. Colclough's chance of escape was small. The combatants being placed on the ground, and the word given, Mr. Alcock's first shot penetrated the ever-to-be-lamented Mr. Colclough's heart, and he fell to rise no more. The lamentations of the assem-

bled multitude were sincere and heart-piercing, with the exception of a strong and well-mounted body of the Orange Ascendancy of the county, amongst whom were many magistrates, who rode off the ground with great expedition, and unbounded exultation. The assemblage of so strong a body of men first in point of rank and property in the country, and nearly all magistrates, who never interfered to arrest the hostile arms, shewed what an interest they felt in the issue of the contest. It is no wonder they should have felt this interest, when not restrained by any love of justice or humanity, or any horror of the spilling of innocent blood, as their power in the county, which was hitherto uncontrolable, was now at stake. To strike at the root of this unjust and grossly abused power, as the lamented John Colclough did, deserved the worst of deaths in their opinion.

The remains of the lamented patriot were carried from the ground and placed in a chaise, seated as if living with his friends, Mr. Henry Colclough, and Mr. Thomas M'Cord, at either side of the body.

There were some other carriages which accompanied theirs, and moved on at a slow pace towards Wexford ; I rode with a number of other ardent friends of the deceased, with the procession until we arrived near the town, when I went up to the carriage in which my friend Mr. M'Cord was seated, not knowing that our departed friend was in the same carriage, I stooped to the window to ask Mr. M'Cord what arrangement he purposed making about the funeral, or when the remains should be removed to Tintern Abbey for interment, in order that we might suggest to the people the propriety of procuring as numerous an attendance at the funeral as possible. When Mr. Henry Colclough saw me stoop at the carriage window next which he sat, he conceived that I bowed by way of taking my leave of my lamented friend, and he took the hat off the head of the deceased to return my salute. I cannot describe the sensation I felt at the moment. I could scarcely support myself on my saddle, and, having remained behind the procession with other friends, I was unable to approach Mr. M'Cord again. I rode twelve miles on the road towards Ross, and from where I stopped, at a friend's house, I sent an express at night to Wexford, to Mr. M'Cord, to ascertain what arrangement had

been made for the funeral. I had an answer before day light next morning, and that day being Sunday, I sent notices to all the chapels for many miles round the country, that Mr. Colclough's remains would be removed on Monday morning to Tintren-abbey, and entreated all who had or could procure horses, to attend the funeral. The call was responded to universally; so generally was the good man beloved, that the whole Catholic population felt as one man on the occasion, and in the memory of the oldest man in that county never was such sorrow evinced for the death of an individual.

The hopes of the people had been raised for the moment, only to be blasted by the return to Parliament of their deadly enemies, and they dreaded that for many dreary years to come, they would not be able to unseat them. Nothing but wailings and lamentations could be heard where ever we moved, and Monday having arrived, so numerous an assemblage was collected, as cannot be forgotten by any one who had witnessed it, being the greatest ever seen together in that county on such an occasion. There could not have been less than fifteen thousand horsemen in the solemn procession, and as it moved along footmen joined in hundreds and walked as far as they were able. There were besides a great number of carriages and other vehicles, and so truly affected were all in the procession, that for the entire way from Wexford to Tintren Abbey—a distance of about eighteen miles, no man could be heard to raise his voice higher than his breathing. A vast number remained for that night at Tintren, to see the remains of their lamented friend interred on the following day.

Mr. John Colclough had, in conjunction with his friend, Mr. M'Cord and a Mr. Deane, established a bank in Ross, and it was apprehended, now that the head of the firm was gone, and the property of the parties not very great, a sudden run would be made on the bank at a moment that the surviving partners were in such confusion.—I suggested to one of their nearest friends, the Rev. William Sutton, that it might be a good plan to prevent a run, to have handbills printed and distributed, and to apply to the liberal landed proprietors, middle-men, and men in trade, of the surrounding country, who would not like to see the Ascendancy faction enjoy a further triumph by the fall of the bank, to sign a resolution,

agreeing to take the notes of the firm in payment of their rents and other claims. Mr. Sutton was delighted at the suggestion, and having mentioned it to the parties concerned, they expressed their thanks and approbation. I set to work with very little delay, provided a vast number of very respectable signatures to the agreement, and circulated the handbills so generally, that confidence was preserved, and a run prevented, which gave the gentlemen concerned sufficient time to make the best and most honourable arrangements in their power to satisfy their creditors. The bank did not however, issue any further paper, nor continue to do more than to pay their outstanding notes, and receive debts due to their firm. Messrs. Ram and Alcock were of course returned without further opposition to represent Wexford county. Mr. Alcock did not, however, enjoy his triumph for a day; a moment's reflection affected his generous mind, at the thought of having his constant and early friend deprived of life by his hand, to only uphold the ascendancy of a faction, to which his honest heart, however warped for the moment, did not yet warm. He absolutely lost his senses, and soon after died in this melancholy state. What a pity to see two such men sacrificed to the views of a wicked Ascendancy faction.

CHAP. XXIII.

Mr. George Ponsonby's motion on the Catholic Question, in 1808. Proposal of giving a Veto to the Crown. Consequent excitement in Ireland. Resolutions of the Catholic Prelates on the subject. Wexford election politics in 1812, 1820, and up to and including the year 1830.

In the Parliamentary Session of 1808, Mr. George Ponsonby brought forward a motion on the Catholic Question, accompanied by the proposal of giving something in the name of a Veto to the Crown, on the appointment of the Irish Catholic Prelates. Lord Fingall and the late Mr. Edward Hay had previously gone over to London, to attend to the proceedings on the Catholic Question. As soon as I read the debate on Mr. Ponsonby's motion, I wrote without delay to Mr. Hay, to inquire if he was in any

way concerned in the slavish proposal made by Mr. Ponsonby, that as it was well known in this country, that a close intimacy existed and that a constant correspondence was kept up between him (Mr. Hay) and myself, I apprehended it might be supposed that I was privy to the proposed barter of the independence of the Catholic Church, and that humble as I was, I would anxiously wish to avoid such an imputation; but should he be of a different opinion, our correspondence should henceforward cease, inasmuch as no earthly consideration could induce me to interfere in the religious opinions of others, I should never willingly allow that unjust privilege with regard to mine. Mr. Hay lost no time in declaring his perfect ignorance of the proposal made by Mr. Ponsonby, until he heard his speech, and he further declared that Lord Fingall was equally ignorant of it. I have Mr. Hay's letter to this day, and what may appear extraordinary, I have my letter to him, with the Dublin and London post marks, which letter, I found with many other letters of mine, when his papers were given up after his death to the Catholic Association.

Many conjectures were hazarded as to the authority Mr. Ponsonby had for coupling his motion with the very obnoxious appendage of a Veto. Mr. Ponsonby was not suspected of being the originator of the matter himself; he was looked upon (and I think justly) as being too honourable a man, and too sincere a friend to the Catholic body, to press upon them so unpalatable a measure as a Veto. Great intriguing was carried on, it was said, with regard to the Question, by persons who ought to be the last who should subject themselves to the slightest suspicion. The most learned and the most venerated Catholic Prelate of the day, (it was said) was brought into a dilemma, by acting inconsiderately on private instructions received from Ireland. The voice of the Irish nation was, however, soon raised, with an unanimity and decision that put an end to the whisperings and intrigues of wily and over officious politicians. Attempts were no doubt subsequently made to introduce under a better disguised name than that of Veto, measures not much less dangerous to the independence of the Catholic Church; but the people could not be taken by surprise, or deluded into any kind of compromise on the subject.

It so happened, that at this time it came out, that so early as

1799, a number of our Prelates were called together at Maynooth College, and that between terror and delusive promises of relief held out to the Catholic body, a few of them signed for a Veto. The exposure of this excited a strong feeling in the minds of the great body of the Catholics, who were decidedly averse to the proposed arrangement; our Aristocracy felt differently, they took every pains to impress on the minds of the Prelates and middle orders of our clergy, that if they resisted the proposed arrangement, they would be instrumental in debarring the Catholic body from obtaining their civil rights. Placed thus between the Aristocracy and Democracy of the Catholic people, the Prelates and Clergy had a difficult card to play; they had for some time the appearance of vacillation in their councils, although the purity of their motives could not be well questioned. The great body of the people, guided by their powerful leader, O'Connell, however, soon spoke out with a voice of thunder; and the Prelates now entered into solemn resolutions to accede to no compromise of the independence of the Church for civil advantages. How our little Aristocracy felt this, was proved on the memorable occasion of a vote of thanks being subsequently proposed in the Catholic Board to the Prelates, for their firmness and decision of character, in maintaining the independence of the Catholic Church. Very few individuals designated as Aristocrats, who attended that memorable meeting, nay, even creatures who had no claim to the rank, but who wished to pass for such, but opposed a vote of thanks to those venerated characters, but their miserable minority shewed the little weight they had; I was present on that memorable occasion, and voted, as I am proud to say I uniformly did, in accordance with the sentiments of the great body of the Catholic people.

In the year 1811, I experienced the most poignant affliction in the death of my beloved eldest sister; her constitution at length gave way under the weight of the manifold trials she was exposed to in her struggles for me. She was allowed by all good judges who knew her, to be a superior order of female, and it was difficult for so high a mind as she possessed to bear the many humiliations she was fated to suffer, so often seeking favours for a persecuted brother at the hands of unfeeling tyrants. I felt this loss severely, and shall feel it as long as I remain at this side of the grave.

In 1812 the present Mr. Carew and Sir Frederick Flood were returned for the county Wexford, on the popular interest without a struggle, and continued to hold their seats until the general election of 1818. Now the mighty contest between Messrs Caesar Colclough, who had sometime before returned from France, and R. S. Carew, jun. on the one side, and Lords Stopford and Valentia on the other took place. It was my lot to have had the honour of being one of a few Catholics who were Members of the Independent or Commoners' Committee—and in such capacity I was, of course, perfectly acquainted with every thing material that was passing on our side. The contest lasted with unabated ardour for twenty-three days, and on coming near the close, Mr. Carew's election being safe, the struggle continued between Lord Stopford and Mr. Colclough, the two next on the poll, who were running neck to neck. There were now not many outstanding freeholders, all, with the exception of a very few, were concentrated in the one spot. They were the tenants of the Rev. John Richards, of Grange, in number forty-seven. This gentleman was out of the country, and, according to the custom of transferring freeholders as live stock, Mr. Richards had ordered them to give one vote to Mr. Carew, leaving the other at the disposal of a man who was a bad regulator of the conscience of a Catholic in going to the hustings; this was the late Henry Tottenham, of Ross. Mr. Colclough began at this time to despond; his colleague's election was secure, and it was thought that several of his principal supporters were not anxious to harass themselves in a further contest for Mr. Colclough. I took it upon myself to speak seriously to this gentleman on the weakness of not fighting the battle out manfully to the last, and that I thought a plan could be adopted to bring in Mr. Richards's tenants to vote for him, which would secure his return. I suggested that he should address the people in the different booths, and remind them how his lamented brother had forfeited his life in defence of their independence, and that he was ready to risque his own person in the same cause.—After a good deal of expostulation, he agreed to come out with me on the following morning, and act on my suggestions. We visited the different booths, where he spoke out boldly; he protested loudly against the compact proposed to enslave the freeholders. He told the people he was ready to *speak for them, pay for them,*

and, if necessary, to fight for them. Some few days before, it was discovered that several of Lord Rathdown's tenants had come in without their landlord's permission, to vote for Mr. Colclough: This induced the Lords' Committee to urge the propriety of three members from theirs, and three from the Commons' Committee meeting, and making an arrangement to prevent in future any tenant coming in to vote without his landlord's pass. They accordingly met, and entered into this slavish compact. The present Lord Farnham, then Colonel Barry, was one of the three members of the Lords' Committee, and he was a clever electioneer and an overmatch for any of our party. He was very conciliating, it was said, on this occasion, and paid many flattering compliments to some of those gentlemen acting for us, on account of their pliable dispositions in agreeing to his terms.

Mr. Colclough's language on the day before mentioned, had a powerful effect on the public feeling; his words were known in every extremity of the county on that night or the following day, and struck terror into the hearts of his opponents; the man coming in now to vote against him would find his situation very hazardous. I happened to go out to the country the evening of the day the gentlemen met to enslave the poor forty-shilling freeholders, to spend the following day, being Sunday, with a friend, and on my return on Monday, the first friends of our party I met were Mr. Cadwalader Waddy and Mr. Laurence Esmonde White, they told me the vile compact before alluded to, was fully concluded on, on the preceding Saturday evening, and that it must defeat all further hope of Mr. Colclough's success, if not laid aside. They both declared they had some delicacy in moving the question in committee, and asked would I undertake to make a motion in that day's meeting of that body, to have a letter written to the Lords' committee, stating that the compact entered into, was done without due consideration, or the knowledge of a majority of our committee. I at once assented, and in a full meeting on that evening, Sir T. Esmonde in the chair, I moved, "that it be resolved to rescind the act, and that we would henceforward receive every independent freeholder without restriction, who offered us his support, of which the Lords' committee were to be acquainted by letter." My motion was seconded by Mr. Waddy, and carried without a dissen-

tient voice. While the discussion was going on, Mr. Beauchamp Colclough went to Mr. Cæsar Colclough's lodgings, where he was in bed, suffering under a severe cold; hearing what was going on, he started out of bed, came to our committee room, and on finding my motion past, he said he was glad to find that there was one friend of his, who boldly stood forward to support the independence of the honest forty-shilling freeholders, as well as his opinion of the freedom of election. "And I move," said he, "the thanks of this committee to my friend, Mr. Cloney, for his patriotic conduct on this occasion." The motion was carried unanimously; he then moved, "that the vote should be entered on their books, that it should be recollected on a future day by my native county." This was also carried.

The key to gaining the support of Mr. Richards's tenants being in old Mr. Carew's hands, I was deputed to wait on him on the following day, to get a letter from him to those freeholders, to come into Wexford, which he gave me. I then procured a trustworthy person to send with the letter, and desired him to acquaint the people that their respected parish priest, the Rev. Thomas Furlong and myself would meet them some distance from Wexford, to accompany them into town. Those honest men came forward cheerfully, and by their means Mr. Colclough's return was secured, by a majority exactly corresponding with their number, being forty-seven. Thus was the most glorious victory ever perhaps gained in Ireland by two Commoners over two Lords, with the powerful aid of Church, State, and Aristocracy at their backs; and I fearlessly assert, that this victory was owing to the circumstances I have related.

The death of George the Third brought on an election in 1820. Mr. Colclough not being sensible, as it is supposed, of the mighty honour conferred on him by a brave and disinterested people, and sorry, it is imagined, that he had incurred such heavy expences in the late contest, set about forming a compact with one of his former opponents, Lord Valentia, that his Lordship should now assume the liberal promise to support Catholic Emancipation, and that he would be put up on the independent interest. Different meetings were held between the high contracting parties, and some few others deeply interested, and it was understood all was

settled, without the knowledge or sought for approbation of the freeholders of the county. The great men assembled to go through the sham form of an election. The farce being about to open, Lord Valentia, to the utter discomfiture of the other managers of the drama, came forward to *them*, and said he had received a letter from a close friend of his, high in office, saying that Lord Liverpool threatened to deprive this friend of his office, if Lord Valentia stood for Wexford on the independent interest, and that his Lordship must therefore decline the honour about to be conferred by those few kind friends, who seemed to forget the people had any interest or right to interfere in the concern.

When the election was about to commence, I waited on Mr. Colclough and remonstrated with him, for his turning his back on a people who had risked so much for his political elevation. He replied that he understood that there were many of his old supporters who had deserted his standard, and that even some persons connected with him by family ties were canvassing for his opponents. I told him he need not fear for all this, that returned he would be if he stood boldly forward. He then said, "I regret I have not seen you sooner. I will see Lord Valentia, and if he promises me his support, I will stand." On seeing Lord Valentia he experienced a refusal. He then left the field open to Lord Stopford to walk over the course, and thus was the independence of a great county neutralised for a long period, by the return of one hostile member, and the mighty efforts made for freedom in 1818, became useless and unavailing.

In the year 1830, I had the gratification to participate in a successful struggle to free Wexford once more, which was completed by the return of Mr. Chichester and Mr. Lambert, the former being soon called to the peerage, Mr. Carew, the faithful representative of that county for many years, returned to the service of his country, which no power on earth but his own free will, could have removed him from for a moment. I trust I may be excused for thus entering into the history of electioneering politics in Wexford, it being my native county, and one in which I suffered so severely, and for whose independence I had long laboured so strenuously.

CHAP. XXIV.

The Author perseveres in his exertions towards obtaining Catholic Emancipation. Thanks of the Catholic Board voted to him. His exertions in conjunction with others for a Repeal of the Union. His arrest and prosecution with others, in 1830.— Author's opinion on the Tithe Question. His attendance on Sir J. Foulis's funeral.

I never relaxed in my humble labours in the Catholic cause, as the following official documents will prove, until our Emancipation was obtained :—

CORN EXCHANGE HOTEL, DUBLIN,
15th January, 1827.

DEAR SIR,

In compliance with the directions of a meeting of the New Catholic Association, held on last Saturday, to which I acted as Secretary, I beg leave to transmit to you the inclosed copy of a Resolution, proposed by Mr. O'Connell and unanimously adopted on that occasion, and to assure you at the same time, how warmly and sincerely I participate in all the sentiments embraced in this well deserved tribute to your patriotic conduct. You have given the strongest proofs of this conduct upon repeated occasions, as well in collecting the Old Catholic Rent, as in your recent, and if possible, increased zeal to replenish the coffers of the New; in every instance where your valuable services have been called for, they have been cheerfully and most efficiently devoted to the welfare and happiness of Ireland, and to advance the sacred cause of civil and religious liberty.

Happy to have an opportunity of testifying my high respect for your public and private virtues, I beg you will be assured of the sentiments of esteem with which I remain,

Dear Sir,

Your very faithful and obedient servant,

STEPHEN COPPINGER,

To THOMAS CLONEY, Esq.

**At a Meeting of the New Catholic Association,
held on Saturday, the 13th of January, 1827,**

WILLIAM RICHARD MAHON, Esq. Chairman.

STEPHEN COPPINGER, Esq. Secretary.

Mr. O'Connell moved, seconded by Mr. Maurice O'Connell,

“That the Secretary be requested to transmit the thanks of this Association to Thomas Cloney, Esq. for his honest and manly spirit in collecting the New Catholic Rent, and upon all other occasions.”

Z

When a due share of power or patronage did not, as it should, follow ; when measures of relief to Ireland, to which her sufferings had entitled her, were pertinaciously denied, it was natural that the people should complain, and seek, by petitioning, a redress of their grievances ; and when but faint hopes of relief could be entertained from the Imperial Parliament, in which English and Scotch influence so manifestly preponderated, the people conceived that no measure short of a Repeal of the Legislative Union, could bring the necessary relief ; they ventured, in a peaceful and constitutional way, to agitate the question. Proclamations after proclamation was issued to suppress their regular and peaceful meetings ; but those proclamations not being considered law, were not submitted to, and the consequence was, the arrest and prosecution of eight individuals, who were marked out for the vengeance of the Government, in the year 1830. These persons were Daniel O'Connell, the great champion of Ireland's rights, Edward Dwyer, the respected Secretary for so many years to the Catholic Association, Mr. John Redmond, Mr. John Lawless, Mr. Richard Barrett, Mr. Thomas Steele, Mr. John Reynolds, and myself ; and it is conceived, that had not the severe law against public meetings, commonly called the Algerine Act, expired before the Government were able to obtain judgment, or a conviction against us, we would have suffered the severest penalty that bad law could inflict. The agitation of the question, was, no doubt, put down for the moment ; but it was only the more firmly rivetted in the minds of the people, and is now advancing with such rapid strides, that it must soon be carried by the almost unanimous voice of Ireland :

It will, perhaps, be expected that I shall deliver an opinion on that subject, which has long continued, and still continues to compromise the tranquillity of Ireland. I have been many years an unwilling contributor to the support of the Irish Church Establishment, and at the same time, a close but passive observer of its baleful influence on the national prosperity. When I say that I have been an unwilling contributor to the support of the Church Establishment, it must not be inferred thence, I am the advocate of any law which might turn the Protestant Clergy loose upon society as paupers.— I think they ought to be respectably supported, by the Govern-

ment pending those legislative regulations which are meant to provide for their subsistence. The question is not *now*, whether the Protestant Clergy ought to have an *enforced* maintenance in Ireland, according to the letter and spirit of holy writ; but whether a maintenance cannot be provided, which shall be divested of those obnoxious attributes that belong to the established usage, of taking tithe from the tenant of the soil. It is said, a law which has for centuries been ingrafted on the institutions of the state, may not be *suddenly* torn from its parent stock, if by so doing, a large and respectable class must suffer great injury. This is true to a certain extent; but it is in the senatorial power to provide against such a contingency, and if that power shall neglect to apply itself to the redress of a general wrong, because a partial or particular injustice may flow from that redress, would they not, by the same process of reasoning, be justified in preserving or in restoring the rotten boroughs. I hope that every honest man entertains the same opinion that I entertain on the subject. It is that Ireland may be relieved, by a positive and explicit law, from those perennial exactions and their attendant broils, which are so degrading to a Christian ministry, and to the character of a Christian people, without depriving the Protestant clergy of those very ample means of support which they will be entitled to, by a just appropriation of the church lands, which, under the existing laws, are productive only to the established hierarchy. Those lands will be found to constitute an aggregate of one million two hundred thousand acres, worth on an average twenty shillings per acre. A sale of the Reversionary Interest in those lands, subject to the present twenty one years' leases, would produce such a fund for the permanent support of the Irish Protestant Clergy, as they never will be able to realize from any prospective resource derivable under a Composition Law. Although, for peace and for justice sake, I am as anxious that the Clergy of the Established Church should be independent, as I am that the Tithe Laws should be repealed, I recognise no right in any order of the clergy to enforce, by canon or by civil law, a subsistence from any community, but that to which they belong; my conviction being, that every Christian sect should, *for conscience sake alone*, support its own clergy. The abstract right of any religious order *to levy per force*, what they may think proper to call "a subsistence," I positively deny.

The Scriptures of the new law are both literally and constructively adverse to such a right. During the first ages of Christianity, which were certainly the purest, no such claim was ever preferred as a matter of right, and there is no fact in the page of history better attested, than that which proves, that the original concession of such a right to the clergy, by sovereign princes, was made with a view to enlist churchmen in their interests, and thereby insure the permanency of the regal power. Equally absurd and dangerous would be the measure of giving to the existing incumbents, a tenantry for life in their respective parishes, as I really do imagine, that in some parts of Ireland, it would be neither more nor less than exposing their lives to constant danger.— Never was there, during the present century, a simple question so unnecessarily mystified by public writers and orators, as this of affecting a settlement of church property in Ireland, which would comprehend a satisfactory provision for the Protestant Clergy, and a final erasure of the name of Tithe, not only from the books of the law, but from the memory of the people.

I never can cease to think with the deepest gratitude of those high and distinguished friends, who took so decided a part in my favour, and to feel how unfortunate I was in not meeting one, (Sir James Foulis) in particular, notwithstanding the most anxious inquiries I made about him, until the year 1824, when I discovered his residence, and that on the very day after he had breathed his last. I was grievously disappointed in not having it in my power to declare to him in person those grateful recollections which death alone can efface from my heart. To this distinguished soldier and friend to humanity I was utterly unknown; he never saw me, and to his pure love of justice, and a firm conviction of the unmerited and unfeeling cruelty with which I had been treated, that I was indebted for his interference. He could have had no other earthly motive in stepping between me and that destruction which his high name, influence, and clear statement of facts, contributed very much to avert. When I discovered his residence, he dwelt in a lodge in Parnel-place, on the Canal side, near Portobello, in the suburbs of Dublin. A garden opened to the entrance of this little lodge, when I rapped at the gate, came out an old grey-headed man, who had in the wars attended his venerable master, and

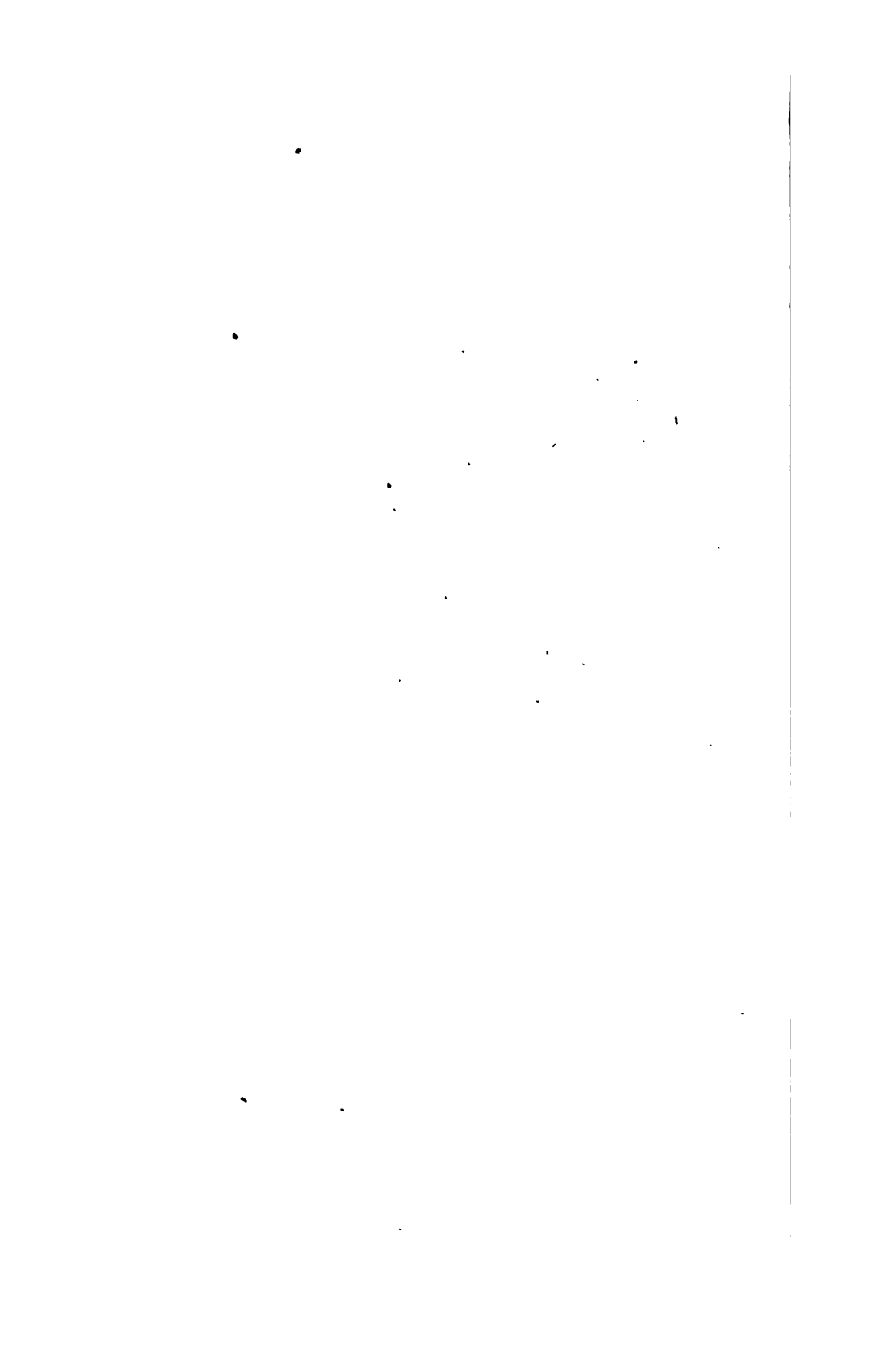
who, in the decline of life, up to this melancholy moment, was enjoying the ease and comfort which his fidelity had earned. I asked him if Sir James Foulis was at home, he answered that he was, but not to be seen, as he was ill. Will you, said I, have the goodness to give Lady Foulis my card, and say that I have many, many years, being making anxious inquiries how or where I could see Sir James, to prove that I was not unmindful of serious services rendered to me by him at Wexford, immediately after the Insurrection in that county, in 1798. The faithful domestic left me, with a look of mournful foreboding, and in a few minutes returned with Lady Foulis's compliments to me to request that I would walk in. I passed through a serpentine walk, which led from the garden to a very humble cottage, for alas, adversity had reached the venerable hero, in consequence of his unbounded generosity and charity, and a bad speculation in land in the county Meath, where he fixed his residence for some years. On entering the cottage, I was ushered into a parlour, where I found Lady Foulis, a tall aged lady, broken down by years, and a reverse of fortune, in a most dejected state of mind; I bowed to her, and she, unable to speak, made a motion to me to be seated. The air of deep-rooted sorrow, which seemed to have taken possession of her countenance, and that silence and solitude which reigned around, (as not a creature was to be seen, but the hoary headed servant) appeared but too strongly to indicate, that she had to contend with many and weighty afflictions. When I found her recovering her self-possession, I addressed her, and stated the object of my visit, when she immediately burst into a flood of tears. "Oh, Sir," said she, "I often heard Sir James speak of you, with strong and warm feeling for your safety; but you have come too late; alas, he is no more, he died last night." Her tears again checked her utterance, but the mystery of her evident sorrow was now solved; and with those that have ever felt real grief for the generous and the good, to whom they owed the highest earthly obligation, I will find no difficulty in obtaining credit, that this was one of those moments in my life, when sympathy and affliction had their greatest influence over all the powers of my soul. At length I ventured to break the mournful silence that for some minutes prevailed, and begged earnestly that I might be permitted to discharge the last sad office, of attending the remains of my generous friend to his grave;

and I further requested, that her Ladyship would let me know the time and place appointed for his interment. This she promised me, her aged domestic should communicate on the following day. I then took my leave, while the remembrance of the virtues and misfortunes of the brave soldier filled my mind until I arrived at my lodgings.

Next morning the old servant waited on me with the promised communication, and I lost no time in calling on several friends of mine, and of Ireland, whom I acquainted with the obligations I owed the deceased Baronet, and also to what extent his humanity and firmness had abridged the slaughter planned by Committees of Proscription, and merciless Courts Martial in Wexford.— Sir Thomas Esmonde, Mr. Archibald H. Rowan, and several other gentlemen attended the funeral in their private carriages at my request, and other gentlemen, friends of mine, attended in job coaches, so as to form a respectable cavalcade.

Although the funeral of the venerable hero was intended to be private, I had the melancholy gratification of shewing to his remains this only mark of respect and gratitude which it had ever been in my power to manifest for his humanity. Attended by my friends, we saw the good man placed in his last abode, at Irish-town, near Dublin; and I have never since went to that neighbourhood without paying a visit to his neglected resting place, and offering up a fervent prayer to Heaven for his eternal repose; and if God grants me a little time to live, I will, with the aid of other Irishmen, who have either experienced Sir James Foulis's humanity, or been well acquainted with his character, place over his grave a lasting monument of our respect and gratitude, to prove that his venerated remains do not rest in the country of the stranger, but in one ever ready duly to appreciate the virtues of the brave, the generous, and the humane.

CONCLUSION.



CONCLUSION.

In the foregoing Narrative, I have not been diffuse, as I thought that a simple relation of incidents, as they had occurred, would be the most regular way of proceeding, and, at the same time, the most satisfactory to my readers.

It is my duty, however, to base on that Narrative such reflections as naturally grow out of the subject, and above all, I hold it in the light of a religious obligation, to rescue the fame of those excellent Irishmen, who lost their lives (as I conceive) innocently, from the factious obloquy with which it has been loaded by the enemies of their Country.

My exculpation is not meant to extend generally to those brave but unfortunate patriots, who, in the law jargon of 1798, were stigmatised as "Rebel Leaders." I nod deferentially to that nice distinction, which is to be found in the manual of civilians, as well as of theologians, that, "a man should be forced to the wall, and his life placed in jeopardy, before he endangered the life of his enemy." Adhering to this doctrine, I shall not attempt to vindicate those heroic characters, who, guided by that sacred impulse, which has descended from sire to son for six centuries, voluntarily arrayed their countrymen in a sanguinary war against the advisers and inhuman satellites of the British Government. It is principally in vindication of the characters of those gentlemen, whose fate will be deplored in Ireland, until gratitude ceases to be a national virtue, that I shall trespass on public attention in the pages which follow.

The man who exercises the functions of a local historian, should not have suffered wrong in his own person, from that Government, whose character it may be his duty to delineate; nor should the

country of his birth have been so injuriously treated by the same Government, as to provoke resentments which may insensibly lead him to enact the partizan instead of the historian.

I must disclaim any other merit in my Narrative, than that of having scrupulously adhered to truth, and if I have at all erred in matters of fact, those errors were dictated by persons, who would not themselves, wilfully impose on me. It will be seen by a perusal of the Narrative, that the Insurrection which exploded in the county Wexford, in 1798, was not the result of any previous organization, but a necessary consequence of those lawless excesses which had been committed on the people by persons calling themselves "exclusive loyalists." That there was no organized political confederacy in that county even to a limited extent, has been shown in a report of the secret committee of the Irish House of Commons, and that the United Irish, even in those counties where they were organized, ever meant to take the field against his Majesty's forces, is extremely doubtful, for the arrest of the Deputies at Mr. Bond's, in the month of March preceding the Insurrection, had disconcerted the projects of the Irish Leaders; and I am as convinced as I am of any truth in science or religion, that, were it not for the troops having been sent on free quarters, were it not for the flogging and otherwise torturing the people and firing their magazines, there would not have been an Insurrection in the county of Wexford in the year 1798.

The sudden concentration of a large rustic force under the command of the Rev. John Murphy, was caused by the conflagration of that clergyman's dwelling-house and chapel, and my departure from the house of my father, and from the society of a domestic circle, which comprised nearly all that a man could wish for, was rendered unavoidable by the personal danger to which I must have been exposed, had I remained in a home, incapable of sustaining the hour's siege, against the attacks of a ferocious banditti of yeomen, who were then committing depredations in every quarter of the county.

Martial Law defines the duties of the general or inferior officer as clearly as the Statute or Common Law defines the duties of the Civil Magistrate; but, in the year 1798, Martial Law in Ireland

was defined to be the will of the individual general officer, private, or drummer, attached to the troops of the line or yeomanry; hence there might be seen at that period in every part of Ireland, where military men were quartered, some victim of private malice or official caprice, writhing beneath the lash of a regimental drummer, or suspended from a gallows, without being previously subjected to the solemn mockery of a Court Martial, to the diabolical ingenuity of Tom the Devil, a sergeant in the North Cork Militia, and to the co-operation of his more exalted associates in wickedness; with this monster in his infernal devices, may be traced the first outbreak of the Insurrection in the County Wexford.

Imagination was continually on the stretch, and human ingenuity exhausted, in the preparation of tortures for their prisoners, which never were surpassed for devilish ingenuity outside the walls of Pandemonium. Tacitus has written that Nero ordered the Roman Christians to be enveloped in garments, saturated with some bituminous liquid, which were then set fire to, and the wearers died amidst the flames that issued from these garments, in the most excruciating torments. In one instance particularly, Tom the Devil proved himself not inferior to the imperial monster, in practising the most refined barbarity. A Mr. Perry, of Inch, near Gorey, a respectable Protestant gentleman, having been made prisoner, and brought into Gorey, this military Beelzebub procured gunpowder, which after wetting, he kneaded into a sort of Devil's pomatum, and besmeared the unfortunate gentleman's head profusely with the horrid compound; he then applied a match or candle to Mr. Perry's *occiput*, which ignited the combustible matter, burned his hair from its very roots, and raised an ulcerous blister from his forehead to the nape of his neck. Several other persons became the victims of the same system of torture, and under the eyes, and with the perfect knowledge of certain Magistrates; and what will be said of a Government that instead of discarding those wretches with ignominy when their cruelties were fully known, cherished, complimented and rewarded them, and they were allowed to continue to disgrace the commission to the end of their lives,

When Mr. Perry's military tormentors afterwards fled like sanguinary cowards as they were, before the Insurgents, and left him at liberty to decide on his future course—he joined the ranks of his countrymen, and if he had not done so he would have been a recreant slave, more base in his nature than the African who shrinks under the whip of the Negro driver. The fate of this unfortunate gentleman, which is particularly set forth in the Narrative, was, perhaps of a character as undeserved as any that has ever been consigned to the page of Irish history. Torn from the bosom of his family on a bare suspicion of guilt, and committed to the keeping of demons in human shape, who subjected him to tortures which were equally flagitious and degrading, without allowing him the chance of escape by any form of trial, he owed no allegiance to the Irish Government at the time that he joined the Insurgents, because punishment by torture had been expunged from the criminal codes of these kingdoms many centuries back. It was therefore an outrage of the most horrible description to put this Protestant gentleman to death, for being found in a situation to which he had been absolutely driven by the underlings of that very government.

To such outrages as those perpetrated on Mr. Perry and his humble neighbours the almost instantaneous assemblage, and invincible desperation of the Wexford Insurgents in this quarter of the country might be attributed. Within eight days after the popular force had been collected in different parts of the county, six pitched-battles were fought between that force and the military and yeomanry, in every one of which the latter were worsted,—losing in the different engagements more than one thousand men in killed, and near as many in wounded and prisoners. The loss of the Insurgents was not accurately kept or stated, but I do really believe that it was not near so great as that sustained by the regular and yeomanry force.

The treatment which Mr. Cornelius Grogan and Mr. Beauchamp Bagenal Harvey experienced was almost equally cruel, and their condemnation equally unjust. Mr. Grogan was a Protestant gentleman of very large fortune—his estates producing at least ten thousand pounds a year. He was advanced in life, perhaps over seventy years of age, and infirm. Early in life he was a friend of Civil and Religious Liberty, and one of those appoint-

ed by a public meeting, held in Wexford, in March 1795, to proceed to London with a Petition to his Majesty, praying him to continue Earl Fitzwilliam in the administration of the Irish Government ; he was therefore, as a friend to equal laws, a lover of justice and an enemy to local oppression, personally obnoxious to the vile retainers of the Irish oligarchy, who then let loose "the whirlwind and rode upon the storm of civil desolation in the county of Wexford." It was not until the occupation of the county town by the Insurgents, that this venerable gentleman was called to join, and his constrained adhesion was obtained in the following manner :—The farmers and their families inhabiting the baronies of Forth and Bargy, had been most cruelly outraged by the King's troops in their retreat from Wexford to Duncannon Fort, although those people were, at the time, remaining quietly in their houses ; and, with the exception of a few individuals, had taken no part whatever in the Insurrection. The atrocities of the military had, however, so enraged this simple race, that they immediately congregated in immense numbers, armed themselves with such weapons as they could hastily procure, and were proceeding to headquarters at Wexford for instructions. On their road to Wexford they halted near Johnstown, where Mr. Grogan lived, and sent a detachment to his house to require that he should join the people, and if he refused to comply with this request voluntarily, the leader of the detachment was instructed to enforce his attendance.—Had this venerable man refused, on that day, to accompany those messengers sent to bring him forth by entreaty or compulsion, his instantaneous execution would probably have followed his refusal. He was, therefore, constrained, that he might save his life, (although extremely ill in a fit of the gout,) to order his horse from the stable, which he mounted ; and having joined the assembled multitude, then waiting for him in the vicinity of his demesne, he accompanied them to Wexford. While he remained there he was totally incapacitated, by his age and infirmities, from assuming or acting in any military character, and when a fit opportunity offered, by the departure of the Insurgents from the town, he repaired to his family mansion at Johnstown.

So unconscious was this venerable and excellent man of having been guilty of a crime, that he remained at home until he was ar-

rested by a party sent from Wexford, which conveyed him into that town, and committed him to prison.

On the 26th of June he was brought to trial, before that execrable tribunal which then existed in Wexford—convicted of being an Insurgent Leader, and sentenced to suffer death. It was proved on his trial, by unimpeachable witnesses, that he was compelled at the peril of his life, to join the Insurgents, and the only shadow of proof adduced to criminate him was, in the testimony of a man who swore that he had supplied provisions to the commissariat. On the day after his conviction the sentence of the Court-martial was carried into execution by hanging him on the Bridge of Wexford. As soon as life was extinct he was taken down from the temporary gallows on which he had suffered death, his head cut off, his body stripped naked, and after being treated with most scandalous indignities by a rabble, composed of yeomen and soldiers, it was flung into the river. When he was proceeding or rather hobbling from the gaol to the place of execution, as he was hardly able to walk with his gouty feet, he and Mr. Harvey cordially shook hands. The latter who appeared to be quite unmanned, more on account of Mr. Grogan's fate than of his own, said to him, "my dear Grogan, you indeed suffer death innocently." The fact which I shall now state is so incredible, that were it not capable of proof, from minutes taken in the Irish House of Commons, when the Act of Attainder was passed against Mr. Grogan and Mr. Harvey, and their properties confiscated by that parricidal gang which then legislated for Ireland, it would scarcely be received as truth in a community of savages. The members of the Court-martial which tried those two lamented gentlemen, bound as they must have conscientiously been by their honour to discharge their duties conformable to Martial law, regardless of the high characters and unblemished reputation of their prisoners, and of their exalted rank, and setting at naught the awful considerations of temporal infamy and eternal reprobation, *took special care to avoid being sworn*, as they should have been, "to administer justice according to the evidence," and thus without even complying with the necessary judicial forms, did they consign to death and attain two gentlemen in whose veins ran the best blood of our country.

Mr. Bagenal Harvey, as well as Mr. Grogan, was deputed by his countrymen to wait upon his Sovereign, and beseech his Royal interposition in behalf of as truly loyal a people as ever looked up to the sceptre of a British King. He was one of those that petitioned without effect, for the continuance of the Fitzwilliam administration in Ireland, and, therefore, as obnoxious to the unclean vassals of Toryism in the County of Wexford as Mr. Grogan. On the 23rd of May, 1798, a notice was published in Wexford signed by twenty-three Magistrates, (one of which was the lamented Mr. Grogan,) requiring the people "to appear before one or more of them, to take the Oath of Allegiance, and surrender their arms or other offensive weapons, within fourteen days from the date of this instrument." In compliance with the tenor of this notice, Mr. Bagenal Harvey repaired to the houses of all his tenantry, as well as those of the neighbouring farmers and labourers, whose love and veneration for him was almost boundless, and prevailed on them to collect the arms of every description then in their possession, which being placed on a car were conveyed by himself and his tenants to Wexford, and delivered to the proper authorities. He did not return to his own place of residence that night, but chose to remain in Wexford, when, at a late hour, and after he had retired to rest, his lodgings was visited by Captain Boyd who arrested him and lodged him in the common gaol. Such was the inextinguishable rancour of the vicious Ascendancy faction at that period, that almost every Irish gentleman who was beloved by the poor, and had sufficient influence to detach them from the society of the disaffected, and procure a surrender of their arms, fell a victim to his own loyalty and humanity, on the presumption, that, if he were not a Rebel, he could not have had so much influence with the people. On the 29th of May, Mr. Harvey, Mr. John Colclough and Mr. Edward Fitzgerald, who were all in prison, did, at the particular request of the Authorities, then in Wexford, join in a recognizance for five thousand pounds, conditioned for their appearance at the ensuing Assizes. The object of the Magistrates in proposing to take this security was, that they might have an excuse for sending those gentlemen as Ambassadors to the Insurgent Camp, to dissuade its occupants from a further prosecution of hostilities. Mr. Harvey was, however, afterwards

detained as a hostage, for the safe return of Messrs. Colclough and Fitzgerald, who had been liberated and took their departure for the Camp at Vinegar Hill, and Mr. Colclough returned on the evening of the same day with a message of fearful import, namely, that all the gentlemen, then on Vinegar Hill, were determined to march immediately to Wexford and deliver in their own proper persons, an answer to the message they had received from Messrs. Colclough and Fitzgerald, having detained in their camp the latter gentleman. The consternation occasioned in Wexford, by Mr. Colclough's communication, was great and universal, and, at a Council of War which was immediately assembled, it was unanimously resolved to abandon the town without delay. When this determination was made known, Mr. Harvey was visited in the prison by seven magistrates, including the lamented Mr. Grogan and two officers of rank, who requested him to write a letter to the Insurgents and bespeak their mercy for those, who, but a few hours before, were rioting in all the excesses of privileged tyranny. He accordingly addressed a letter to those Insurgents who were encamped on the Three-rock Mountain, of which the following is a copy :—

“ I have been treated in prison with all possible humanity, and am now at liberty. I have procured the liberty of all the prisoners here. If you pretend to christian charity, do not commit massacre, or burn the property of the inhabitants, and spare your prisoners' lives.

“ B. B. HARVEY,

“ *Wednesday, 30th May, 1798.*”

In one hour after this letter had been written, the King's troops and yeomanry evacuated Wexford, and it was shortly after taken possession of by two different Insurgent parties. One of these marched in from the neighbourhood of the town where they had mustered in the morning. The other was the great body from the camp at the Three-rocks, and the great majority of all joined in calling on Mr. Harvey to take the chief command; a call which

he was obliged to answer in the affirmative, at the immediate peril of his life. In a few days after he was appointed to the command, the insurgents required a Proclamation to be forthwith issued against certain Individuals whom they charged with being remarkably active in burning houses and torturing the peasantry of their respective neighbourhoods, and the following Proclamation was, in consequence, immediately published :

PROCLAMATION

OF THE PEOPLE OF THE COUNTY OF WEXFORD.

“Whereas it stands manifestly notorious, that James Boyd, Hautrey White, Hunter Gowan and Archibald Hamilton Jacob, late Magistrates of this County, have committed the most horrid acts of cruelty, violence and oppression against our peaceable and well-disposed countrymen, Now We, the People, associated and united for the purpose of procuring our just rights, and being determined to protect the persons and properties of those of all religious persuasions, who have not oppressed us, and are willing to join heart and hand in our glorious cause, as well as to shew our marked disapprobation and horror of the crimes of the above delinquents, do call on our countrymen to use every exertion in their power to apprehend the aforesaid James Boyd, Hautrey White, Hunter Gowan and Archibald Hamilton Jacob, and to secure and convey them to the gaol of Wexford, to be brought before the tribunal of the People.

“ Done at Wexford, this 9th day of June, 1798.

“ GOD SAVE THE PEOPLE !!! ”

Some days previous to the posting of this Proclamation, the object of the attack on the town of New Ross had failed, in consequence of the disorders produced by pillage and drunkenness, as well as the want of experience in the leaders; although General Johnson had been compelled to retreat into the County of Kilkenny. The day after the retreat of the Insurgent army, under the command of General Harvey, from Ross to the camp at Carrigburn, he published a proclamation to his men in arms and to the people, exhorting them to abstain from every sort of outrage and denouncing all "plunderers, house-burners and murderers," as obnoxious to the penalty of death.

The signal failure of those plans, which had been originally formed for the expulsion of the Military from every strong position in the County, was now manifested in the rapid disorganization of the Insurgent armies; and it became evident to the better sort of people in Wexford, that the town must be speedily re-occupied by the King's troops; and in consequence of this impression, and an anxiety to preserve the lives of the prisoners, a Committee, consisting of eight gentlemen, was appointed by the inhabitants and called "The Council appointed to manage the affairs of the people of the County Wexford." Of this council Mr. Harvey was appointed President, and on the 14th of the month they commissioned a military officer and a respectable gentleman to proceed with a letter from Lord Kingsborough to the Lord Lieutenant, stating, for his Excellency's information, that the loyalists then imprisoned in Wexford had been very well treated as prisoners of war, and that they hoped such of the Insurgents as might be taken by the King's troops would be equally well treated, otherwise they apprehended that horrible reprisals would be made by the people." This letter unfortunately never reached the Lord Lieutenant, for there were then in Wexford so many persons averse to any conciliatory adjustment between the Government and the people, that one of the most influential of those persons contrived to be in Enniscorthy, before the two gentlemen who were charged with the dispatch for his Excellency, where he was so far successful in misrepresenting the object of their mission, that the inhabitants would neither suffer the couriers to proceed, nor the letter to be forwarded. While the leaders of the mob were plan-

ring and superintending the barbarities which were perpetrated in cold blood, Mr. Harvey was earnest and incessant in his epistolary expostulations with them but to no purpose, for his power to do good, or to avert evil, was lessened in the same proportion that the cause of the Insurgents became hopeless. After the defeat of the Insurgents at Vinegar-hill, a deputation was sent from Wexford to the head quarters of the British army, at Enniscorthy, with a letter from Lord Kingsborough to General Lake, offering to surrender up the town on *certain conditions*; to this letter General Lake returned a written statement, requiring *the unconditional submission* of the Insurgents in the town of Wexford; the surrender of their Leaders; and the delivery of their arms to the King's Officers, observing that he would make *no other terms* with Rebels in arms against their Sovereign, and in pursuance of this declaration, he put his troops in motion on the morning of the 22nd, and arrived in Wexford the evening of the same day. In the mean time the Insurgents retreated from the town in great disorder, and without having adopted any regular plan for their future government.

Mr. Harvey, who had retired to his seat at Bargy Castle, on the morning that the Deputies journeyed to Enniscorthy, neither conscious of guilt nor doubting that the humane and rational conditions proposed by Lord Kingsborough, on behalf of the people, would be accepted, was apprized by a messenger sent to him from Wexford, that General Lake had refused to make any terms with the Insurgents or their Leaders. Soon as this very unexpected intelligence was conveyed to the unfortunate gentleman, he procured a boat in which he proceeded to one of the Saltee islands, where his friend, Mr. John Colclough, had previously landed with his Lady and one child. On this Island is a subterraneous dwelling, the abode perhaps of an Anchorite of the "olden times," where these gentlemen vainly hoped to conceal themselves until they would find an opportunity of escaping to England, to wait the result of those conciliatory measures, which they were so weak as to imagine the Irish Government intended to adopt for the pacification of the country. In this retreat they were discovered, taken prisoners, and conveyed to Wexford, where they were committed to the dungeons of the common gaol. On the 26th, Mr. Harvey was tried by the unsworn Court-martial, found guilty of

having acted as a Rebel General, ordered out to the bridge of Wexford on the following day for execution, and after his body had been suspended long enough to extinguish the vital spark, it was taken down, his head severed from the body, which was immediately stripped by the brutal mercenaries who surrounded the place of execution, and after being treated with the same gross and savage indignities which they had used to that of Mr. Grogan, they hoisted it into the river. Let my reader stop in this place and recapitulate the *state crimes* which Mr. Harvey had been accused of, from the commencement of the Insurrection, and he will turn with horror and indignation from the enumeration of those atrocities, which were then perpetrated in Ireland by a privileged class, with the sanction of the Irish Government, and in violation of every law which those sanguinary hypocrites themselves pretended to reverence. It is really a treat to the lovers of barbarous consistency, to behold in the fate of those two Irish Protestant gentlemen, a specimen of the same cruel and vindictive policy which has, from the very beginning, characterized the proceedings of the Anglo-Hibernian faction in this country. A brief retrospect of Mr. Harvey's errors and misfortunes may not, in this place, be unacceptable. He collected a quantity of arms in compliance with a magisterial proclamation, and conveys them to Wexford, for which he is imprisoned—he joins in a recognizance to an enormous amount, to assure the representatives of the Irish Government in Wexford, that he would appear to abide his trial if any thing could be alledged against him at the ensuing Assizes, yet he is still detained a prisoner. He writes a letter to the Insurgents, at the request of seven magistrates and two colonels of the King's troops, entreating them not to commit any outrage on the King's loyal subjects. He is forced by the people to become one of their military leaders. He publishes a Proclamation, enjoining the Insurgents to abstain from crime, and threatening to put all such persons to death, as should be detected in the fact of plundering, house burning, or murdering their fellow-men.—He is appointed President of the Wexford Council, established for the preservation of life and property. He endeavours, at the peril of his life, to restrain the murderers in Wexford from persisting in their cruel excesses. He leaves Wexford and retires to his family mansion as soon as he could with safety to his person. He

attempts to make his escape out of the country, when he perceives that malice and prejudice were likely to usurp the place of law and justice, and that his actions were to be scanned by military judges. This is a faithful retrospect of Beauchamp Bagenal Harvey's errors and his misfortunes during the Insurrection of 1798, and what unbiassed man on earth will say that this gentleman merited the fate which was reserved for him by his unrelenting prosecutors ?

It would be difficult to account for the spirit of vengeance which seemed to dictate every proceeding of the Irish Magistracy at that period, were it not known that some of those wicked men, bankrupts alike in morality and fortune, hoped to retrieve their shattered finances, by sharing in the pillage of those estates and chattels which were then expected to become the property of every piratical loyalist by summary confiscation. That the possession of large estates by Messrs. Grogan and Harvey, contributed to their downfall could be proved ; the men could be named who were not ashamed to stipulate for the price of blood, by causing representations to be made to the Irish Government of the services they had done the state, and of their expected remuneration in the transfer of these gentlemen's fortunes. It is not now essential to the cause of public justice, that the names of individuals should be blazoned and exposed to the curses of the living, and the execrations of posterity. If their consciences are seared, public odium will make no impression on them, and if not, let them, by a change of conduct, make some reparation, in the evening of their lives, to an oppressed and outraged people.

The fortunes of John Henry Colclough were not less inauspicious than those of Messrs. Grogan and Harvey. Armed with the negative power which the county of Wexford magistrates then possessed, by the suspension of constitutional law, but without having a particle of information against him of a criminatory character, they had Mr. Colclough arrested at his house in Ballyteague by the Wexford Yeomen Cavalry, on the 27th May, and committed to the gaol of Wexford; in two days after his arrest, Mr. Colclough, as it has been already mentioned, was liberated from prison, and commissioned by the magistrates and officers commanding the

troops in Wexford, to proceed to Vinegar-hill. On his return, he was permitted to go back to his mansion at Ballyteague, where he did not remain longer than was necessary to pack up some wearing apparel, for the purpose of returning to Wexford, that Mr. Harvey might have the benefit of a temporary release from confinement, by the substitution of Mr. Colclough's person, conformable with an agreement entered into by the magistrate. As he was proceeding in his carriage to Wexford, accompanied by his lady, he came in contact with the troops which were flying from that place, who stopped him on the road, and desired that he would pledge himself to prevent the Insurgents from pursuing or attacking them, or they would put him to death. Mr. Colclough said he would do all in his power to save the Army from annoyances, and he faithfully performed his promise. In Wexford he remained until he was called on by Mr. Harvey to march with the Insurgents to the battle of Ross. He complied with the orders of the General-in-chief, but as he retired from the field of battle, early in the day, it is conjectured that he was not disposed to favour the progress of the Insurrection, yet the knowledge of this fact, which would have operated so strongly in his favour before any tribunal composed of upright judges, had no influence with those before whom he was tried, who, after a short investigation, and with very little ceremony, condemned him to suffer death. On the day after Messrs. Grogan and Harvey had been executed, Mr. Colclough was brought from his gloomy dungeon to the fatal bridge and hanged, but in this instance the stern mandate of the Wexford Authorities was relaxed, and they permitted his afflicted lady to take his body that she might bestow on it the rites of christian sepulture. The family of Mr. Colclough is one which has sustained its character for public integrity, during every political vicissitude that occurred in Ireland for near three centuries; it has always held as exalted a place in public esteem as any other ancient Irish family, and its different generations have been remarkable for the possession of high honor, personal courage, and a tender regard for the poor Irish, making a particular display in former days of the most unbounded hospitality.

The virulent Ascendancy faction of Wexford had the merit at this time of augmenting the number of the King's enemies

by pouring the phial of their gratuitous malevolence on the devoted head of Mr. Edward Fitzgerald, of Newpark. So convinced was that faction of Mr. Fitzgerald's loyalty, that Mr. Turner, a most active magistrate, appointed the 26th of May for the peasantry of the circumjacent parishes to meet at Newpark, that he might administer the Oath of Allegiance to them, and receive a surrender of pikes or any other offensive weapons they then had in their possession. The people did, agreeable to their promise, meet Mr. Turner, and surrender a quantity of pikes, many of which had been manufactured expressly for the purpose of giving them up, that they might obtain protections. After Mr. Turner had granted the necessary certificates to those who had taken the Oath of Allegiance, he repaired to Newpark, his country seat, leaving all the arms he had received from the people, in the safe keeping of Mr. Fitzgerald. At a late hour on the same night, after the departure of Mr. Turner, a troop of Yeomen Cavalry, with their captain, arrived at Mr. Fitzgerald's, and after placing him under arrest, they rummaged every nook, corner, and cranny in the house in search of treasonable papers, but did not find one atom of any description tending to criminate that gentleman. Notwithstanding their disappointment, they forced him to proceed with them to Wexford, and when he arrived there they committed him a prisoner to the common felons' gaol. While the Wexford Janissaries were in Mr. Fitzgerald's house, deranging and upturning every thing in search of treason, that gentleman informed their captain that there were pikes and other arms in the house which had been surrendered in the course of the day to Mr. Turner, and he requested that they might be removed from his premises; he was answered by one of the intruders that they had nothing to do with them, and they then departed without taking any precaution whatever to keep the arms from falling into the hands of the peasantry, or to guard any other party of military coming there, who might find them, without being apprised of how they came there, and would most probably consume the gentleman's property as soon after occurred.

This single fact is conclusive, as well of Mr. Fitzgerald's innocence as of the exclusive loyalists' anxiety to introduce confusion and bloodshed into the county, that the Tories of all ranks might

reap a plentiful harvest of plunder and confiscation. Had they entertained doubts of his loyalty, or did they wish to place out of the people's reach those instruments of destruction which were then in Mr. Fitzgerald's house, they never would have left them behind as they could have procured cars or carts in abundance to convey them away. On the 30th May, after the retreat of the King's troops from Wexford, Mr. Fitzgerald retired to his house at Newpark, and as soon as the people discovered that he had gone home, they dispatched a messenger after him to say, that if he did not immediately return, he would be put to death, and his property destroyed, and, in consequence of those threats, he arrived the following day in Wexford. Soon after General Lake marched into Wexford, the entire property of Mr. Fitzgerald, at Newpark, was destroyed by a detachment of the Military, ordered from the position of General Needham at Ballinkeelee, for the purpose of ravaging that part of the country; they burned his dwelling-house, out-offices, two thousand barrels of malt, a thousand barrels of barley, and a large haggard of different kinds of corn, the whole loss being estimated over seven thousand pounds. At the time that this outrage was perpetrated, Mr. Fitzgerald was in the town of Gorey, at the head of a considerable Insurgent force, and, if he were disposed to act in a spirit of retaliation, he could have taken ample vengeance for the destruction of his property, of which he had been just then apprised. Many of those, who were then under his command in the town, insisted that all the loyalists and their houses should be destroyed, in return for the wrongs their general had suffered; but instead of permitting his men to injure their persons or properties, he put himself at their head, marched them immediately out of the town, and repaired to the Wicklow Mountains; from those Mountains, Mr. Fitzgerald and other leaders, led their forces against different detachments of the King's troops, in various country quarters, and defeated them in different severe conflicts; for instance, the Ancient Britons suffered a severe defeat and great loss from General Fitzgerald's force; he fought a severe battle at Hacketstown; By so many rencontres his force became much diminished, and at length fought his way to the encampment of General Aylmer in the county Kildare, and from thence to the Boyne. Early in July, a negociation was entered into, between Generals Fitzgerald, who retreated to Kildare,

and Aylmer, on behalf of themselves, other leaders, and the people; and General Dundas, who commanded the district of Kildare on the part of the Government. About the middle of the month, this negotiation terminated in the surrender of the Irish Generals in Kildare, including Mr. Garret Byrne and other Officers, in different quarters, to General Dundas, on condition that the people should be allowed to return to their homes, and their leaders suffered to depart from the British Dominions. Mr. Fitzgerald and some of his friends having obtained permission from the Government to visit the Hot-wells at Bristol, for the recovery of their health, which had been much impaired by the hardships they had suffered; they remained in that city until the Spring of 1799. In the latter end of March, Mr. Fitzgerald and Mr. Garret Byrne, a constant companion of his through a great part of their wars, were unexpectedly arrested, by virtue of a warrant from the Secretary of State, when preparing for their departure from Bristol; and, after being some time detained in custody, they were discharged, and embarked for Hamburgh, where they safely arrived, and where Mr. Fitzgerald ended his life and misfortunes.

Like Mr. Perry and Mr. Bagenal Harvey, Mr. Fitzgerald was hunted into the toils prepared for him by those Ascendancy Vultures, who, keen upon the scent of public rapine, were restrained by no considerations of justice or mercy. Dragged from his domestic retreat, like a common felon, without any charge being preferred against him, his house levelled with the earth, and his property consumed with fire, by the subordinate agents of that Government, which was bound to protect him, it was his sacred duty as a British subject, to resist such flagitious tyranny.

When he had once cast his lot with that of the people, he adhered unflinchingly to their cause, proving himself equally skilful and courageous in the field of battle; merciful to a vanquished enemy; and indefatigable in his exertions for the preservation of his Protestant countrymen, many of whose lives he saved; and so keen was his penetration, and so correct the estimate he had taken of those persons, then at the helm of the state in Ireland, that he never would make any terms with them, but such as he was ultimately enabled to extort with arms in his hands.

The fate of Mr. John Hay, a near relative of Mr. Fitzgerald's, furnishes another melancholy tale. Mr. Hay had been a Lieutenant in Dillon's regiment, (Irish Brigade,) up to the time when that far-famed legion was disbanded. He then returned to Ireland, married, and finally settled at New Castle, in the county of Wexford. He was the second son of Harvey Hay, of Ballinkeele, in the same county, a gentleman of a most respectable family, and brother to Edward Hay, who, in after times, filled the office of Secretary to the Catholics of Ireland. He had also two younger brothers, Philip, now Lieutenant-Colonel in his Majesty's service, and James, a Captain in the 3d Buffs, who died in the year 1796, in the West Indies. John Hay continued to enjoy all the happiness which domestic life can supply in the retreat he had selected where he hoped to pass the remainder of his life. Capable of the finest feelings and possessing talents of a superior order, on his return to Ireland, he witnessed the depression of his countrymen, with the indignation natural to a generous mind; but from his long residence abroad and consequent removal from the scene of Irish politics, he was too much a stranger to be involved in the secret confederacies which were organising previous to the crisis of 1796. Accordingly when his neighbours flew to arms, he remained at home ignorant alike of their preparations and intentions.

When the capture of Baniscorthy first gave to the Insurgent army the important character of victors, it also conferred upon their leaders the power to command, if not to enforce the nominal adherence of those who dwelt within their reach. Numbers were thus taken by surprise when the summonses of the Commander were borne to their peaceful homes by such formidable messengers, that refusal was fruitless, and implicit obedience the only alternative. In this extensive conscription the name of John Hay appeared, and when upon the 30th of May, the mandate of Mr. Perry, dated from the Camp at Vinegar Hill, requiring his immediate attendance there, was delivered, it found him at his seat living with his wife and infant child in all the quiet seclusion of domestic life. An officer who had served in the French army was considered too important an acquisition to an undisciplined force to be allowed the privilege of remaining neuter—they were too well im-

pressed with the necessity of having amongst them men who served in other campaigns not to look upon him as a prize worth securing, and accordingly he was addressed by the Insurgent Commander, and summoned to the Camp.

That he had not previously been initiated as an United Irishman is apparent from the simple fact, that when he was proceeding to Vinegar Hill he was obliged to enquire the nature of the signs which he might be obliged to give in order to pass the outposts of the United Army. Mr. Hay was accompanied by his faithful servant, John Carty, who, from this time up to the hour of his master's death, remained with him, and would have shared his fate were it not for the intervention of one of those accidents which, however trivial in their own nature, have often been the means of preserving more lives than his.

It is not requisite to follow Mr. Hay through the various scenes which took place during the time he was amongst the Insurgent army; entrusted with no command, he cannot be considered otherwise than as an unwilling spectator of actions, in which he had no participation, and the witness of other deeds, which he had not the power to prevent. Tantalised by the one, and tortured by the other, he gave himself up to a gloomy mood of mind, calmly awaiting the crisis which was to decide the fate or fortunes of the cause in which he was then involved.

Upon the evacuation of Wexford by the Insurgent garrison, he retired to his home at Newcastle, with his servant, Carty, and having found that previous to his arrival, Mrs. Hay had fled to Wexford, with her child, he dispatched a woman thither, to make search for them, and with his servant, agreed to remain concealed in a sallow grove adjoining, until she would return.

They had not remained many hours in the grove, when a detachment of the Royal army came so near that they halted and pitched their tents in the ground adjoining, and occupied the house and offices belonging to the fugitive. A Dragoon sergeant discovered a woman hiding in the haggard, who, in her terror, revealed the place of concealment where her master lay; the grove was searched and he and his servant were made prisoners. Upon his capture, Mr. Hay endeavoured to destroy the letter he had received from Mr.

Perry, but the fragments were picked up and preserved by the sergeant, who had discovered him, and he was instantly led before the commanding officer and brought a prisoner to his own house. A singular scene here presented itself to him ; he found the commander and other officers dressing themselves from his own wardrobe, and apparently engaging a change of linen from his own stock of shirts. The commanding officer having asked him a few questions, instantly ordered an escort, and sent him and his servant to Wexford. Upon his arrival in that town, he was brought to the Grand Jury-room, where a number of officers were sitting. The President charged him with being a rebel ; the fragments of Perry's letter were produced as evidence. An officer of the North Cork Militia, named Barry, with Captains Hogg and M'Manus, of the Antrim Regiment, who were taken prisoners at the engagement of Tubberneering, deposed as to his presence upon that occasion, on the side of the Insurgents. The prisoner was asked if he had witnesses to prove any thing in his defence, a mockery, rendered more cruel, by the precipitancy of the trial, which rendered the production of evidence in his defence quite impossible. When this prelude to death was performed, Mr. Hay was ordered back to the gaol, and seeing his servant led out along with him, he turned and said that he (Carty) had followed him as his servant, and was therefore exempted from the charges to which his master might be liable, but no satisfactory reply was given by this military tribunal.

They had not been many minutes in the gaol when the gaoler announced to Mr. Hay that a guard was waiting for him. No sentence had been pronounced in his hearing, therefore the first impression on his mind was, that they were going to flog him, and he made use of an exclamation to that effect, so little did he imagine that the hour of his execution was so near. His faithful servant proceeded to accompany him but was told by the gaoler to remain where he was, and thus his life was preserved.

Placed upon his horse by his merciless guards, he was then conducted to the bridge and executed. His body was afterwards cut down, and having received every indignity which can be inflicted upon a lifeless corse by human monsters, it was finally cast into the river.

A near relative of the ill-fated gentleman sought along the water edge that night for his remains, which the tide having thrown in, he discovered them, and had them laid in sorrow and in silence in Kilmallock church-yard.

Such is the detail of his short career and death, communicated by his faithful servant, John Carty, who is still living. It furnishes one of the many afflicting tales of domestic calamity which occurred during those frightful times, and displays the spirit of indiscriminate destruction, which characterized the proceedings of the first military tribunals which dispensed *justice* in Wexford.

There was living in Wexford, at the time the Insurgents took possession of it, an aged gentleman named Kew, who had served in the army and was then a retired officer on half pay. As a person supposed to be conversant in the practice of military men in the maintenance of discipline, he was called on to assist in framing regulations for the preservation of public order, and for enforcing strict subordination at the different posts which were occupied in the town by the popular force. In the two-fold capacity of a civil magistrate and military commander he acted until the town surrendered to General Lake, when he was arrested, committed to prison, and brought to trial. He made a most able defence, proving, not only that he was compelled to accept the office he held, at the hazard of his life, but that his exertions had been of the utmost consequence, in preserving the lives and properties of the inhabitants.

These powerful justifications of his conduct did not avail him before that motley tribunal which sat in judgment on so many virtuous and innocent men in Wexford. He was sentenced to die, and was executed on the Bridge with the Rev. Philip Roach.—He was decapitated, and like the other prisoners, both their bodies stripped naked, treated with the most indecent brutality, and thrown into the river.

John Kelly, of Killan, the son of a respectable shop-keeper and farmer, at the foot of Black Stairs Mountain, as brave an Irishman as ever trod the battle field, was about 25 years of age, and in the action at Ross, as I have before mentioned, was severely wounded in one of his thighs—he was conveyed to Wexford, that

he might have the benefit of medical assistance, where he remained until the town was entered by the King's troops. Greatly reduced by the keenness of his sufferings, he lay confined to his bed when the messengers of death visited his lodgings, they forced him from his bed, and had him carried before the insatiable Court martial, where his trial was brief, and his condemnation immediate. At the place of execution, to which he was drawn on a car, the rabble of mercenaries that crowded to the spot, gave full scope to their inhuman propensities, by rolling his head along the street, until they brought it opposite the windows of a house, in which an afflicted sister of his lodged, when they raised it from the pavement, and launched it into the air with savage yells of exultation. Let the English people attend to this appalling fact, that savages could be found to torture the feelings of a respectable, amiable, and well-educated female, who had spent many weary days and nights, watching the bedside of a beloved brother, whose long-sufferings and still painful wound, she expected would command for him the compassion, at least forbearance, until a recovery would take place, of men, calling themselves gentlemen and christians; but christian feeling and mercy were strangers to their savage bosoms. I ask can the enemies of the people adduce one act of atrocity on their part equalled by this? No, I defy them. If dread passion and revenge unfortunately too often drove them to commit acts of cruelty, both the persons and feelings of females were always respected with the tenderest scrupulosity.

The brave Kelly's head was afterwards placed by Captain Kew's in front of the Court-house. Mr. Kelly had been equally active and successful during his martial progress, in preserving the lives and properties of his Protestant countrymen; yet, be it told, to the disgrace of human nature, that his ingrate prosecutor was a person whose life he had saved. The fate of Mr. Patrick Prendergast, a rich and highly respectable mercantile man, excited great public sympathy in Wexford. He was a man of respectable family and connexion. The pretences for prosecuting him was, his having accepted a civil office under the Insurgents, although at the time he accepted this office it would have been certain death to him to refuse it. It is, however, well known that the zeal of his prosecutors was inspired by the hope of possessing

a very ample property which he had realized with an untarnished character, but in which they were disappointed. He was condemned by the notorious Court-martial, so distinguished, and treated at the place of execution with the same barbarous formalities which Messrs. Grogan and Harvey had experienced, leaving a large and amiable family, and a circle of surrounding friends, to lament the best of parents and kindest of men.

But of all the atrocious violations of justice, which were then enacted in Wexford, the deliberate infraction of a solemn treaty, in which Mr. Esmonde Kyan had been included, was the most so. This gentleman who ranked far above the plebeian aristocracy of the County Wexford, in family and respectability, was influenced by motives of humanity alone, to accept the command of an Insurgent corps, as he saw that the people had no alternative but to measure swords in a field of battle with their cruel persecutors, or wait to be butchered by them in their humble dwellings. He was courageous to desperation, and, at the battle of Arklow, received a gun-shot wound in his shoulder, while leading his pikemen, to an attack on the British Artillery. The loss of the battle, it is said, was mainly attributable to Mr. Kyan's personal disaster, which obliged him to repair for Surgical aid to Wexford.

In attempting to do justice to his character it is not to be supposed that the merits of many other of the Leaders on that is at all questioned. The battle was too well contested both by men and Leaders to admit of any such doubt, and most likely would be carried, and the road to the capital thrown completely open but for the failure of ammunition on the people's part. Mr. Kyan's friends procured him a lodging in the suburbs of Wexford where he was confined to his bed, scarcely hoping to recover, when, on the memorable twentieth of June, a person rushed into his lodgings and cried out "that the mob was going to murder all the Protestant prisoners." Such a horrible communication operated on his kind nature like an electric shock; he started from his sick-bed, flung his garments loosely on his person, and ran, or rather tattered, to the fatal bridge, where in conjunction with the Rev. Mr. Corrin, (who was a long time on his knees with uplifted hands praying for mercy for the prisoners,) he saved the lives of several who had

been marked out for slaughter by a gang of the very lowest desperadoes. Captain Milward, of the Wexford Militia, and a Mr. King, were in the fangs of the rabble, who were about to immolate them, when Esmonde Kyan, with that peculiar intrepidity of mind which defies every danger, rescued them from their impending fate and had them conveyed to a place of safety. In the treaty of peace which was concluded between Generals Fitzgerald and Aylmer, and General Dundas, in the County of Kildare, Esmonde Kyan's personal safety and permission to emigrate was guaranteed by the British General.

Relying on the faith of this treaty, he was proceeding to his home in the County of Wexford, when he was arrested, brought to trial, convicted of being a Rebel Officer, and ordered for execution the day after his conviction. It was in vain that he pleaded General Dundas's official stipulation, and required time to give satisfactory proof of it. Equally vain was it for him to remind his judges that he had saved some valuable lives in Wexford. The wretches who tried him would neither grant him time for an official disclosure of what he stated, the truth of which was already well known to them, nor would they acknowledge that his humanity merited the slightest recompense. The present generation of English and Irish Protestants will not be surprised at the distrust with which the Irish Catholics have hitherto regarded the promises of British Ministers and their Irish faction, whether Whig or Tory, when they shall ruminare on the cruel and unmerited punishment inflicted on Esmonde Kyan.

I may be excused for adverting to my own particular case, in illustration of the general system of tyranny which was then established in Ireland. That "there is no wrong without a remedy," is a truism which has been confined in this country time immemorial, to that class for which the laws seem to have been made, into whose hands the power of governing the country had been surrendered, for which the grass grew and the husbandman toiled, and who could never endure to hear the maxim inculcated, that a government is created for the benefit of the people, and not the people for the benefit of a government. The bad habits engendered by long and successful misrule in Ireland, were not susceptible of instantaneous eradication, by the gradual introduction of

just laws, and hence it was that an Eastern Bashaw never exercised more ruthless and despotic sway in his Pachaic than did many of the County Wexford Magistrates, in their respective districts, previous to the breaking out of the Insurrection. I was not an United Irishman, as I have before stated, and I am sure I should not have exposed my life in the field, and my property, and my family, to that ruin, perhaps, under circumstances the most favourable that could betide the popular cause might have overtaken all, were it not that I beheld my country in chains and bleeding at every pore under the whip of the executioner and the bayonet of the mercenary. The best, the most useful, and the most patriotic of her citizens either transported, or obliged to fly from the country of their fathers, to wander on the banks of the St. Laurence, and Mississipi, or to wear the degrading slave cap and the costume of the felon in New South Wales—the functions of the Civil Magistrate superseded by those of the drill-sergeant, and the tribunals of justice desecrated by drunkards, profligates, and horse-jockies.

To the copies of the different original papers, which appear in my Narrative, I refer with honest pride, as incontrovertible proofs that I am incapable of deliberately injuring a human being, and that my affection for my Protestant countrymen has ever been as sincere as it was ardent. The testimonials which were volunteered or other evidence given by those exalted military characters, General Grose and Colonel Sir James Foulis, and by Peter Burrowes, Esq., were equally honorable to the givers and the receiver, and will, I trust, convince every reader of my Narrative, that the man does not breathe who more religiously abhors bigotry, tyranny, cruelty and injustice than I do.

I have now to direct the reader's attention to a comparative statement of the outrages respectively perpetrated by the Magistrates, Military, Yeomanry, and Insurgents in the County of Wexford, in the year 1798. Nothing certainly can be more remote from my intention than to exhibit this melancholy list for the purpose of reviving almost defunct prejudices, but it is especially due to the character of a people which has been so grossly misrepresented by Sir Richard Musgrave and others, to satisfy dispassionate Irishmen and Englishmen, that the deputies of the Irish Go-

vernment in 1798, civil as well as military, were capable of deliberately exciting a civil war, with a view of realizing the most vicious and cruel projects, and eminently qualified to transcend, in superlative wickedness, the very lowest and most brutal of the Irish rabble. I think I shall obtain credit with my countrymen for the declaration I now make—a declaration founded upon long and intimate knowledge of Protestant worth—that a more honorable race of men never existed than the good Protestants of the County of Wexford.

It cannot, therefore, be supposed that I mean to charge one outrage committed in the county of Wexford against Protestants as such. The perpetrators were certainly encouraged and hallooed on by men of rank and persons in official station, who called themselves Protestants, but men whom I call practical infidels. Their wretched dupes were motley aggregates of yeomen and military, composed indiscriminately of Protestants, Catholics, and Dissenters. The barbarians that fired Scullabogue barn and committed the murders on Vinegar Hill, and on the bridge of Wexford, were of that common stock of moral depravity, which generated those barbarians that burned the house with the inmates in New Ross and the hospital in Eaniseorthy, containing more than one hundred and fifty sick and wounded Insurgents; and both those classes of barbarians have been long discarded, by Irish Protestants and Catholics as excommunicates, *ipso facto*, from the pale of every Christian Church in the universe. These numerical statements which are subjoined, have been, in some instances, taken from the books of Gordon, Hay, and Alexander, but those accounts which are marked "private memoranda" were obtained from the traditional details of the surviving children and relations of those who had been murdered.

Statement of outrages perpetrated by the magistracy, yeomanry, and King's troops, in the County Wexford, in the year 1798:—

- Page 64. Driscoll, a hermit, from Camolin wood, flogged and half-hanged three times by Tottenham's Ross Yeomen—
Alexander, I
- Page 65. Fitzpatrick, a country school-master, flogged by
same—ditto, I

Denis M'Donnell, dropped dead in a grove near Mr. Gordon's house, with fear of being flogged—Gordon,	1
Doctor Healy, a most respectable and inoffensive gentleman, and physician, flogged almost to death by the Ross Yeomen—Hay,	1
Flogged by a Corps of Yeomen, under the superintendance of a magistrate, in the neighbourhood of Enniscorthy, as it appeared on the trial of Appeals at Wexford, under the Insurrection Act, on the 23d May, 1798,—private memoranda,	17
Page 70. Flogged to death by Hunter Gowan's Yeomen, a peasant, whose finger was brought into Gorey by Gowan, on the point of his sword—Hay,	1
Page 73. Burned from its roots, by Tom the Devil, of the South Cork Militia, the hair of Mr. Perry's head, who was afterwards hanged—Hay,	1
Flogged and pitch-capped in the town of Carnew, before the Insurrection—private mem.	14
Page 76. Flogged almost to death by a Corps of Yeomen, commanded by a magistrate, at Ballaghkeene, on the 24th of May, 1798,—Hay,	2
Page 79. Hanged in the town of Enniscorthy, by the Yeomen, previous to the Insurrection, without trial—Hay,	2
Shot, by the Wexford Yeomen Cavalry, in cold blood, the day they arrested John Colclough,—Hay,	6
Shot at Dunlaven, by the Yeomanry, without a trial,—Hay,	34
Page 76. Shot, on the 25th of May, 1798, in the ball-alley, at Carnew, without any form of trial,—Hay,	28
Shot by Hawesry White's Yeomen, on the 27th May, between Oulart and Gorey; men and boys,—Hay,	22
Page 135. Shot, in Gorey, by the Tionehely and Wingfield Yeomanry, and without trial, 11 farmers, who had been taken out of their beds within a mile and half of the town,—Hay,	11
Page 150. Shot, by the Military, at New Ross, General Harvey's Aide-de-Camp, Mr. Matt. Furlong,—private m.	1
Hanged in Enniscorthy, a drummer of the North Cork Militia, for refusing to beat his drum to the tune of the Boyne Water,—Hay,	1

Page 153. Burned by the Military, at New Ross, wounded men who had taken refuge there during the battle,—Hay,	76
Page 158. Shot by the Yeomen of Gorey, in his own garden, Mr. Kenny, of Ballycanew,—Hay,	1
Shot by Ogle's Blues, at Mayglass, in running away from Wexford—Hay,	2
Shot by the Military and Yeomen at same place, seven men and four women,—Hay,	11
Page 165. Shot near Scarawalsh, an idiot nephew to the Parish Priest,—Hay,	1
Shot by the Newtownbarry Yeomen, in that town, after the retreat from Vinegar-hill, and left in the streets to be torn by pigs,—Hay,	9
Violated and murdered, near Ballaghkeene, by the Homperch Dragoons, after the retreat from Vinegar Hill, 7 young women,—private mem.	7
Bayonnetted in Enniscorthy, after the defeat at Vinegar Hill, by the Military, twelve men and three women,—private mem.	16
Murdered in the neighbourhood of Limerick Hill, by the army encamped there,—private mem.	13
Burned in the Insurgent Hospital, at Enniscorthy, by the military and yeomen, after the defeat at Vinegar Hill, private mem.	76
Shot by the yeomen infantry and cavalry, in cold blood, in the retreat from KilkThomas Hill,—private mem.	42
Murdered on the road between Vinegar Hill and Gorey, after the defeat of the Insurgents, by the yeomanry, sixteen men, nine women, six children—private mem.	31
Murdered in the Hospital of Wexford, by the yeomen and military, after General Lake entered the town, sick and wounded men,—private mem.	57
Shot by the yeomanry in the village of Anghrim, nine men and three women,—private mem.	12
Shot at Moneyhore, at Mr. Cloney's house, a very old sportsman, who came from the county Carlow, to inquire for the Author, called Shawn Roe, alias John Doyle,—private mem.	1
Shot at same place, an aged and most innocent and inoffensive man with a large family, Richard Mullett, and while struggling for death, a pike thrust through his nose into	

his head, by which he died in the most excruciating torture,—private mem.	1
Shot by the King's County Militia and some yeomanry, near Carrigrew, disarmed Insurgents—private mem.	28
Shot by the Military, near Killoughbrim Woods, industrious, inoffensive farmers, entirely unconnected with the persons concealed in those Woods—private mem.	38
Murdered by the supplementary yeomen, alias the black mob, between Gorey and Arklow, seventeen men, and five women—private mem.	22
Men, women and children,	726
Murdered at Kilcomney, by Sir C. Asgill's troops, at least,	140

866

The foregoing are the number; only of those victims of Military outrage in cold blood, of which a very imperfect account has been kept by some of the surviving relatives of the sufferers; but if I were to set down the whole number of those who are reported to have innocently fallen by the muskets and bayonets of a cruel and licentious military and yeomanry, it would more than double the amount of what I have stated. The burning of New Ross suburbs, with its inhabitants enclosed in their cottages, although mentioned by Mr. Hay, I do not calculate; I now present the reader with a detail of all the outrages perpetrated by the Insurgents in cold blood, which I could collect. No doubt individuals may have unfortunately fallen in some quarters, an account of which I have not been able to discover. I certainly should not conceal or suppress such an account on one side no more than I would on the other. It should never be forgotten how much the people were wronged by Sir Richard Musgrave; he returned the names of many individuals murdered in cold blood during the Insurrection, who lived for many years after, nay, some of whom are, I believe, living to this day. And he unblushingly returned a great number killed in battle as having been murdered in cold blood; but he was in a hurry to bring his commodities to market, and while the appetite of the prejudiced and credulous was ripe, he calculated they would voraciously swallow garbage and all. His calumnies, no doubt, made a most pernicious impression on such minds; but the withdrawal of the name of the manly

and humane Lord Cornwallis, from his book of fables, induced people to inquire more minutely into facts; and a little time brought such discredit on his labours, that his voluminous pages were allowed either to lye unheeded among heavy and exploded lumber, or consigned to the use of the snuff-shop or the grocer.

Murdered by the Insurgents in Wexford, immediately after their entry, Mr. John Boyd—Hay.	1
Mr. Turner, do.	1
Two Murphys', Catholics, do.	2
George Sparrow, do.	1
Ensign Harman, on returning from General Moore,—do.	1
On the bridge of Wexford, 20th June,—do.	36
In the parish of Davidstown, during the Insurrection, private mem.	5
Of the Wexford Militia, on the ridge of Mountains, near Castlecomer, private mem.	7
On Vinegar-hill—Hay,	84
In Enniscorthy on the day of the first battle, when the Insurgents discovered the drummer hanging in the Rev. Mr. Hancock's Lodgings,—Hay,	14
Shot by the Insurgents, near Carnew, a black trumpeter, belonging to the Ancient Britons—Hay,	1
Mr. Hay states that there were but eighty persons suffered death at Scullabogue. Sir R. Musgrave mentions, if my memory does not err, 184. I have reason to say, that between those that were shot and those burned in the barn, the number was about 100, of which 16 it is said were Catholics.	100
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A list of Roman Catholic Chapels burned by the Military and Yeomanry, in the County of Wexford, in the years 1798, 1799, 1800, and 1801 :—

Boolovogue, 27th May, 1798,	1
Maylass, 30th ditto,	1
Rausgrange, 19th June,	1

Drumgoold, 21st ditto,	1
Ballymurrin, ditto,	1
Gorey, 24th August,	1
Anacurragh, 2d September,	1
Crane, 17th ditto,	1
Rock, 12th October,	1
Ballyduff, 19th ditto,	1
Riverchapel, ditto,	1
Monaseed, 25th ditto,	1
Clologue, 26th ditto,	1
Killeveny, 11th November,	1
Ferns, 18th ditto,	1
Onlard, 28th ditto,	1
Castletown, ditto,	1
Ballygarret, 15th January, 1799,	1
Ballynamoneybegg, 18th ditto,	1
Askamore, 24th February,	1
Murrintown, 24th April,	1
Monamoling, 3d May,	1
Kilrush, 15th ditto,	1
Marshalstown, 9th June,	1
Monfin, 10th ditto,	1
Crossabeg, 24th ditto,	1
Kilenurin, 20th June,	1
Monagier, 1st July,	1
Kiltayley, 10th October,	1
Glanbryan, 13th March, 1800,	1
Kaim, ditto,	1
Ballymakesy,	1
Courtnacuddy, 12th August, 1801,	1
Davidstown set fire to but saved.	
Burned thirty-three Roman Catholic Chapels.	33
One Church, Old Ross, burned in consequence of the murder of an unarmed and inoffensive Catholic by the Ross Yeomen.	

For the same reasons that I have rejected those verbal details of the peasantry, the correctness of which I had any reason to doubt, I have also rejected the exaggerated statements of Sir Richard Musgrave and his imitators. Enough has been adduced to prove

that the Insurgents were outdone by many degrees in barbarity, by those who should have set them an example of moderation and humanity.

How disgusting must it not be to every humane and religious mind to perceive, in those shocking details, the higher classes, including Military and Yeomanry Officers, emulating the ignorant and depraved in their career of desolation. The Homperch Hussars, a regiment of German mercenaries, employed at that period by the British Minister to decimate the Irish subjects of George the Third in the County Wexford, displayed the genuine characteristics of hiring butchers. Their conduct here should serve as a warning to the people of England how they ever again suffer the harnessed slaves of a petty German Despot to pollute the British soil. At the same time that I feel bound to reprobate that cruelty and the consequent effusion of blood, which marked the progress of the military in general, I must render justice to the English Guards, officers and privates, particularly the Coldstream regiment, whose conduct formed a most striking contrast with that of the Irish Militia and yeomanry. They performed their duties with the correctness of soldiers and the humanity of Christians, and the following description of an interview between one of those brave men, and an Irish magistrate, as given by Mr. Alexander in his book, page 106, will convince the Irish reader that he ought to prefer, as conservators of the peace in Ireland, such men as the British Guards, to a brutal and fanatical gendarmerie, the chief merit of which, with its patrons, is a deep rooted aversion to the great mass of the people. "Corporal Morgan, of the First regiment of Guards, observing a country protected rebel, whose house was burned for his crime, dropped down at the word of command upon his knees to the gentleman who had burned his house, ran hastily to the fellow and lifted him off his knees, exclaiming, "get up you mean-spirited boor, and do not prostrate yourself to any being but your God; surely you do not mistake *this* man for that being?" "Sir," replied the gentleman, "he shall go on his knees to me as he ought." "No Sir," rejoined the corporal, "he shall not, at least in my presence, and while I have the honour of being in the King's Guards; we give the King but one knee, and that the left, reserving the right

knee, as well as the honour of both, for God, and I tell you to your very pain (whether you believe me or not) that you are neither a God nor a King, nor shall you receive the honour due to either.' This was a young man of good education, and in the same class with me at the late Rev. Mr. Wesley's academy, at King's Road, near Bristol. He was the son of an eminent Methodist preacher.

The conduct of the present Earl of Courtown, then a young officer in the guards then quartered at New Ross, immediately after the Insurrection ceased, was most exemplary. He repressed the violence and moderated the criminal zeal of many bigots whose reprehensible activity had contributed much to exasperate the peasantry, and prevent their seeking Government Protections, until they were encouraged to apply for them by the active benevolence of the young commander.

An alarming sensation was excited about the same time amongst the loyalists in Enniscorthy and its neighbourhood, in consequence of instructions which were issued by the young Lord Tyrone, late Marquis of Waterford. He commanded the Waterford Militia there, and in his capacity of Colonel of the Regiment, several complaints having been preferred to him against individual loyalists, for acts of outrage, plunder, and deliberate homicide; he offered a reward for the apprehension of the delinquents, and instructed his officers and men to use all possible diligence for the discovery of those privileged outlaws. The terror inspired by this salutary proceeding of Lord Tyrone, may be judged by the fact, that one of the chief transgressors, though a man assuming high power, either fled the neighbourhood or concealed himself in one of those private haunts which were inaccessible to all but his own particular friends, until the firmness and vigour of the principal officers commanding in districts, had awed the magisterial and other disturbers of the public peace, into a cessation of their wanted outrages, when culprits were allowed to creep out of their hiding places, first guaranteeing their future good behaviour. Great censure has been thrown by the hired calumniators on the characters of the Catholic Clergy generally, on account of the part taken by a few. I never approved of seeing a Clergyman in arms, but it is well known, these few acted from the natural im-

pulse of self-preservation, and were not promoters of the Insurrection. The Rev. Mr. Dixon, of Castlebridge, a most kind and inoffensive man, was taken up and convicted under the diabolical Insurrection act, a short time before the Insurrection commenced, on very extraordinary, and as it is said, discreditable evidence, and sent like a felon to New South Wales.

The Rev. John Murphy's Chapel and Dwelling-house were consumed, when no earthly charge could be adduced against him. The Rev. Mr. Redmond, whose exertions were most exemplary in checking the violence of the people around him, and who ventured his life for the protection of the house and property of Lord Mount Norris, was himself accused of being one of the plunderers, was taken and executed with as little ceremony as the savages of Owyhee generally show to their victims. The remains of the Rev. Michael Murphy, who, with those examples before him, sought safety in the Camp with his countrymen, were treated at Arklow, (as it is confidently affirmed,) in such a manner as should be expected only from Cannibals.

The Rev. Mr. Roache, as before related, who went into Wexford alone unarmed, and to seek for protection, was treated with the greatest barbarity; yet I can challenge the traducers and persecutors of Catholic priests and respectable laymen, to justly charge them with cruelty during their short lived power. Under such cruel and trying circumstances could Catholic Clergymen be expected to divest themselves of their nature, and tamely place their heads on the block for merciless executioners? If such a cruel system of persecution should ever take place in this country again, which God in his mercy avert, although the loyalty of the Clergy is indubitable, it would be hard indeed to judge what course a considerable portion of that body might be impelled, by the first law of nature, to adopt; but if cruel and inevitable necessity unfortunately drove them to the field, the contest would be short and decisive. Infatuated must the Governors then be that will ever attempt to persecute the best guardians of the morals and peace of the country; and they should also recollect that the Catholic Clergy need not now, as in the early ages of the Church, deem it necessary to devote themselves to martyrdom, to establish the great truths of the Christian religion. It is wiser, therefore, not

to drive them to desperation. Not like laymen, it is not only their relatives that avenge injuries inflicted on Catholic Clergymen, the whole Catholic community feel insulted by any outrage committed on men, who, in the hour of affliction and misery, console and relieve them, not only affording them the comforts of religion, but dividing with the poor their scanty means, to assist in either raising them from the bed of sickness, or enabling their poor families to consign them to their tombs, with that decency which the poor Irishman considers one of the first of duties.

I trust it will be admitted by my readers that throughout the entire of my Narrative I have evinced a proper caution not to state any matter of serious import on mere hearsay or slight evidence—that I have supported my statements either with regard to my own conduct, or that of my persecutors, or the persecutors of my country, by incontestible evidence and well-authenticated documents. I am now about to close my Narrative, and commentaries on it in the way of conclusion, by the introduction of two public documents which I deem of great historical importance, and which I conceive fully bears me out in my general assertions with regard to the early and systematic persecution carried on by the Ascendancy faction and their retainers against the Catholic people of Ireland, as well as the unbridled licentiousness of the army for some time previous to the Insurrection of '98. One of those documents is the address of the Earl of Gosford, governor of the County of Armagh, delivered to a numerous meeting of the magistrates of that county, convened by him so early as the year '95. The other is the address of the brave, the humane, and the patriotic Sir Ralph Abercromby, then Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in Ireland, published in the Spring of 1798. All persons not well acquainted with the melancholy state of Ireland at that period, who read those documents will naturally inquire why they had not their proper influence in stemming the torrent of persecution then raging throughout this ill-fated country. And it becomes my duty to follow up the insertion of those valuable records of barbarous times, by a commentary on what the extraordinary events in subsequent years naturally lead me to assign as the motives for the passive acquiescence of the ruling powers, for

some years in a system of anarchy, in place of law, and the final results of that system, which reduced Ireland from a Nation to a province, a true sense of which her people only just now dare express, and which expression is likely to be supported by an invincible determination to restore the country again to its proper and natural level as a nation :

PUBLIC DOCUMENTS.

At a numerous meeting of the Magistrates of the County of Armagh, convened on the 28th of December, 1795, at the special instance of the Earl of Gosford, Governor. His Lordship having taken the Chair, opened the business of the meeting by the following address :—

Gentlemen—Having requested your attendance here this day, it becomes my duty to state the grounds upon which I thought it advisable to propose this meeting, and at the same time to submit to your consideration a plan which occurs to me as most likely to check the enormities that have already brought disgrace upon this country, and may soon reduce it into deep distress.

It is no secret that a persecution accompanied with all the circumstances of ferocious cruelty, which have in all ages distinguished that dreadful calamity is now raging in this country.—Neither age nor sex, nor even acknowledged innocence as to any guilt in the late disturbances is sufficient to excite mercy, much less to afford protection.

The only crime which the wretched objects of this ruthless persecution are charged with, is a crime indeed of easy proof ; it is, simply, a profession of the Roman Catholic faith, or an intimate connexion with a person professing this faith. A lawless banditti have constituted themselves judges of this new species of delinquency, and the sentence they have denounced is equally concise and terrible ; it is nothing less than a confiscation of all property, and an immediate banishment.

It would be extremely painful and surely unnecessary to detail the horrors that attend the execution of so rude and tremendous a proscription—a proscription that certainly exceeds in the comparative number of those it consigns to ruin and misery, every ex-

ample that ancient or modern historians supply : for where have we heard, or in what story of human cruelties have we read of more than half the inhabitants of a populous county deprived at one blow of the means as well of the fruits of their industry, and driven in, the midst of an inclement season, to seek shelter for themselves and their helpless families where chance may guide them ?

This is no exaggerated picture of the horrid scenes now acting in this county—yet surely it is sufficient to awaken sentiments of indignation and compassion in the coldest bosoms. These horrors are now acting with impunity. The spirit of impartial justice (without which law is nothing better than an instrument of tyranny,) has for a time disappeared in this county, and the supineness of the magistracy of Artnagh is become a common topic of conversation in every corner of the kingdom. It is said in reply, the Catholics are dangerous. They may be so. They may be dangerous from their numbers, and still more dangerous from the unbounded views they have been encouraged to entertain ; but I will venture to assert, without fear of contradiction, that these proceedings are not more contrary to humanity than they are to sound policy.

It is to be lamented that no civil magistrate happened to be present with the military detachment on the night of the 21st instant, but I trust the suddenness of the occasion, the unexpected, and instantaneous aggression on the part of the delinquents will be universally admitted as a full vindication of the conduct of the officer and the party acting under his command.

Gentlemen—I have the honour to hold a situation in this county which calls upon me to deliver my sentiments, and I do it without fear and without disguise. I am as true a Protestant as any gentleman in this room. I inherit a property which my family derived under a Protestant title, and with the blessing of God, I will maintain that title to the utmost of my power. I will never consent to make a sacrifice of Protestant Ascendancy to Catholic Claims, with whatever menace they may be urged, or however speciously or invidiously supported. Conscious of my sincerity in this public declaration, which I do not make unadvisedly, but as the result of mature deliberation, I defy the paltry insinuations that malice or party spirit may suggest.

I know my own heart, and I should despise myself if under any intimidation I could close my eyes against such scenes as present themselves on every side, or my ears against the complaints of a persecuted people.

I should be guilty of an unpardonable injustice to the feelings of gentlemen here present, were I to say more on this subject. I have now acquitted myself to my conscience and my country, and take the liberty of proposing the following resolutions :--

1. That it appears to this meeting that the County of Armagh is at this moment in a state of uncommon disorder ; that the Roman Catholic inhabitants are grievously oppressed by lawless persons unknown, who attack and plunder their houses by night, and threaten them with instant destruction, unless they immediately abandon their lands and habitations.

2d. That a Committee of Magistrates be appointed to sit on Tuesdays and Saturdays, in the Chapter-room, in the town of Armagh, to receive information against all persons of whatever description, who disturb the peace of this county.

3d. That the instruction of the whole body of magistrates to their Committee shall be to use every legal means within their power to stop the progress of the persecution now carrying on by an ungovernable mob, against the Catholic inhabitants of this county.

4th. That said Committee or any three of them be empowered to expend any sum or sums of money for information or secret service out of the funds subscribed by the gentlemen of this county.

5th. That a meeting of the whole body of the magistracy be held every second Monday at the house of Mr. Charles M'Reynolds, in the town of Armagh, to hear the reports of the Committee, and to give such further instructions as the exigency of the case may require.

6th. That offenders of every description in the present disturbances shall be prosecuted out of the fund subscribed by the gentlemen of this county.—[From the *Dublin Journal*, of *January*, 5th, 1796, and copied in all the *Irish papers*.]

ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE,

*Dublin, 26th, Feb. 1798.***GENERAL ORDERS.**

The very disgraceful frequency of Courts-martial, and the many complaints of irregularities in the conduct of the troops in this kingdom, having too unfortunately proved the army to be in a state of licentiousness, which must render it formidable to every one but the enemy, the Commander-in-Chief thinks it necessary to demand from all Generals commanding districts and brigades, as well as Commanding Officers of Regiments, that they exert themselves, and compel from all officers under their command, the strictest and most unremitting attention to the discipline, good order and conduct of their men, such as may restore the high and distinguished reputation the British troops have been accustomed to enjoy in every part of the world. It becomes necessary to recur and most pointedly to attend to the standing orders of the kingdom, which, at the same time that they direct military assistance to be given at the requisition of the civil magistrate, positively forbid the troops to act (but in case of attack,) without his presence and authority; and the most clear and precise orders are to be given to the officer commanding the party for this purpose. The utmost prudence and precaution are also to be used in granting parties to Revenue Officers, both with respect to the person requiring such assistance, and those employed on the duty; whenever a guard is mounted, patrols must be frequently sent out, to take up every soldier who may be found out of his quarters after his hours.

A very culpable remissness having also appeared on the part of officers, respecting the necessary inspection of barracks, quarters, messes, &c., as well as attendance at roll-calls, and other hours, Commanding Officers must enforce the attention of those under their command to those points, and the general regulations for all which the strictest responsibility will be expected for themselves. It is of the utmost importance that the discipline of the Dragoon Regiments should be minutely attended to, for the facilitating of

which the Commander-in-Chief has dispensed with the attendance of Orderly Dragoons on himself, and desires that they may not be employed by any General or Commanding Officer, but on military and indispensable business.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL CRAIG,

Eastern District, Barracks, Dublin.

Sir Ralph Abercrombie's just and humane intentions were at once set at nought by the Government, and his removal decided on. Mr. Secretary Pelham addressed a letter to the Officers of the army in Ireland, dated 3d March, 1798, in which he informs them that his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant authorised them to employ force against any persons assembled in arms, or not in arms, without waiting for the sanction of civil authority, if in their opinion the peace of the realm and the safety of his Majesty's subjects might be endangered by waiting for such authority. Although Lord Cornwallis came to Ireland in July '98 to carry the Union by every political device that could be well put in practice, it must be admitted that he gave an immediate check to the sportive barbarity of the yeomanry huntsmen in their bloody career of hunting down the peasantry of the country. His Excellency's conduct with regard to the very remarkable trial of Hugh Wolahan, a yeoman, for the most atrocious murder of Thomas Dogherty, furnished one strong proof of his love of even-handed justice. Every aggravating circumstance was clearly proved against Wolahan. No attempt was made to contradict any part of the evidence, but a justification of the horrid murder was set up as having been committed under an order of the Commanding Officer—that if the yeomen should meet with any persons whom they knew or suspected to be rebels, they needed not be at the trouble of bringing them in, but were to shoot them on the spot. That it was almost the daily practice of the corps to go out on scouring parties and to act in this way. This defence was confirmed by one private, one serjeant, and two Lieutenants of yeomanry. Captain Archer swore that he had always found Wolahan a diligent man and ready to obey the orders of his Officers. Captain Gore deposed that it was the practice of the corps to scour the country, and that he verily believed the yeomen understood it was their

duty to shoot any rebel they met with, or suspected to be such, and the deponent had heard that such were the orders in different districts. Here the defence closed, and the Court acquitted the prisoner. When the minutes of the Court-martial, in the usual way, were laid before the Lord Lieutenant, his Excellency was pleased to disapprove of the sentence, dissolve the Court-martial and incapacitate the members from sitting on any other, and ordered the following official letter to be dispatched to General Craig :—

Dublin Castle, 16th October, 1798.

“ Sir—Having laid before the Lord Lieutenant the proceedings of a General Court-martial, held by your orders in Dublin Barracks, on Saturday, the 13th instant, of which Colonel the Earl of Enniskillen was President, I am directed to acquaint you that his Excellency entirely disapproves of the sentence of the above Court-martial in acquitting Hugh Wolahan of a cruel and deliberate murder, of which by the clearest evidence he appears to have been guilty.

“ Lord Cornwallis orders the Court-martial to be dissolved, and directs that Hugh Wolahan shall be dismissed from the corps of yeomanry in which he served, and that he shall not be received into any other corps of yeomanry in this kingdom. His Excellency further desires that the above may be read to the President and Members of the Court-martial in open Court.

“ I have the honor to be, Sir,

“ Your most obedient humble Servant,

“ H. TAYLOR, Secretary.

“ To Lieutenant-General Craig.”

P.S.—I am also directed that a new Court-martial may be immediately convened for the trial of such prisoners as may be brought before them; and that none of the Officers who sat upon Hugh Wolahan's trial be admitted as members.

Although Lord Cornwallis came to Ireland armed with perhaps stronger powers than any of his predecessors in the Viceroyalty, and evinced a disposition to exercise them with even-handed justice, yet he soon found a power in the country so long habituated to exercise authority over the representative of Majesty as not to

be easily controuted, and the vital object of carrying the Union left him no alternative but either to seek for his recall, (as even Lord Camden is confidently said to have done, when horror struck at the cruel projects proposed in his Council,) or to propitiate the Ascendancy faction until his favourite measure was carried. He was therefore obliged to pass over many of their misdeeds. They were led to believe that by the incorporation of Ireland with England a preponderating power would then remain with the Protestants of the Empire to crush the pretensions of the Catholics of Ireland, whilst, on the other hand, sanguine hopes were held out to the Catholics, that the Irish Ascendancy faction would be deprived by the Union of their power to resist the just claims of the Catholic body. Thus was one party played off against the other, until the parricidal measure of reducing Ireland to a province was carried.

On the 15th of February, 1800, Petitions were presented to the Irish Parliament from different Counties in Ireland, against a Legislative Union with Great Britain. On the introduction of one from the King's County, Sir Laurence Parsons took occasion to state to the House, that Major Rogers, who commanded at Birr, having been informed that there was an intention of assembling the freeholders and inhabitants of that County, to deliberate on the propriety of petitioning Parliament against the Union, the Major said he would disperse the meeting by force if they attempted to meet, that he had applied to and received directions from Government to do so; and on the following Sunday, whilst a numerous body of Magistrates and freeholders (amongst whom was Colonel Lloyd, member for the County were assembled, Mr. Verney Darby, the High Sheriff ordered them to disperse; they however passed their resolutions hastily, and on preparing to depart, they saw Major Rogers advancing at the head of a column of troops with four pieces of cannon in front with matches lighted, and when he came up he declared that had they continued sitting he would require but one word from the High Sheriff, to blow them to atoms. These were the dreadful measures said Sir Laurence Parsons, by which Government endeavoured to force the Union upon the people of Ireland, by stifling their sentiments, and dragooning them into submission; he then proposed two resolutions to the House of the following effect:—1st, that to prevent by military

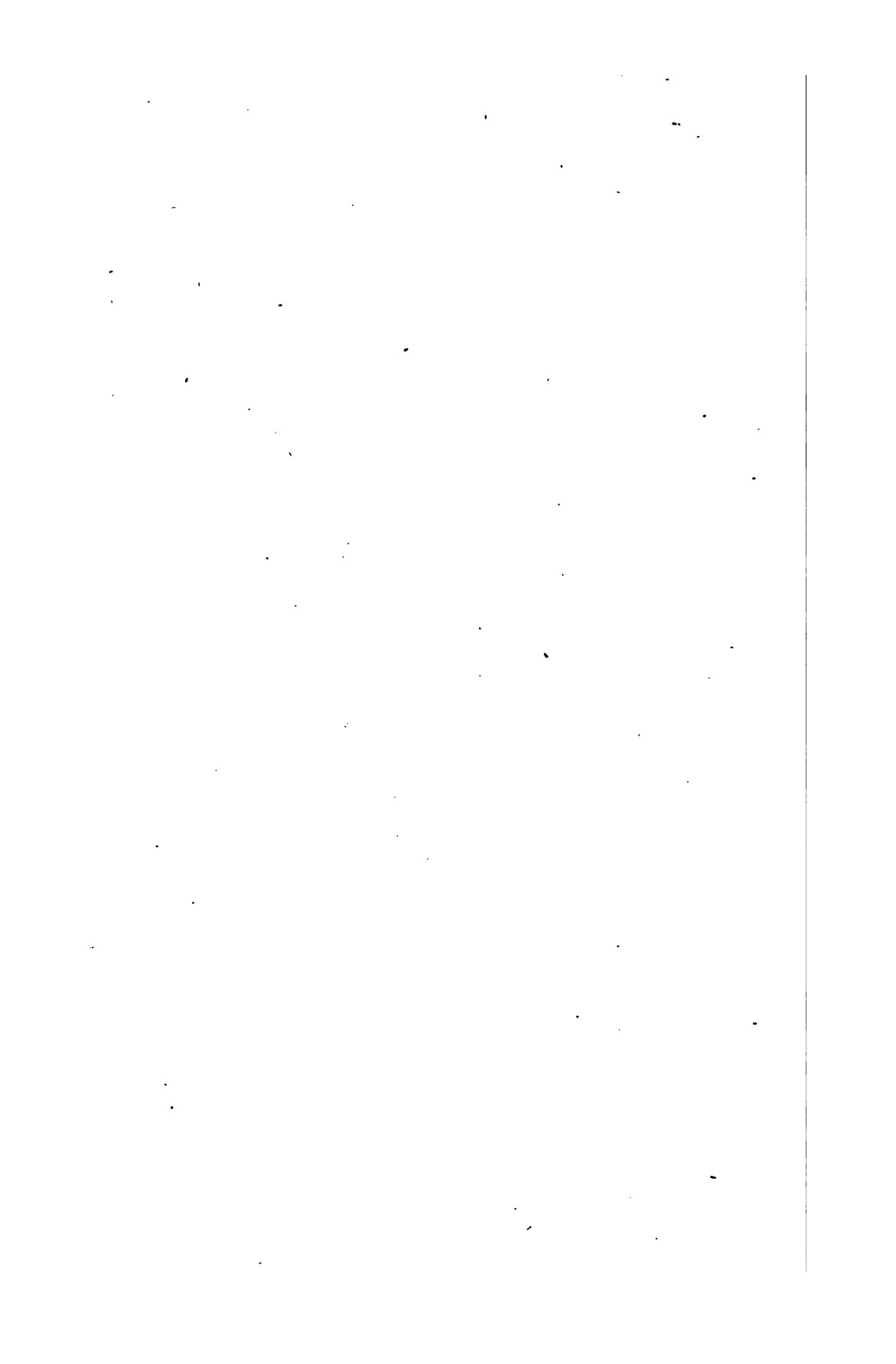
force the freeholders of any County from meeting to petition Parliament is a gross violation of the privileges of the House, and a subversion of the Constitution. 2d. That Verney Darby, Esq. and Major Rogers do attend at the Bar of the House on Wednesday next. As an acknowledged truism, Sir Laurence withdrew his first resolution, and the second passed unanimously. Nothing however appears to have been done upon it. Many similar attempts were made to put down public meetings throughout Ireland, which with the aid of bribery and treachery soon effected the desired object of reducing her to a province.

The measure having passed both Houses, one of its many baleful and demoralizing attendants soon followed in the compensation to Borough proprietors. The enormous sum of one million two hundred and sixty thousand pounds was voted to them at the average rate of fifteen thousand pounds to each. This to be sure was a public parliamentary act, but could the people only know the amount squandered in private bribery, it altogether would I am sure be beyond ordinary calculation, and all wrong in taxes from an enslaved, impoverished, and degraded people.

The incontestible proofs I have adduced of the cruelty and injustice practised for some years in the Government of Ireland must, I think, convince every impartial reader that there was some more weighty motive at bottom than the mere continuation of the long-established maxim of *divide et impera*, and that the accomplishment of Ireland's complete prostration at the feet and mercy of England by the Union, was the grand motive and the unjust object sought to be attained, and that by bribery, treachery, and blood. For the last thirty-two years every means has been adopted by successive English Ministers to consolidate this Union, not by a reciprocity of advantage but by constant encroachments on Ireland's rights, even in the very Articles of the Union, some of which have been most shamefully violated; every thing has been done to increase English interest and power to the manifest weakening and degradation of Ireland, so as it might be naturally expected she should be incapacitated from making any struggle for regaining her plundered rights; but All-wise Providence that permitted her to suffer a long night of slavery, persecution, and injustice, seems at length to smile on her, and to stretch its omnipotent arm to lift

her up once more to the rank of a nation. She has outgrown her chains ; they are daily falling one by one from her long manacled limbs, and she now begins to stride with majestic pride and power, like a giant refreshed, ready to tell England no longer shall I be your slave—restore me my rights—let me have a fair reciprocity in trade, commerce, and agriculture secured to me, and protected by native representatives legislating at home under the eyes and controul of the people, who will henceforward be more watchful of their own interests—then you may rely on the cordial support of my arm in the battle field, and my purse to support the just exigencies of the Empire governed by one King and equal laws. If the Irish people would only come forward like Christians and patriots, and sacrifice long encouraged and mistakenly cherished prejudices (the great bane of Ireland) on the altar of their country, and boldly and unanimously petition for a Repeal of the Union, England would see the folly of resistance—the thing would be quietly granted—the thinking people of England, whose eyes are at length opened to the injustice so long practised towards Ireland, would I am sure join in the call. Not only their love of justice but their private interest would impel them to it, for they begin to ask loudly why should we be cruelly taxed for keeping up a great standing army to resist the just claims of our enslaved neighbours. They will not continue to suffer it—they will also join in the extinction of tithes and other unreasonable demands, and thus by the union of the people of England and Ireland in obtaining justice for all, will be established a real union of heart, strength, and determination to stand or fall together, so as to secure peace and happiness to those countries, and not only to command the respect of, but to bid defiance to the other powers of Europe in any attempt they may ever presume to make on the rights or liberties of the British Empire. The approaching elections give the people an opportunity which they should anxiously embrace, to return members friendly to a Repeal of the Union wherever there is sufficient strength to do it, and eligible candidates to come forward ; but the risk of enemies to the people's rights coming in by a division of the liberal interest, should be carefully guarded against. We have had Representatives who voted honestly on all national questions, and whose minds may not be entirely made up to the support of Repeal at this moment, but who may nevertheless, when

the public voice becomes stronger, come round. I certainly would be cautious how I gave Conservatives who may merely promise to support Repeal and yet vote for every other obnoxious measure, an opportunity to step into their places. How justly have we heretofore censured men, who to secure their return to Parliament, promised to support Catholic Emancipation, yet with this exception were found in the Ministerial ranks on every obnoxious question.



APPENDIX.

TRIAL

OF

THOMAS CLONEY

Before a Court-martial, held in the town of Wexford, which commenced the 5th day of July, 1799, and continued for fourteen days, and composed of the following Members :—

PRESIDENT,

Colonel VESEY, Dublin County Militia.

JUDGE-ADVOCATE,

Counsellor LYSTER, Lieutenant of Ogle's Blues.

Major JURE, of the Midlothian Cavalry.

Major JONES, of the Dublin County Militia.

Captain LINDSAY, of the Artillery.

Captain FERGUSON, of the Midlothian Cavalry.

Captain BRABAZON, of the Dublin County Militia.

Captain PHEPPE, of the Dublin County Militia.

CHARGES.

First—For being a General-Colonel, Major, or Captain in the Rebel Army during the late Rebellion.

Second—For being present at the Murder of John Gill, on Vinegar Hill, on the 29th of May, 1798.

EDWARD HAMPTON, SWORN.

What religion are you of? I am a Protestant.

Do you know the prisoner? I do for several years.

Did you see the prisoner in the rebellion; relate where, and what you saw of his conduct? I saw him at Carrigburn Camp; saw him often striving to prevent murder from being committed, and frequently heard him order that no man should be killed in cold blood, and always heard that he prevented murder to the best of his endeavours.

Did you ever go from Carrigburn with a party to Old Ross, and under whose command did you consider yourself? I did go with a party to Old Ross, and considered myself under the prisoner's command.

Did you know the business you were going on? I did not.

Was the Church at Old Ross burned by that party on that day? It was.

By whose orders was it burned? I cannot tell by whose orders it was burned.

Did you hear the prisoner give any orders to have it burned? I did not; but I heard it said in the crowd that it ought to be burned.

Did you hear it said, when the Church was on fire, that the Devil's house was on fire? I did, but don't know by whom.

Don't you believe it was said by the prisoner? I can't say who said it, as there was a great crowd on the road near the Church when it was said.

Did you hear the prisoner that day give orders to burn any other houses? I did hear him say that another house should be burned, but don't know whose house it was.

Who ordered you from Carrigburn to Old Ross? I can't recollect any person in particular, but was ordered by several.

Did the prisoner order you? I believe he did.

When you came to Old Ross, did any person give you any orders? There did not.

Did you hear the prisoner say any more than what you have related on that day at Old Ross? I heard him say, he did not know the good from the bad.

Prosecution adjourned, and resumed the 8th of July.

RICHARD GAINFORD, SWORN.

Are you a Protestant? I am.

Do you know the prisoner? I do.

Where were you on Whitsun-Monday? At home.

Relate what you have seen pass on that day? On Whitsun-Monday, 1798, a party of Rebels came to Monglass, near to the prisoner's house, and took Mr. John Gill, Isaac Rigley, his son, and other prisoners, and kept them that night. They marched to the Leap next morning, where I saw the prisoner and a large party of Re-

bels, and Mr. Thomas Devereux, who ordered a ring to be made near a gravel-hole, and ordered myself and all the other prisoners to prepare for death. An order came immediately after to bring them to Vinegar Hill. The whole party marched off directly. Saw the prisoner on horseback on the march, sometimes before and sometimes behind the party. When we got opposite Mr. Sweeney's house in Templeshannon, William Hanton, of Caim, was dragged out of the ranks and killed. Does not know whether by some of the same party that went with him or others. The remainder of the prisoners were then brought up to Vinegar Hill and put into the windmill. In a few minutes after John Gill saw the prisoner near the door on horseback, and applied to him three or four times to save us. The prisoner ordered the guard to let Gill out. Gill did go out, and stood near the prisoner about two minutes. Prisoner turned his horse as if going away. He was about three steps from the door. Gill was forced back by the Rebels about half-way into the door, when word was given by some one unknown to witness to haul the Orange dog out. Gill was then plucked out and immediately killed by a blow of a scythe which cut his throat.

Where was the Prisoner when Gill was hauled forward and put to death? Standing on his horse about three or four yards from the door.

If the prisoner had said any thing, you must have heard him? I think I must.

Did he say any thing to save Gill's life? I did not hear him.

Did the prisoner seem to have the command of the party? He did, and was several times called Captain and sometimes General.

Do you swear positively prisoner was within three or four yards of Gill when he was murdered? I do.

How long did you remain in the windmill after Gill was put to death? Until next morning.

Did Gill die immediately on receiving the blow of the scythe? On being knocked down they malletted him on the head with sticks, and the butt-ends of muskets until he cringed, stretched himself out, and died.

Was the prisoner present all this time? He was, with his back turned to the door where the body lay.

Could the prisoner hear the whole of this transaction? I think

he could not help it.

Did the prisoner see this transaction after Gill was dragged out? I cannot swear he saw it.

When the prisoner ordered Gill out was it for the purpose of saving him? It did not appear to be so; it seemed to me to be to shew him to his enemy, as I think he could have saved him, as common men who had not the title of Captain often saved me.

Could the prisoner have said any thing to prevent the transaction without your hearing him? He said nothing to prevent the transaction in my hearing; he might have said something, as there was so great a crowd.

At the time you were at the Leap did you hear the prisoner give any orders to put the loyalists to death? I heard the prisoner order a ring to be made at the cross-roads, and the loyalists to prepare for death.

Cross-Examined.

What parish did Gill live in? Tetpleshanbo.

What parish did the other men who were taken live in? The same.

Do you believe a man of the name of Sly was taken prisoner along with you, and was he brought to Enniscorthy? I do know he was taken prisoner; he was brother-in-law to Hanton, who was killed; I believe he was marched with me to Enniscorthy.

Did you mean to say Gill was struck on his being plucked out of the mill? The hand which pulled him out was scarcely from his breast before the scythe took him.

Did you ever give any information before any magistrate about the murder of Gill but Mr. Jacob? I never did; I never mentioned any thing with regard to Mr. Cloney to any body but Mr. Jacob and Mr. Turner, who bid me do justice.

When did you first mention the matter to Mr. Turner? I think last Thursday or Friday.

What hour was Gill killed at? I cannot tell the time, but to the best of my knowledge about four or five o'Clock in the evening; it is hard for me to say, when I saw two friends murdered before me, both Gills.

What time passed between the time Gill applied to Mr. Cloney to protect him, and the time he was killed? I cannot tell; I think

about a few minutes ; they gave him no delay.

Did you before the rebellion lodge informations against your father or brother, and for what offence ? I never did.

Don't you believe the rebels often murdered men in spite of their leaders ? I never saw it ; I cannot answer the question.

When loyalists were killed, did you see a circle formed previous to their execution ? I did generally, but there was no circle formed when Gill was murdered.

JAMES GAINFORD, SWORN.

Are you a Protestant ? I am.

Do you know the prisoner ? I do.

Were you brought a prisoner by the rebels on Whitsun-Tuesday morning to Vinegar-hill ? I was along with John Gill, my brother, and several other Protestants.

Did you see the prisoner on Vinegar-hill on Whitsun-Tuesday ? I did ; I saw him on horseback at the front of the windmill door ; he looked in, and seemed to take great notice.

Did any person call out that Gill was killed ? My brother moved over to me, and told me that Gill was killed.

Did you see the prisoner at that time ? Not after my brother spoke to me.

Did you see Gill afterwards ? I saw him lying dead about an hour after my brother spoke to me.

How long before Gill was killed, was it you saw the prisoner ? A very small time.

Cross Examined.

Are you a private in Mr. Archibald Jacob's corps of yeomanry ? I am.

Have you related all you know against Mr. Cloney, relative to the murder of Gill ? I have, except that I think he might have saved Gill.

What reason have you for thinking so ? Because I thought him a commanding officer.

Were you taken prisoner with your brother on Whitsun-Monday, and marched with him to Vinegar Hill ? I was and marched with him and other loyalists to Vinegar Hill on that day.

Don't you believe the rebels often murdered loyal men without command from their leaders, and often in spite of them ? I do believe undoubtedly they might do so.

Did your brother ever complain to you of prisoner's conduct with regard to Gill? Not as I know of.

Do you recollect one Sly being taken prisoner, and marched with you to Vinegar Hill? I do recollect it.

Was there one John Stilman marched along with you, and confined in the windmill? I don't recollect to have seen him at that time.

Did you see the prisoner on the march to Vinegar Hill? I did not see him at all until I got to Vinegar Hill.

Prosecution Closed.

FIRST DEFENCE.

Copy of Defence drawn up by Counsellor Peter Burrowes, and delivered to the Court-martial by which Thomas Cloney was tried in July, 1799, the Defence having been first read to the Court by the Prisoner.

Before the Rebellion broke out in Wexford, I never harboured a revolutionary sentiment. Possessing a property superior to my wants, and educated in habits of industry, political subjects scarce ever occupied my mind, and I was perfectly contented with those laws and that Constitution under which I felt myself prosperous and protected. I defy the most active scrutiny to discover any word or act of mine to denote that I was a political agitator, or at all concerned in any of those associations from whence principally the rebellion sprung. Suddenly and unexpectedly I found the whole country in arms—his Majesty's government as it were dissolved, and almost the entire of this county in the possession of the rebels. I was informed, and the scenes I witnessed rendered the information credible, that the rebel army was every where triumphant and that even the Capital was in their possession. Revolution appeared to me to be inevitable and almost already to have taken place. However absurd and ridiculous experience has proved such an opinion to have been, it was entertained by many loyal men of this County, who were much wiser and better informed than I was. Surrounded as I was on every side by armed and infuriate rebels, I had no option but to lead or to follow. Numerous are the loyal inhabitants of this County who have reason to exult

that I accepted that lead of which the influence of my property gave me an option. I assert it confidently and solemnly that I hazarded my life ten times in restraining cold-blooded assassins, and preserving unarmed loyalists, whom accident subjected to their power, for once I risked it in battle.

When Wexford was retaken and the rebellion subdued, I well knew that my life was forfeited, and that if I were immediately taken my claims to mercy would be disregarded; that offended justice and state necessity would justifiably require and exact an instant sacrifice. In this exigency I reaped the fruits of my active and zealous humanity. The gratitude of protected loyalists facilitated my escape and concealment. I firmly believe there was scarcely a loyal man who witnessed my conduct during the rebellion, or heard it truly related, who would have been active to discover or arrest me. In my concealment I learned that many of those who were said to have originally planned and fomented the rebellion had been executed. That the humanity of a merciful Government began to distinguish degrees of guilt—that Proclamations offering mercy and protection to deluded and repentant rebels had been issued. Even though a Rebel Leader I conceived that I was at least within the spirit of those Proclamations, and being conscious that my guilt was not aggravated by any wicked or malignant act, I resolved to throw myself upon the mercy of Government. I accordingly communicated my situation and intention to Captain Robinson, of the South Cork Militia, who will attend and prove that through his mediation I surrendered myself to General Grose about the first of August last, by whose orders I was confined a close prisoner in Enniscorthy until he fully investigated what had been my conduct, and maturely weighed my claims to mercy.— Upon the 16th of August, General Hunter executed a paper which truly recites that I confessed myself to have been a Rebel Leader, expressed my contrition, and took the oath of allegiance, and by which he granted protection, and, as I conceived, pardon.

Being so protected and pardoned, I resided in the town of Enniscorthy from thence to the 25th March, and lived in a cordial intercourse with most of the loyal inhabitants of that town, which considering that I am a Roman Catholic, and the feeling which predominates there, could not have happened had not my conduct

during the rebellion been notoriously and eminently distinguishable from that of others who took an active part in it,

About the 25th March last, I repaired to my farm-house, within a few miles of Enniscorthy, where I resided until the 8th of May, when I was arrested, in consequence of information sworn before Archibald Jacob, Esq., by one William Breen, that I had been concerned in the murder of one Croshie.

Upon this information I was lodged in gaol, under a committal stating the above charge and none other. I instantly solicited to be tried, and the prayer of my petition was granted. I supplicate this honourable Court not to imagine that I reflect upon them for trying me on two new charges, for which I was not arrested or detained, and declining to try me upon the charge upon which I was committed. Not having been given in charge to you for the murder of Croshie, you properly overruled my request to be tried for the crime against which I particularly prepared myself. However it becomes a necessary part of my defence to state the nature of that charge, and why it was postponed; and if I am permitted I shall establish my statement by evidence. I found that certain of my tenants availing themselves of my known criminality in engaging in the rebellion, although perfectly able, would not pay their rents. I was advised by cautious friends to submit to the imposition, but I disdained it. I arrested two tenants, and immediately examinations were preferred against me by William Breen, stepson of one of them, for the murder of Matthew Croshie. If I am allowed I shall prove that this young man, who accused me, was seduced by influence and intimidation, to swear those examinations. His mother will attend, if necessary, before you, to prove that her son was in the house with her upon the whole day upon which Croshie was murdered, so that he could not have known the fact to which he has sworn.

That since his examinations he has been in a state of misery and remorse; that he acknowledged the untruth and injustice of his informations, and has absconded to avoid the disgrace of a public investigation. If the forms of your proceedings had permitted me to enter at the same time into my defence against all the charges against me, I would have avoided the injury and loss consequent

on repeated defences, and am convinced you would have been enabled to form a better judgment upon the whole. I shall now with humility submit to you what I have to say relative to the two charges upon which I was tried. I have already acknowledged my guilt as a Rebel Leader ; I acknowledge that my case is an excepted case in the indemnity act, and that I cannot avail myself of it ; but I submit, that if no such act ever passed, I should be considered as pardoned and absolved from the guilt of treason and rebellion ; if this be so, surely an act of grace and oblivion, extending its benevolent influence to whole classes, exacting no new guilt or punishment, and merely regulating the terms upon which and the objects to which it should be extended, never can be construed to annul a pardon previously granted. As a Rebel Leader, I conceive that I am expressly pardoned ; as a murderer, if I am guilty, let me be punished, but let me be judged, as I am confident I shall be judged, without prejudice. To prove this charge, two witnesses have been examined ; Richard Gainford is the only witness who has sworn to any thing against me, his brother James Gainford does not corroborate, he invalidates and impeaches his evidence, and I should hope, even as the evidence stands, I should be acquitted. It has ever been a ground to suspect the truth of an accusation, that it has not been recently made. There never was a case in which it was less likely that such a secret should be locked up in the bosom of such a man as Richard Gainford. Can it be credited that he would conceal so deadly a charge for a whole year, of it were true against a Papist Leader, who had so inhumanly murdered his Protestant friend and relation, merely because he was a Protestant, and that although he resided for many months in the same town with me, and lived within a few doors of the nearest relations to the deceased man ; can it be credited that he would not, in so long a time, mention even to his brother the horrid part he swears he saw me take, and has related so circumstantially, yet you have the oaths of the two Gainfords themselves, that he never mentioned it ? It seems the horrid secret was reserved to be communicated to Mr. Archibald Jacob, after I was taken up, and after it appeared that the first attempt on my life must prove abortive.

But I implore you to compare his evidence with that of his bro-

ther, James Gainford, and see whether the latter does not destroy the former. They were arrested together on Monday evening ; they were marched together on Tuesday, by the Leap to Ennis-corthy, and confined in the Windmill on Vinegar Hill. The only circumstance in which James Gainford concurs with his brother, is one which is perfectly consistent with my total innocence—namely, that he saw me look attentively in at the Windmill, some time before Gill was murdered. But he is totally unacquainted with any other circumstance related by his brother. Can it be possible that the narrative of Richard Gainford could be true, and that no part of what he has stated should be seen or noticed by James Gainford, who accompanied him. Trivial circumstances might strike the mind of one man, and escape that of another ; but surely the part which Richard Gainford represents me to have acted, was so striking and conspicuous, that if it took place it must have been noticed by all the prisoners. Could I have been attending and regulating the march of the prisoners, a conspicuous figure on horseback during the whole way, sometimes before and sometimes behind, consequently sometimes alongside the party, as represented by Richard Gainford, without being at all seen by his brother, as he has sworn ? Could I have ordered a ring to be made at the Gravel-pit, and could such ring be made for the horrid purpose of murdering the prisoners, and could I have commanded them to prepare for death, without James Gainford having seen or heard any part of this proceeding ?—But, Gentlemen, you will find that James Gainford was not the only person amongst the prisoners, upon that march, and at the Windmill, who can contradict the narrative of Richard Gainford. The providence of God, which always overtakes a murderer, has here interfered to prevent murder being falsely imputed to an innocent man. Three Protestant loyalists, who were prisoners in the Windmill that day, fortunately survive the detestable butcheries of that banditti, whom I abhor as much as any man, to preserve the life of an innocent man, though he differs from them in religion. They will all contradict the testimony of Richard Gainford. Two of them were eye-witnesses of the murder, and will depose that if I was present they must have seen me. In addition to this, as long as the Court will indulge me, I will produce the most res-

pectable Protestant witnesses to my general character for humanity, and to the repeated hazards of my life which I encountered, to prevent the effusion of innocent blood. The state of the question then, as to the charge of murdering Gill, amounts to this—no attempt has been made to prove previous malice towards that unhappy man. Such an act is repugnant to the whole tenor of my character and conduct, during the rebellion towards others. It is sworn to by a single witness of low situation in life; that witness comes forward under the most suspicious circumstances, with every motive to divulge and punish my guilt; he has not even mentioned it to a human being for a whole year; he is contradicted by his brother, who is produced against me, in every essential circumstance. He is contradicted by two other eye-witnesses of the fact, whose feelings must be presumed to be at war with any man guilty of such a crime. Under such circumstances, am I presumptuous in relying that the enlightened and unprejudiced tribunal before which I am tried, will never, upon such evidence, pronounce a sentence which ought not to be pronounced, when there is any doubt of guilt, and that that illustrious Nobleman, who I know will condescend to peruse the defence of even so insignificant a man, will continue to me that life which I owe to his clemency, and enable me to repair the lapse of an infatuated moment, by years of active gratitude and zealous loyalty.

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FIRST WITNESS FOR PRISONER.

EDWARD HAMPTON, SWORN.

What is your religion? A Protestant, bred, born and reared.

Were you a prisoner with the rebels on Vinegar Hill when John Gill was killed? I was.

Did you see him killed? I did.

Did you see prisoner there? I did not.

How near were you to Gill when he was killed? I was within three yards of Gill when he was killed. I was on my knees, to be killed—I looked round for somebody to save me, and had the prisoner been there I must have seen him. I was so near Gill when he was killed that his blood spouted on me.

Relate the manner Gill was killed? He was taken out by two

men, and just as he got to the door a man struck him about the neck with a weapon which I believe was a pike. He bled much, fell on his knees or hip, and in a few minutes after, witness was brought out and placed upon his knees, within two yards of Gill. Immediately after I saw Gill struck with a scythe blade about the throat, and he fell instantly and died; saw several pikes drove into his body.

Did you hear any body call Gill out? I did not hear him called out by any person.

When Gill was murdered, did you see men on horseback, and did you know any of them? I did see some on horseback.

Could the Prisoner be there on horseback with his back turned to you, without your knowing him? He could not as I knew him these twenty years.

Was Richard Gainford a prisoner with you? He was.

How near was he to Gill when he was killed? About two or three yards, he could not be more.

Did you hear Gill or Gainford call to any one to save them? I did not. They might have done so.

Were you brought to the windmill with any other person? I was brought alone. Gill and the Gainfords were there before me.

What time was Gill killed? It was after twelve o'Clock. I cannot exactly tell; I think between three and four o'Clock.

Were you acting with the rebels at Old Ross, and when? I was the Saturday after Gill's death.

When did you leave Vinegar Hill? On the evening Gill was killed, about five o'clock.

How did you get clear when on your knees? A man of the name of Farrell got me clear, and got me a pass from Lacey, of Enniscorthy.

Were the doors of the windmill kept shut? There was no door to it.

Did you ever give information of Gill's death? I never gave information, but I told several.

Were you asked by any person in this town lately what you knew of Gill's death? I told several what I knew.

Did Mr. Turner ask you any thing of Gill's death? I do not recollect he did. If he did, I told him the truth, the same I told

the Court. I remember he questioned me about Old Ross.

What day did you speak to Counsellor Turner? Last Tuesday.

When did you speak to Counsellor Barrowes? This day.

Did you not tell Mr. Turner you knew nothing of Gill's death? I now think I recollect I told Mr. Turner of Gill's death; if I said I did not know any thing of it, I meant I did not know who killed him.

When Mr. Turner asked you about Gill, did you think it was to know whether Mr. Cloney was concerned in his murder? I did.

Why did you not tell Mr. Turner what you knew of Mr. Cloney not being there? I did not think it material as I did not know who killed him.

Would you have known the prisoner if his back was to you?— I would have known him. I know him twenty years, and was born within two miles of him.

Edward Sly, Sworn.

Are you a Protestant? I am.

Were you taken prisoner the same evening with Richard Gainford? I was.

Did you accompany Richard Gainford and the other prisoners to Enniscorthy? I did.

Did you hear at the Leap or any where of an order being given to you and the other loyalists to prepare for death? I did not.

When you and the other prisoners were conducted to Enniscorthy, did you see prisoner at all on the march? Not to my knowledge; I did not.

Did you see the prisoner on Vinegar Hill when Gill was murdered? I did not.

Were you under any apprehension, upon your march, of being put to death, and what did you conceive was to be done with you? I did not think I was to be put to death until I went to Vinegar Hill—I thought they took me to do as they did themselves.

Did they burn your house? They did.

Were you at the Leap on Whitsun-Tuesday, and did you see a ring formed, or hear an order given to the Protestants to prepare for death? I did not see a ring formed, or hear any orders given to any person for that purpose.

How near were you to Gainford at the Leap? Within about

two perches—I was not farther from him.

Could any orders be given which Gainford might have heard, and you not have heard? A man at fourteen yards distance might hear orders I might not.

Were the Protestants marched as prisoners from the Leap to Vinegar Hill? I saw every one go from the Leap as they pleased, the same as I did myself—I saw no one lay hold of them.

Did you see any one command that party? I saw no one have more command than another, except those who were taken, that could not do so much as the rest.

How near were you to Gill when he was taken out? Within about three yards.

Was any person nearer Gill than you were? There were a great many.

Did you see Gainford in the prison? I did.

Did you see him close to Gill? I did.

Was he near him the time he was dragged out? I cannot tell whether he was so nigh him then.

Do you know one Hampton? I do; he was in prison with me.

Did you see him and Gill together? To the best of my knowledge, I did not.

Was Hampton brought in the same time with you? He was put in with me; I was taken out before Hampton; I left him behind me in the Windmill.

Did you see any one else taken out besides Gill? I saw Henry Hatton, of Enniscorthy.

Could any one be taken out without your seeing him? Not whilst I was in the Windmill.

Did you see any one on horseback when Gill was killed? I did.

Did you see the prisoner? No.

What time were you released? About one o'clock.

What conditions were you released on? On condition of joining the rebels.

Were Hampton, Gill, Gainford, and you marched together from the Leap? Yes, we were.

Did you know a man of the name of William Hanton? He was my brother-in-law.

Did you see him killed on that day? No, I saw him walk

into Mr. Lett's brewery with several others—never saw him after—heard next day he was killed.

Did you go to Mass since the rebellion? I did, sometimes—I lived near Killaughrim Wood, and was afraid to go any where else, as I was told it would not be safe.

Did any one promise you any thing for coming here? Never.

Did you ever hear the prisoner wish for murder? Never—I always heard he desired the people not to kill any man in cold blood.

John Stilman, Sworn.

What religion are you of? I am a Protestant.

Were you a prisoner at Vinegar Hill, on Whitsun-Tuesday, in the Windmill? I was.

Did you see Gill murdered; and were you near him? I saw the first stroke he got but did not see him expire.

Did you see the prisoner on the Hill that day? Not to my knowledge.

Were you outside when Gill was murdered? I was outside when he got the first stroke, about a minute.

Were you at the Leap with the prisoners you saw in the windmill on Whitsun-Tuesday? I was.

Did you hear any orders to make a ring at the Leap? I did not.

Did you see the prisoner there? I did not.

What did you see at the Leap? I saw several Protestants there.

Relate their names? I saw Isaac Rigley, Sly, Hanton, and Gill.

Did you consider them as prisoners? I did not.

Did you march with them to Enniscorthy, and did you see the prisoner on the march? I did march with them to Enniscorthy and did not see the prisoner on the march.

When did you first consider yourself a prisoner? When I was put into the windmill.

Were all the Protestants together when they were ordered to

be put in the windmill! We were not together at first, till orders were given that all Orangemen should be put in; we were then all selected and put into the windmill.

Who went with you into the prison? Ned Sly, John Gill, and some others.

How long were you in prison before Gill was taken out? About an hour.

What time were you put into prison? About seven o'clock.

How long were you taken out before Gill? About one minute; when Gill was brought, I saw a man strike him with a pike over some mens' shoulders in the neck. He fell on his knee or hip;—he leaned his head against the wall, with his hand to the wound, the blood running through his fingers. The wound was on the side of his head next the wall.

Are you certain the wound was on that side? I am certain of it.

What became of you after? A friend took me down the Hill and gave me some beer. I returned up the Hill in half-an-hour and saw Gill lying dead.

Did you see Gainford in prison? I don't know; I did not know him at the time.

Do you know Edward Hampton? I do not.

Did you see any prisoners brought in after you? I saw Henry Hutton, there might be many others.

How large is the prison? About twelve feet square, as near as I can guess.

Did you see the prisoner at Ballygittistown during the rebellion? I saw him in a room in a public-house.

What was he doing? Writing on a paper.

Do you know what he was writing? No.

Did you ever give any information before a Magistrate against the prisoner? I did. I saw the prisoner write on a piece of paper and give the paper to Abraham Barrett, who came to my house. Barrett read the paper, which was an order to take William English and James Tremble to Ennisworthy to stand guard—Signed, "Thomas Cloney."

When you saw him write, do you say you did not know the purport of what he was writing? I mean I did not then know it.

Do you recollect being examined by Mr. Turner with respect to the prisoner? I was examined by him.

Did you tell Mr. Turner you knew nothing of Gill's murder? I never spoke to him on the subject.

June 10th.—Captain Robinson, South Cork Militia, sworn.

Were you a Captain on duty in Enniscorthy since the rebellion? I was.

Did the prisoner deliver himself up to you and acknowledge himself a Rebel Leader, and when? He did deliver himself up to me about the first of August 1798, and acknowledged himself a Rebel Leader.

Did you procure a protection for him from General Hunter? I did.

Relate what you know relative thereto? I was led to do so from Mrs. Robinson, my wife's application to me, which she made in consequence of the great humanity and attention shewn by the prisoner and his family to her during the rebellion. Before I applied I made every enquiry as to the conduct of the prisoner from several loyalists and always heard him excessively well spoken of, had this not been the case I should not have applied. On my first seeing prisoner, I asked him if he had committed any act of violence during the rebellion, and told him if he had not I would apply for a protection for him; he solemnly assured me he never had committed any act he was afraid of except being a Rebel Leader. In consequence I applied to General Grose who would not give a protection without applying to General Hunter, he thought it a matter of such moment. General Hunter granted it after some days consideration.

Where has prisoner resided since and what has been his general character? He resided in Enniscorthy until the 25th of March last. As far as I saw, his conduct was very good, and I did suppose it must have been good from seeing him in company with none but loyalists. On some absurd reports of the town of Enniscorthy being about to be attacked by the rebels, I have known him to go to loyal houses for protection, once in particular to Doctor Pounder's.

Do you believe the prisoner shrunk from prosecution, and have you any reason for that belief? I should think he did not, and for this reason: On telling me that two of his tenants had run away in his debt, and that he did not expect support from the head landlord of the ground, to recover the debt on account of being con-

cerned in the rebellion. I asked him what support he wanted? that if he were conscious of not committing any other act but merely being concerned in the rebellion, his true way was, to mark a writ against the fellows and put them into gaol; at the same time to be very cautious how he did so, for if there was any act they could bring against him, they would do it in revenge; and that an act which might appear very trivial in his eyes, might appear very heinous before a Court-martial or Court of Justice; at the same time if he could acquit himself in his conscience, now was the time to stand forward and shew the gentlemen of the country the protection he got was not misapplied. He told me he was not afraid, and he took my advice by putting the men into gaol.

General Grose, Sworn.

(The following questions were put in in writing:—)

Relate what you know relative to my obtaining protection as a Rebel Leader? Mr. Cloney had several applications made to me to surrender himself, and to get a protection, acknowledging his being a Rebel Officer, and he expected on his surrender to be pardoned generally; I did not give any answer, not caring whether he surrendered himself or not. I heard he was at a Mr. Lett's, near Enniscorthy; I sent there, found he was ill in bed, and took Mr. Lett's word he would be forthcoming in an hour. He accordingly was, and when in my possession I made a general inquiry amongst the Protestants of Enniscorthy, what had been his character during the rebellion; they gave him so very good a character, that I recommended him to General Hunter to get a protection, which General Hunter gave to me to give him.

At the time he surrendered himself, did you consider him as an officer high in command? I knew him to be a leader, but the account I received of his good conduct and humanity to Protestants induced me to interest myself for him, and to step out of the common line in his favour. I did not like to give him a protection myself and therefore consulted General Hunter.

By the word *Leader* do you mean that he held a rank equal or superior to a Captain? I mean that he was that kind of man that came within the exceptions of the Amnesty Bill.

Did John Gill's brother recommend prisoner to you? I believe so, but I cannot answer decidedly.

Mrs. Mary Ann Lett, sworn.

What religion are you of? I am a Protestant.

Does your husband reside in Enniscorthy, and what business does he follow? He does; he is a brewer.

Had you any opportunity of being acquainted with my character during the rebellion, and what is your opinion of it? You were very kind to me, and I have heard a number of Protestants say you were so to them.

Did I give you any, and what assistance relative to the getting your husband out of Gaol, relate what you know of that transaction? Mr. Cloney procured me admittance into the Gaol of Wexford to my husband, where he was confined; he wrote on the back of a protection, which I got from Mr. Corrin,^a a priest, that he would be bail for my husband's good conduct, and that he would not leave Wexford if Mr. Corrin would allow him to be taken out of Gaol. I went to Mr. Corrin, who refused to allow him to be taken out. I then met Mr. Cloney, told him of the refusal, and he told me that he would take him out on his own authority, which he was afraid was not sufficient. He did take him out, and left him at his own lodgings where we lodged the night before. I then went with Mr. Cloney to Mr. Harvey, to get a protection to keep my husband out of gaol. Mr. Harvey refused giving it—was extremely angry at Mr. Cloney's taking him out, and desired him to take him back again, which he did. After that, Mr. Cloney sent me some provisions when I was in great need of them.

Did Mr. Cloney express any sorrow at not succeeding in having your husband restored to his liberty? He seemed to feel very much.

Do you think he went back with your husband to Gaol to protect him? I am sure he went back to protect my husband from any outrage.

Mrs. Dorothea Budd, Sworn.

What religion are you of? I am a Protestant.

Was your husband a prisoner in Wexford during the Rebellion and is he living or dead? He was a prisoner, and is dead.

Did you hear from your husband that I gave him any, and what protection? My husband told me that Mr. Cloney had given him every assistance in his power; he took him out of gaol, and brought

(a) There was a mistake made by Mrs. Lett, as it was not Mr. Corrin, but it must have been some other person that interfered.

him to Mr. Keugh's to get him a protection. While he stood at the door, when Mr. Cloney went in for the protection, some person came up and took my husband back to gaol. Mr. Cloney followed him and told my husband he saw he would be as safe there as any where else, and gave him money to support him. Mr. Cloney visited him whenever he came to town.

Was not your husband a yeoman and a Protestant? He was.

Was Mr. Lett, husband to the lady that was examined here before you, a yeoman and a Protestant? He was.

From all you know of the rebels do you not think I endangered myself by protecting your husband? I believe you did every thing in your power for me and my husband. From the hatred the rebels had to myself, I was turned out in the streets of Enniscorthy with two children, I met Mr. Cloney in the street when he brought me to Father Kearns and got me a protection from him, when I was refused by other persons in power amongst the rebels, who said it would be dangerous to themselves to grant it or interfere for me at all.

Did your husband not correspond with me whilst in prison? I believe he did; I received letters from my husband, enclosing some for you.

Was the prisoner kind to the Protestants and Loyalists in general, or to his own particular acquaintances? I heard many speak kindly of him; I never heard any one speak harshly of him.

Have you lived in Enniscorthy ever since the rebellion? I have lived there since.

Mrs. Martha Stringer, sworn.

What religion are you of? I am a Protestant.

Was your husband a Yeoman and a Protestant—did he reside in Enniscorthy—and is he living or dead? He was a Yeoman and a Protestant—did reside in Enniscorthy—and is dead.

What was my conduct towards the Protestant loyalists during the rebellion, and particularly towards your husband and self? I always heard you were very humane; I never heard any thing to the reverse. When my husband and I left Wexford, Mr. Cloney met us at the water side, and protected us until we embarked. I afterwards saw him where Mr. Stringer was confined in Enniscorthy; he came to see him out of kindness; he sent provisions

to me, and desired some to be sent to Mrs. Rudd, which were sent.

Was Mr. Stringer an acquaintance of prisoner's? He was, and did business for him as an attorney.

Henry Minchin, sworn.

Are you a Protestant and a yeoman? I am.

Did I save you from any and what danger during the rebellion? I was taken prisoner by the rebels and put into gaol. Shortly after I was ordered down to the gaol-yard to be tried with several others, before Bagnal Harvey, Fitzgerald Roache, Nicholas Gray, and others. Harvey asked if any one knew me, I looked round, saw Mr. Cloney standing outside the crowd; I called on him to give me a character, which he did—He did every thing he could to save me. He brought me to the house where my mother was, and he said he would not leave the gaol until he would get John Bennett out: but he immediately after found that Bennett had got out.

Did I appear to be one of those that were trying the prisoners? You did not.

Did you see me interfere to save the life of any other man? I heard you say to Mr. Harvey on the trial of one Smithson, who had been a quaker—"you know Mr. Harvey, quakers in general are republicans."

Do you believe Mr. Cloney said that with a view of saving Smithson's life? I believe he did.

Did you think your life would be in danger had he not gone with you to your mother? I am sure it would—he came to protect me.

Were you acquainted with the prisoner before the rebellion?—I had very little acquaintance with him, none but having dined at his house once.

Thomas Rogers, sworn.

Are you a Protestant? I am—and an old and true soldier.

Did I at any time save your life during the rebellion, and how, relate it to the Court? I was wounded at Enniscorthy on Whitsun-Monday by the rebels, and made a good retreat to Wexford. On Wednesday, I was taken out of a ship, into which I had got.

I was dragged by a party of rebels to Garrett Quigley's door, where they were going to put me to death, when the prisoner came up and cried out "you damned rogues are you going to murder the man?" He then made up, and rescued me from them, and put me in a place of safety.

Did the prisoner know you to be a loyal man? He did.

Rogers addressed the Court by saying that Mr. George Ogle, who was present, as well as most of the old gentlemen of county, knew him to be a loyal man, and that he then declared he would prefer having a rope put that moment round his neck, and to get three swings out of the gallows, than have a hair of prisoner's head touched; elsewhere, such declaration must have had due weight.

Thomas Greene, sworn.

Are you a Protestant? I am

Was there any difference between you and me before the rebellion. There was for near a year and a half, during which time I never spoke to you but once.

Did I interfere to save your life, and when? You did the evening of the 31st of May, 1798. I was brought from on ship-board to gaol, where Mr. Harvey and others sat to try me for my life—through the prisoner's interference I was saved.

Did any other person interfere for you? No other person interfered for me.

Did you know those who were present? I knew Mr. Gray, Mr. Colclough and the prisoner.

Did you expect I would interfere to save you from the difference that existed between us? I did not indeed.

Evidence for prisoner closed.

Prisoner's Counsel here quit him, not calculating that the prosecution would be renewed, when prisoner boldly remonstrated against the illegality of its renewal. The president, Colonel Vesey, told him they did not mind any law quibbles—they must labour to establish the truth. After the Court sat for two days on the renewed prosecution, prisoner was obliged to dispatch his Attorney to Dublin to his lawyer, Mr. Burrowes, to state the very dangerous situation in which he was placed, in order that Mr. Burrowes might devise some means of making the proceedings known to Government

in due time, to prevent fatal consequences. Prisoner had, in consequence, to stand for some days longer before the Court-Martial without the aid of either lawyer or attorney.

PROSECUTION RENEWED, 11th of July.

John Hanten, Sworn.

Are you a Roman or a Protestant? I am a Catholic.

Do you know the prisoner? I do.

Did you see him on Whitsun-Monday, and where, relate to the Court what you saw him do? I was taken prisoner on Whitsun-Monday night, at Monglass, and was next morning brought to the Leap, where there was a ring made, and we went then to Vinegar Hill.

Did you see the prisoner on that march? I saw the prisoner on horseback ride back and forward.

What became of you when you went to Vinegar Hill? When I was brought to Vinegar Hill, I was put into the Windmill.

Did you see the prisoner at that time? I saw the prisoner on horseback at the Windmill door.

Was there one John Gill, a prisoner with you? There was.

What became of John Gill? He was killed.

Did you see him killed? I did not see him killed; but I saw him dead about an hour after I was put into prison.

Did you see the prisoner during that time? I did not.

Did you hear Gill address the prisoner? I did hear him address the prisoner to get him out.

Did you see the prisoner at that time? I did.

Was it about the time you were put into prison? It was.

How long was Gill in the Windmill before he was killed? About an hour.

Did you see the prisoner at the time you were at the Leap? I did.

Did you ever see the prisoner before that day? I never did.

How did you know him? I was told it was him.

Can you positively say you saw the prisoner Cloney on horseback at the Windmill, and Gill and Gainford applying to him? I can.

Are you a yeoman? I am of Mr. Richards corps of Infantry.
Did you see one Sly and Hampton with you? I did.

When you were at the Leap, were you put into the ring? Yes.
all of my sort, such as Gainfords, Sly, Hanton, and several others
I did not know.

For what purpose were you put into the ring? I do not know.

Did you hear any orders given whilst in the ring? I did not;
only to go to the Hill.

Did you see any of the prisoners praying or preparing for death?
I did not.

If there were any orders given, must you not have heard them?
I don't know—I did not hear any one praying or preparing, for
death.

When you were taken and marched to Vinegar Hill, did you
understand it was to make you join the rebels? I did.

Did you suppose when there you would be killed? I did.

What made you imagine you would be put to death? Because
Gill was killed.

Did you consider yourself a prisoner on the march? I did.

Was Sly with you? I think he was.

When did you first mention what you have related, and to
whom? To Mr. Turner, about Friday last.

Did you ever talk of this matter to Richard Gainford? I did
not.

Were you ever instructed in what you now swear? I never was.

Henry Gill, sworn.

What relation are you to the deceased? I am his son, and was
taken prisoner with my father at Monglass, on Whitsun-Tuesday.

Relate what you saw on that day? When we came to the Leap,
I saw my father and Mr. Cloney in conversation, when I heard Mr.
Cloney say, "Mr. Gill, I cannot do anything for you, the gentlemen
may do as they please," and my father said it was no use. I was
then put into a ring, and I heard the people say about me—"are
these Orangemen you have got here;" and on the march, prisoner
passed me twice, desired the men to march six deep, and go easy;
and as we were going up to Vinegar Hill, we met a party shout-
ing, and in the confusion I escaped.

When you were at the Leap, did you hear the prisoner order
the loyalists to prepare for death? I did not.

Did you see any other person at the Leap who seemed to have any command but the prisoner? I did not.

Do you think at that time he could have liberated your father? I think he could, as my father mentioned on the road to the Leap, that if he could see Tom Cloney, he would do something for him.

Did you, at the time you were first taken, imagine you would be murdered? I did.

Did you ever converse with any one, and when, upon this subject? I did with Counsellor Turner, who desired me to do justice.

Did you ever converse with Richard Gainford, and when? I did on Saturday last, on our way from Enniscorthy to Wexford.

Did you ever converse with him before Saturday? Not as I remember.

William Furlong, Sworn.

Are you a Roman Catholic or a Protestant? I am a Protestant.

Were you on Vinegar Hill on Whitsun-Tuesday, 1798? I was.

Did you see the prisoner there? I did.

What place did you see him? I saw him at the Windmill, speaking to John Gill.

Did you hear the conversation? I did not.

Did you see Gill brought out of the Windmill—relate what you saw pass? He was brought out of the Windmill, and put in again; and I heard some of the rebels say "he is an honest man." In some time afterwards, a man, unknown to me, rushed in and said, Gill should be murdered. In about fifteen minutes afterwards, Gill, with several others, were furiously pushed out and murdered.

Was Richard Gainford near Gill when he was taken out? He must be near him, as the prison is very small.

Was the prisoner on foot or on horseback at the door? He was on foot.

Did you see Gill murdered? I did not.

Did you see the prisoner after Gill was murdered, and what time? I did, in about three quarters of an hour—I saw him hand William Collister out of the windmill and save his life.

Could he not hand Gill out and save him, as well as he saved

Collister? I think he could if he run the risk and did not meet so great an opposition.

Don't you believe any common rebel could rush into the wind-mill and kill a man, if he had any ill-will to him, without his officer's leave? I believe he could, if the guard would let him.

Could not one of the guard themselves go in and kill any of the prisoners? They could.

Evidence for Prosecution closed.

Richard Gainford, Re-examined.

Do you recollect ever having any conversation with any person relative to the prisoner, beside Mr. Jacob and Mr. Turner?—
—Never as I recollect, but to Mr. Henry Gill, since I was examined before the Court.

Did Valentine Gill ever send to you, or had you any conversation with him relative to the prisoner? I never had on that subject, nor did he ever send to me or go to me.

Do you positively swear that Valentine Gill never sent to you, or went to you on the subject of this prosecution? I am positive he never did.

Archibald Jacob, examined as to character.

Do you know Richard Gainford? I do.

What do you know as to his character? I know him to have lived in Enniscorthy since the rebellion; and I believe he conducted himself very properly.

Did you know him before the rebellion? I did not.

Had you ever any money dealings with Gainford? I never had.

Do you think from your knowledge of him, that his oath should be credited in any Court of Justice? I think it should, as I believe him to be a very honest man.

Do you know John Stilman? I do.

What do you know of him? I think him an improper man.

What reason do you assign for that? He was turned out of my corps for misconduct, with the unanimous consent of the corps.

Did Stilman ever apply to you after he left your corps for some pay that was due to him? He did.

What answer did you make him? I told him there were some

stoppages to be made, as it was thought proper to be made by the Corps.

Did you not tell Stilman in the public streets in Enniscorthy that you would not pay him as he was to come forward as an evidence for me? I did not.

Do you know William Furlong? I do, and believe him to be a proper well behaved young man.

Do you know Edward Hampton? I do, and believe him to be a very honest man.

James Sherlock, Lieutenant of A. Jacob's Corps, sworn.

Do you know Richard Gainford? I do for several years.

What do you know of his character? I often entrusted him with money from five to twenty pounds, to bring me goods from Dublin, and he dealt very fair and honest.

Do you think, from your dealings with him, that he is a man to be trusted on his oath in a Court of Justice? I think he is.

Do you know James Gainford, and what do you know of him? I do know him to be a very honest man.

Do you know John Stilman, and what do you know of him? I know him to be turned out of the corps to which I belong, with the unanimous consent of the corps, for bad conduct.

Do you know Edward Hampton, and what do you know of him? —I do know him since he was a little boy. He and I went to school together, and were born within one mile of each other, and I always knew him to be a quiet, honest boy.

John Stilman, Re-examined.

Did Mr. Jacob refuse you payment after leaving his Corps? He did.

For what reason? He sent me word by Matthew Croshie that he would not pay me as I was to come forward as an evidence for a crotty.

What reply did you make? I sent him word, that if I never were paid, I would come forward to declare the truth; that any thing I had to say against Mr. Cloney I would declare it, or any thing in his favour.

Did you fight with the loyalists in Enniscorthy on Whitsunday Monday 1798? I did.

Were you obliged to give up your arms on that day, to the Rebels, and by whose orders did you give them up? I was in the house of James Sherlock together with four other loyalists, firing out on the rebels, when Sherlock's father came to us and insisted on our giving up our arms and ammunition to the rebels, which he obliged us to do.

SECOND DEFENCE.

I am much obliged to this honourable Court for the indulgence extended, in permitting me to resume my defence, in consequence of the supplementary matter attached to my prosecution, which I conceived to have been finally closed before I was permitted to enter into my defence, in which I had the assistance of a gentleman of high professional talent, and who was not aware that other evidence could be kept back as a *Corps de reserve*, in case what had already been adduced against me should be deemed insufficient to support the design of the present prosecution; however, I am reconciled to the absence of that gentleman, when I reflect that that circumstance will the more particularly recommend me to the favour and indulgence of this honourable Court, where, if the sword be conspicuous, the scales of justice are nevertheless held with a steady and impartial hand, and an equal preponderancy, will be indulged in favour of the accused. If a doubt should arise of the insufficiency of proof to establish the alleged crime, and I venture to pronounce that it is from a well-founded suspicion of the sufficiency and consistency of the evidence adduced against me, in the first instance, that further proof has been sought for, and which has been so laudably received by this honourable Court, that they may have the fullest satisfaction of my innocence or guilt; and I can readily conceive, that as much pleasure will arise to the Court in establishing the former, as there would in passing sentence on the latter. I am highly gratified to find that this honourable Court have expressed their fullest conviction of the value of my exertions in the cause of humanity, which have been certified and borne testimony to by the best evidence, and, while this flattering impression remains on the minds of the Court, I am justified to infer that the greater the crime alleged against me, the greater will be the pre-

sumption in favour of my innocence; for it must be supposed, that before I could engage in so horrid a deed, I had to struggle with and overcome every generous sentiment, and resist the sensation of repugnance, that the most profligate will feel, in raising his hand to murder in cold blood, and as my character is so well certified in the rebellion, and at all times, I am in humble confidence, that this honourable Court will not suffer any thing to counterbalance the weight of that presumption, which nearly amounts to facts. Now, I beg leave to say, that nothing has appeared on the production of the auxiliary testimony of John Hanton, Henry Gill, and William Furlong, which goes to corroborate the evidence of my virulent prosecutor, Richard Gainford; but, on the other hand, adds contradiction to the many contradictions which his evidence has already suffered in the presence of the Court, both from the witnesses for and against the Crown, and what credit could a man receive on his Oath, who is thus confronted, and his testimony impeached by those, whose conditions and characters in life, are more reputable and respected. To prove satisfactorily that a man should not get credit on his oath in a Court of Justice, it is necessary to shew that the general tenor of his character is so bad that credit cannot be attached even to his allegation on oath. I shall not presume to say that Mr. Richard Gainford has obtained this ascendant in immorality, but were he heretofore of unimpeachable character, his evidence in this instance is so questionably and so satisfactorily refuted, that his credit totters, and I trust that, under such circumstances, the testimony in his favour will prove an ineffectual prop. I must, on the part of my witnesses, return thanks to Mr. Jacob for his good character of Mr. Edward Hampton, and am the more pleased with his good opinion of this witness, because he has corroborated the evidence of John Stilman.

Limited as I am in time, I must decline any further comment on the evidence last adduced on the part of the Crown, but beg leave to refer the Court to the manifest contradiction in the evidence of Richard Gainford. If credit be given to Valentine Gill, or even to Henry Gill; they have severally sworn, in direct opposition to Gainford, that they conversed with him on the subject of this prosecution before the examination of Gainford on this trial, which Gainford solemnly disavowed. I shall conclude by stating,

it is well understood that an officer in the King's army could never be considered accountable for the excesses of his troops, acting contrary to or without his orders; how hard would it then be, to make me, who was an officer amongst many and without any controlling power, accountable for the actions of a furious people trampling upon all authority,

16th of July—James Coffee, Sworn.

What religion are you of? I am a Protestant.

Were you a prisoner in the Windmill on Vinegar Hill, on Whit-
sun-Tuesday, 1798? I was.

Did you see me there? I did not.

Did you see John Gill there? I did.

Did you see John Gill murdered? I did not.

Did you see Richard Gainford there a prisoner at the time? I
did.

Did you see John Gill taken out of the Windmill? I did.

Was Richard Gainford near Gill at the time he was taken out?
—I believe he was; I was at one side of the Windmill, and Gain-
ford at the other side opposite me.

When Gill was taken out, were there any others taken out with
him? I believe not.

Could the prisoner be there at that time without your seeing
him? He could not be inside of the Mill, but he might be outside
unknown to me.

Did you hear any words expressed when Gill was taken out?
—After he was dragged out, I heard a shot fired, and some per-
son cry out—let him perish.

Valentine Gill, sworn.

[FIRST CALLED ON BY PRISONER.]

Are you brother to the deceased? I am.

Was I not on good terms with you before the rebellion, and on
as good or better terms with your brother? I can't say, you
seemed on good terms with me.

Did I endeavour to save your life in the rebellion, and did I
succeed—relate to the Court the circumstance? You did, after I
was taken prisoner, out of a vessel in this bay. I was brought on

the 31st May to the house of Mr. Richards, apothecary, where a number of people followed me, and insisted on getting me out, which they did, dragged me on towards the gaol, threatened my life, and one fired at me with a pistol, then they closed on me, when Mr. Cloney overtook the party near the gaol, I then shewed him a protection from Mr. Carty on leaving the ship, the prisoner read it, and said, "what, you damned rascals, won't you obey the orders of your officers, if not you cannot succeed; the gentleman has a protection."

Did I not at that time know you to be a yeoman and a Protestant? You did.

Did you go to Enniscorthy immediately after the rebellion? I did in a day or two.

Did you see the prisoner there? I never saw him 'till he was brought in a prisoner.

Did you make application to General Grose in his favour? I never did.

Did you ever hear of your brother's death and the manner of it? I did hear he was put to death by a blow of a scythe, across the throat, fastened to a pole.

Who gave you this information? Richard Gainford and others, I think one Gill, a wheel-wright.

Relate what they told you? To the best of my recollection Gainford told me he was brought out of the windmill, pushed in again and then brought out and killed.

When did Gill and Gainford first tell you about the murder of your brother? Gill told me about three months ago, and Gainford about two months ago.

Did they come to tell you this story? No. I sent for them and went different times and made it my business to see them, in consequence of a report I heard.

Did you enquire whether the prisoner was there or not? I did, Gainford told me he was there and commanded the party.

Did General Grose ever ask you a character of me, and what character did you give? I don't recollect any thing of the kind.

Did I after saving you bring you to any place of safety, where your wife and other ladies were? Some person brought me to the place where my wife was, but I don't recollect the person.

Was it since the prisoner came to gaol, you sent and went to Gainford? It was.

Martin Merenagh, sworn.

What religion are you of? I am a Catholic.

Were you at the Leap on Whitsun-Tuesday, 1798? I was.

Did you see me there? I did not.

Did you see Richard Gainford, and several other Protestants there? I did.

Could I be there without your knowledge? You could not.

What part of the country were the people from that were there? They were from Ballyhyland, and the mountain-side

How long did you remain at the Leap? About ten or eleven minutes.

Did you hear at that time of any houses being burned in the neighbourhood? I did not.

Patrick Rooney, sworn.

What religion are you of? I am a Catholic.

Were you at the Leap on Whitsun-Tuesday, 1798? I was.

Did you see me there? I did not.

Did you see Richard Gainford there? I did not.

Do you think the prisoner could be there without your seeing him? I am certain he could not.

Did the rebels halt at the Leap? They did.

How long did they halt? About an hour.

Did you march with them from the Leap? I marched with them about forty perches, then I went off the road, and went home.

*Evidence adjourned. †**17th July.—Chapman Graham, sworn.*

Are you a Roman Catholic or a Protestant? I am a Protestant.

Were you at the Leap on Whitsun-Tuesday 1798? I was.

Did you see me there? I did not.

Did you see John Gill and several other Protestants there? I did.

Did you see a ring made at the Leap, or did you hear any order given to the protestants to prepare for death? I did not.

† In consequence of the absence of Graham and Wiseman, the Trial was postponed till such time as they should be forthcoming.

Did the Protestants that were there appear to be as prisoners of rebels? They did not appear as prisoners; I saw no difference between them and any other people that were there, except John Kelly, who commanded the party.

Did you march from the Leap to Enniscorthy that day with the party? I did.

Did you see me on the march? I did not see you at all.

Did you go to the Leap with an intention of joining the rebels? I did when I was forced.

How long were you at the Leap before you marched to Vinegar Hill? About an hour.

Did you march in order from the leap to Vinegar Hill? Sometimes we did.

By whose orders? By John Kelly's.

Did you see all the Protestants march in order from the Leap to Vinegar Hill? They did sometimes.

When you marched in order, had you charge of any particular people? No.

Did all the Protestants march in as free a manner as the rest of the rebels? They did.

Did you hear that there were any of the men put to death on the Hill that day that came along with you? I did not.

Could any of the Protestants that marched that day quit the ranks but you? I think they could.

Where did you first hear that they were putting the Protestants to death on the Hill? At the foot of the Hill.

Who told you? John Kelly.

Were you on the Hill at all? No, not during the Rebellion; I was ordered by John Kelly, at the foot of the Hill, to Wexford.

Had you any conversation with any one with respect to the prisoner? I had not, until this day; I breakfasted with a Mr. Walsh, to whom I mentioned what I had to say in respect to the prisoner.

Did you ever hear that Gill was murdered on Vinegar Hill on Whitsun-Tuesday? I did not hear it at that time.

Did you hear it at any time after, during the Rebellion? I did.

Could you give any reason why Gill and the rest of the Protes-

tants could go where they pleased? They all scattered as if going to a fair.

How far from the Duffrey-gate did you march with the rebels before they separated? About a mile.

Do you know Lett's Brewery? I do.

Did any of the party go into that Brewery that day? They did.

Did you hear of any of the party that marched with you that day being murdered there? I did not.

Do you think they could have been murdered there that day without your knowledge? I think they could not.

Could not one of your party be murdered privately that day about the Brewery, without your hearing it? No—I think they could not, as I was in the yard myself.

When you first heard of the Protestants being put to death, was it generally known by the rest of the Protestants, or was it through friendship Kelly told you? It was through friendship.

How do you know that Gill and some others, who marched with him that day, were Protestants? I saw John Gill, one Sly, and some others, whom I thought to be Protestants.

How many Protestants were with the party? I believe four or five.

Do you know their names? I know one Wiseman, one Sly, and I think one Gainford.

Do you know Gainford by name, by sight, or what other way? I know him by sight, to be acquainted with him, I am not.

How do you know Gainford to be a Protestant? I think I saw him in Church.

Why did you not say first you knew Gainford? I did not, until I now recollect I had seen him.

Would you know young Gill? I think I would.

Did you see him that day at the Leap or on the road to Vinegar-Hill? I don't recollect I did.

Do you think he might have been there without your seeing him? I think he might.

Don't you believe it was some of the party that was on Vinegar Hill before the party you went with came there, that put the Protestants of your party in the Windmill and had Gill killed? I heard and believe it was.

Where did you spend your time mostly during the rebellion?

After the first week I got a protection from Kelly, and directions to remain at home to grind corn for the country people.

Edward Stacy, sworn.

Do you know Richard Gainford, and what do you know of him?
—I do know him for several years, he often had money dealings with me, and he dealt very honest.

Do you think from your dealings with him, that he is a man to be credited on his oath in a Court of Justice? I think he is.

Do you know James Gainford, and what do you know of him?
I do know him, and believe him to be a very honest man.

Do you know William Furlong, and what do you know of him?
—I do know him, and believe him to be an honest young man.

Richard Newton King, Esq. sworn.

Do you know John Stilman? I do for several years.

What do you know of him, and relate his character to the Court
—In the year 1793, when there was an Insurrection in this country, the rebels were coming one day towards my house, I went out armed with a case of pistols, and brought my servants with me; when the rebels saw me advancing, they dispersed. I saw John Stilman coming from them. I asked him to let me know who they were, and to lodge informations against them, and that his name should be kept secret. He told me he did not know one of them, and I am certain he did. I believe he was sworn an United Irishman at the time.

Do you think he is a man to be credited on his oath in any Court of Justice? If I was on any man's trial or Jury, who was on his trial for insurrection or rebellion, I should not like to credit him as an evidence.

William Wheeler, Esq. sworn.

(First called on by Prisoner.)

Do you know John Stilman? I did about four or five years back, when he bought leather from me, and dealt largely with me, and always paid money honestly and well.

Did you ever give him credit? I did, and would again to as large an amount as I could afford.

NOTE.—There was not an United Irishman in that County for many years after, or very few in Ireland.

From his dealing with you don't you believe his oath could be relied on in any court of justice? I do think it could.

Joseph Sparrow, Esq., sworn as to Character.

Are you a Protestant? I am.

Do you know John Stilman? I do for several years back.

What do you know of his character? He dealt with me for leather, and always paid me honestly. He owed me a sum of money, when he sometime back enlisted in the Wexford Militia, and left the country, and in a little time he sent me the sum due to me.

Do you think from his dealing with you, that his oath could be relied on in any Court of Justice? I never heard anything to the contrary.

Did you hear of his being turned out of a Yeomanry Corps in Enniscorthy, and for what reason? I did, because his wife is a Catholic.

Did you hear it was because he would not become an orangeman? I don't think he would be permitted to be an Orangeman.

Why would he not be permitted to be Orangeman? Because his wife was a Roman Catholic.*

Do you know Richard Gainford? I do.

What do you know of his character? I believe him to be an industrious honest man.

Do you know Chapman Graham, and relate his character? I know him to be an honest man before the Rebellion, but he was out with the rebels all the time of the rebellion, safe and unpersecuted.

For what reason do you imagine he was protected more than other Protestants in his neighbourhood? I believe his wife being a Roman Catholic, was partly the means of it.

Do you imagine him an honest man at present? I have no reason to think the contrary.

Charles Courtney, sworn.

Are you a Protestant and a yeoman? I am.

* Here Major Jure started up, and clapping his hand to his side as if to draw his sword, he exclaimed with strong emphasis,—“I don't wonder that an Irishman and Roman Catholic would be a Rebel.” He did honour to Caledonia, as did his brother Officers.

Do you know John Stilman? I do.

Did he serve in the Wexford Militia with you for four years? He did.

What was his character during that time? I always knew him to be respected by his officers, non-commissioned officers, and privates, and particularly by Lieutenant King, who gave him his camp allowance for his family, and liberty to work for the company he was in, as a shoemaker.

Did you not hear from his loyal exertions since the Rebellion, that he got Arms from the Commanding Officer at Enniscorthy, to protect himself and family? Stilman told me so.

Did he not fight with the loyalists in Enniscorthy on Whitsun-Monday, 1798? I believe he did, as I gave him two rounds of ball cartridge on that day in Enniscorthy.

Do you look upon him as a loyal man? I never heard or seen anything to the contrary.

Don't you know that he went to Enniscorthy on Whitsun-Monday night, in order to join the army? I know that he came in on Whitsun-Monday, and demanded Arms to fight against the Rebels, which were given him.

Did Stilman retreat to Wexford on that day with the King's troops? No he did not.

Did he join the rebels? I believe he did.

Could he not have retreated with the army on that day? He might not, as many of the Loyalists both in Enniscorthy and Wexford, were taken short and compelled to join the rebels, from no drum being beat either to arms or to retreat, either in Enniscorthy or Wexford, or on the way, until they reached Duncan-non Fort.

Joshua Lett, sworn.

Do you know Richard Gainsford? I do.

Did you not often hear he had frequent disputes with his father and brothers? I did formerly hear he had some family disputes, but he had some dealings with me and I found him honest.

Would you believe him on his oath? It would be very hard but to believe him.

Walter Greene, Esq. Sworn.

Do you know Edward Hampton? I do know him to be a very ho-

nest man for the time he lived with me since the 25th of March last, which is all the time I know him.

Do you know Richard Gainford? I do.

What do you know of him? I believe him to be an honest man.

James Wiseman, sworn.

Are you a Roman Catholic or a Protestant? I am a Protestant.

Were you at the Leap on Whitsun-Tuesday? I was.

Did you see the prisoner there? I did not.

Did you see any Protestants there? I did.

Who were they—mention their names? There was William McDonnell, Chapman Graham, and James Gainford.

Did you see a ring made there, and the Protestants in it to be put to death? I did not.

Did you march with that party from the Leap to Vinegar Hill; did you see the prisoner on that march? I did not.

Who commanded the party from the Leap to Vinegar Hill?—John Kelly.

Did the Protestants appear to you as prisoners, or did they march like the rest of the party to Vinegar Hill? They marched all alike.

What brought you there? I was ordered there by Kelly.

How far from the prisoner do you live? About three miles.

How far from Chapman Graham do you live? About one mile.

Was it by a written order you were commanded to join the rebels? No; Kelly came in person and commanded me to join the rebels.

What time were you at the Leap? About five o'clock, as near as I could guess.

How long did you remain at the Leap? About an hour.

Did you then march in order to Vinegar Hill? Sometimes in order, and other times as we thought proper.

Was Graham armed with the party going to the Leap? I think he was, with a fleshfork.

Did you see Kelly speak to Graham at the Leap, or on the march to Vinegar Hill? I don't recollect he did.

How were all the Protestants armed that day? They were armed with either pitchforks or pikes.

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